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AFTER THE REVELS: A SCENE IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET (*p.* 8).

LIVING LONDON

ITS WORK AND ITS PLAY
ITS HUMOUR AND ITS PATHOS
ITS SIGHTS AND ITS SCENES

EDITED BY

GEORGE R. SIMS

109409

VOL. I

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LIVING LONDON

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PROLOGUE.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

PARTING the great tableau curtains that as yet conceal the stage from view, I step modestly forward to speak the Prologue.

If I have chosen the metaphor of the theatre, it is because in these pages there is to be enacted for us a great human drama. In them we are to find a breathing, pulsing panorama of Living London. Panorama is hardly the word—cinematograph would be a better one, for it is not a London of bricks and mortar that will pass before our eyes, but a London of flesh and blood.

All forms and phases of London life, from the highest to the lowest, will be brought before us. For us the gates of the palace and the prison will fly open, and the West and the East will alike deliver up their mysteries. We shall see the people at their work and at their play; we shall mingle with the coroneted crowd at the Court of the King; we shall stand among the tattered outcasts who wait for admission at the workhouse gates; we shall stroll through the great world of London as it wakes to life with the dawn; we shall wander through its highways and its byways at the darkest hour of night. When the pulse of the City beats quickest, and the streets and the parks are thronged, we shall see life in the twentieth century Babylon in a hundred aspects. We shall follow the fashionable lady to her milliner's, and accompany her in her afternoon calls. We shall do our evening marketing with the workman's wife; we shall do our afternoon shopping with the daughters of Suburbia. We shall push our way with their mothers

through the surging mob of bargain hunters who make a draper's sale something from which the mere man would shrink back appalled.

Wherever London eats, there we shall eat; we shall breakfast with the market-man, lunch with the clerk, dine with Society, and sup with the theatre-goer. We shall join the Londoner in his sports, we shall assist at his amusements. We shall see him as a baby in his little sister's arms on the doorstep, and in his dainty "carriage" in the Park; a ragged urchin at the Board School, and a short-jacketed, high-hatted lad wildly cheering his own particular "blue" at Lord's; we shall pass with him in his youth to the workshop, to the barrack yard, to the merchant's counting-house, and to the Government office; we shall see him married on Easter Sunday for a nominal fee, and we shall see him stand in the flower and palm-decked church at the West where he makes the daughter of a hundred earls his wife. We shall behold him among his fellow Members at Westminster making the laws of his country, and see him among his fellow Hooligans in the Borough breaking them. We shall be accommodated with a seat on the Bench where the bride of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, prays that her union may be dissolved, and we shall sit among the reporters when the magistrate grants the bride of St. John's, Walworth, a separation order. We shall sit with Dives behind the *Times* in the great club window in Pall Mall when his hair is grey; and we shall keep Lazarus company in the workhouse ward when he is "too old at fifty." When the last stage of all is reached a seat will be reserved for us at the memorial service to the Duke at the Chapel Royal, and we shall follow the coster's hearse with the four-wheel cabs and the pony barrows to the parish cemetery.

When a thief is captured and taken to the police station we shall accompany him. A burly policeman guards the door against the intrusion of the public, but we are privileged. We pass inside and the inner life of the police station is revealed to us. We listen to the charge, we watch the plan of procedure, we accompany the prisoner to the cell, we take breakfast with him in the morning, we go with him to the Police Court, we hear the evidence and the remand. The prisoner then disappears from the public view, but not from ours. We leave the Court with him and accompany him to the House of Detention. We only part with him when he receives his sentence; and then it is only a temporary separation, for we shall visit him again while he is serving that portion of his time which is passed in a London gaol.

More pleasant than the Police Station will be the Fire Station. We shall mix with the men, study their life and observe their ways and methods. When the alarm sounds we shall see them spring to their posts, we shall see the horses harnessed, we shall take our place on the engine, we shall dash through the streets while the loud bell clangs its warning to the traffic. We shall pass the cordon of police and be carried right into the circle of flame. There from a coign of safety we shall see the fiery monster wrestled with, throttled and subdued.

There is always a fascination about the unravelling of a mystery, tracking down a criminal and bringing him to justice. We shall see what happens between the time a capital crime is committed and the detectives are set to work and the moment an arrest is made. We shall be present at the preliminary proceedings. We shall remain with the accused until he is brought up at the Old Bailey. We shall be privileged spectators at the trial. We shall mix with Counsel and solicitors, be introduced to the Judge in his private room, and lunch with the civic dignitaries. During the luncheon hour we shall pass down the stairs that lead from the dock and see how it fares with the prisoner. We shall stay at the Old Bailey until the last dread sentence of the law is pronounced, and when we have seen the prisoner taken away to lie for the first time in the condemned cell we shall pass out into the streets, to find the newspaper boys already armed with contents bills, and crying the verdict and sentence.

A babel of strange sounds, a clash of unfamiliar accents, a busy crowd of men and women of alien types and un-English bearing. We are in Cosmopolitan London. The Frenchman, the Italian, the Greek, the Swede, the German, the Jew of the great

Continental cities, and the fezzed hawker of rubbish from the shores of the Levant, are all to be found in the streets of Soho.

A score of times we may have walked through Soho and wondered at the mixture of races. But now we are to do more than pass on our wondering way. We are to step into the old houses and peep into the strange rooms, to note how these people live and earn their daily bread, to put up with the new arrivals at the hotels that are of all the countries of Europe, to eat in the little restaurants, to spend an evening at the clubs, to study with our own eyes the daily life of this strange colony—"the Continent" in London.

Here is Little Italy. We are in another part of the world, but we are still in London. We have seen the Italian organ-grinder, the Neapolitan woman with the fortune-telling birds, the Savoyard boy with a bright-eyed monkey peering from beneath the frayed jacket of its bearer. We have gone once or twice perhaps to the musical service at the Italian Church, and we have read in the police news of a knife fight between two olive-skinned sons of the Land of Song. But here in Living London we shall know these aliens as they are. We shall go down into their cellars and up into their attics. We shall see the padrone and his "children" gathered together when the work of the day is over. We shall see them in their gala dresses when it is *festa*, and learn much of their work and of their play, of their methods and their manners; we shall penetrate that inner life of theirs of which even the policeman who night after night paces the street outside has no idea.

Here are the Docks. Look at that vast crowd waiting at the gates at the first flush of dawn. All sorts and conditions of men are there. We pass in with those who have been lucky enough to be taken on. The man on our right kept his race-horses once, now he is as eager for a day's work as the rough Irish labourer on our left. We see huge trading vessels come in, and we help to unload them; we watch the filling of the vast storehouses with the produce of the world. We stream out with the great army of toil when the day's work is done, and watch the policemen who search suspected men.

We have been fortunate to-day, for we have seen the arrival of a ship laden with flesh and blood for the London slave market. The strange, white-faced, hollow-eyed men and women are Russian and Roumanian Jews. Not a word of English can they speak, but they have come to our crowded city to earn their daily bread. We shall see what happens to them from the time they land with a few shillings in their pockets to the Sunday morning when they stand in the streets to be hired by the sweaters at a wage which makes it a mystery how they can keep body and soul together.

And now we have passed out of the grim silence of despair into a land of sweet sounds. We are wandering through Musical London, and our ears are charmed. The Diva sings for us, the Maestro plays for us. We have our stall at the musical comedy, and we sit with the gods in the gallery of the popular music-hall. At the reception of a Duchess the great pianist performs for us at a fee of five hundred pounds, and in the quiet streets at midnight 'Arry, on his homeward way, beguiles us with the charms of the concertina.

Here is the world of Art that finds its home in London. We wander through the studios. In the Academy we watch the fate of a picture from the day it is sent in to the moment when the proud artist sees it hanging on the line. We see the black and white artists at work on the happenings of the hour; the humble "screever" chalking Lord Roberts on the pavement in a uniform that never was on land or sea; and a golden-ringleted Raffaelle of eight painting a picture *al fresco*, while his mother goes round with his cap and collects coppers from an admiring crowd.

We shall pass from the court where the children of St. Giles's dance to the piano organ to the court where the children of St. James's dance to the music of the picked instrumentalists of the world; from Famine sitting on its household goods, hurled into the street that its dwellings may be levelled to the ground and stately buildings raised upon the site, to Fashion sunning itself in the Park and parading its magnificent equipages for all the world to see.

All the tragedies and all the comedies of the great city will be acted before us by its

men and women who are "merely players." The diamonds of the West will dazzle our eyes; the rags of the East will bring the tears to them. The kerbstone merchant will offer us his penny toys; the great auctioneers will offer us priceless treasures. We shall follow the people of the world's capital from their up-rising to their down-lying. We shall study them in their childhood and in their old age, in their labour and in their art, in their trades and in their professions, in their work and in their play, in their virtues and in their crimes, in the Temples of their Faith and in the dens of their despair.

With pen and pencil, with camera and snapshot, those who are associated with this work have laid every phase of London life under contribution. Wherever photography has been practicable it has been relied upon, because no other process of reproduction is at once so actual and so convincing. Nearly all the photographs have been specially taken by the Publishers; but in many phases of London life this method of illustration has been impossible, and the artist has been called in. Drawings and sketches have been made where the fixing of a camera was out of the question, and the subject was too big and animated for the snapshot.

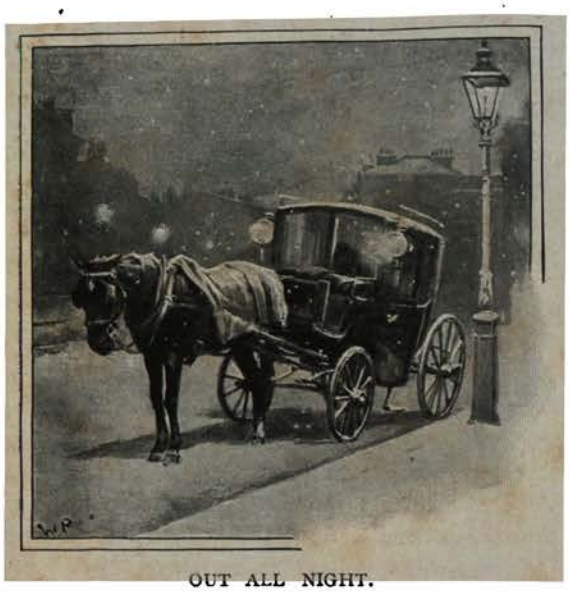
And everywhere the aim has been to secure not the dead background but the living figures. They have been taken together in their groups, and separately in their types, but always, where possible, in the environment from which they borrow, and to which in return they contribute, their principal characteristics. Statistics have no place in these pages, the decimal has been delicately kept in the background. The great world of London has been from first to last treated from the point of view of the observant traveller and not from that of the historian; the Londoner has always been studied from the living human document of the present, never from the yellow parchments of the past.

The history of London has been written, the story of its streets has been told, again and again. But the Life of London in all its phases and aspects has never until now been exhaustively attempted.

That no detail may be lacking, no phase overlooked, our writers have been selected for their intimate knowledge of the subjects allotted to them. Many of the names are household words in the literature and journalism of to-day. All have loyally borne in mind the particular purpose of our task. That purpose is to present for the first time to the English-speaking public a complete and comprehensive survey of the myriad human atoms which make up this ever-changing kaleidoscope, the mightiest capital the world has ever seen—Living London in the reign of King Edward the Seventh.

LONDON AWAKES.

By W. PETT RIDGE.



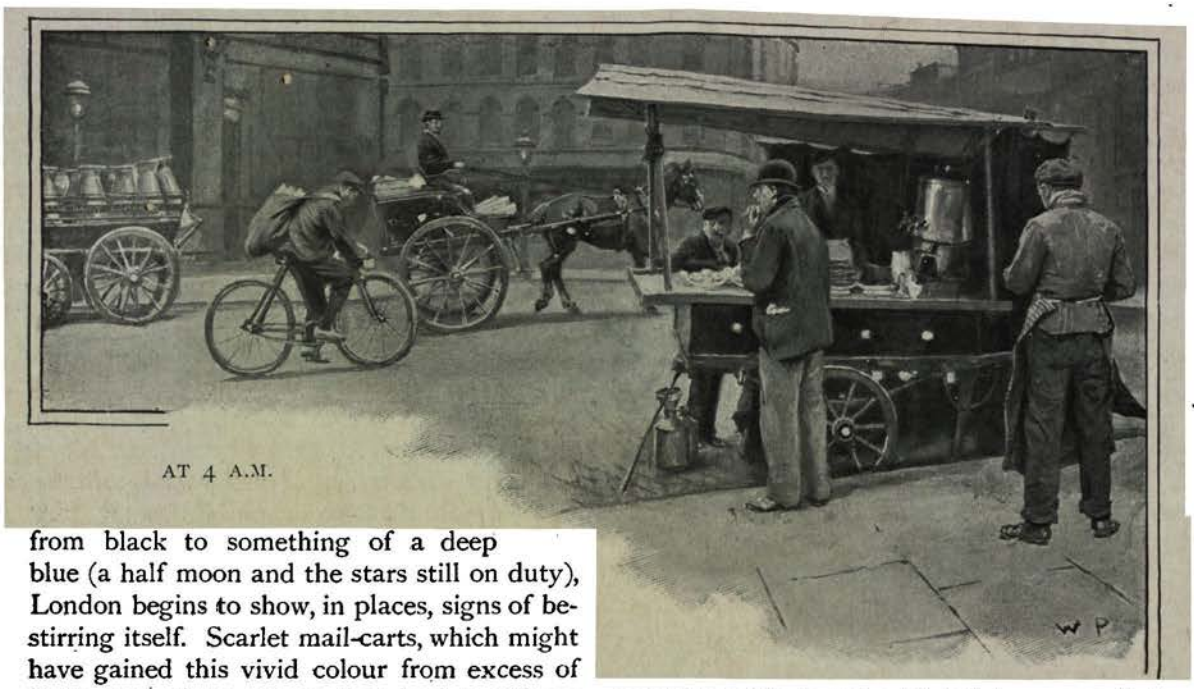
OUT ALL NIGHT.

THE great town is a-bed. A day of busy, crowded hours; a day with strenuous traffic in certain quarters and with easy content in others, a day of the year resembling in these things its three hundred and sixty-four fellows, is exacting its toll, and London, tired of its work and tired of its pleasures, takes a brief space of quiet. The last fight has taken place in Canning Town; the last struggle through crowded staircases in Grosvenor Square is accomplished. There exist no rich or poor, fortunate or unlucky, good or bad, young or old; with closed eyes all are equal, and dreams that come to sport with dormant minds care nothing whether the address be Eaton Square, S.W., or Tod Street, Limehouse. Just for an hour or two the millions of London are all little children. Come with me, and see how London awakes.

It goes to bed late and rises early: through these few intervening hours the main streets are, in wise parishes, fully lighted, and the wastrel, slippering along, is a king with all these illuminations existing for him and him alone. High-loaded waggons up from the home counties saunter along in a leisurely way, the carmen relying on their horses for finding the way to the Borough, to Covent Garden, to Spitalfields; a motor-car whirs by with a muffled-up driver sulky at finding so little traffic to disturb. The round light from policemen's lanterns dances from doorways to windows, from windows into areas, goes in butterfly fashion up blind alleys, and sometimes discovering a bundle of rags rests there. The policeman says, not unkindly, "Now then, this won't do, you know," and the bundle of rags replies hoarsely and vehemently, "To think that it's the likes of me that keeps the likes of you," but rolls out all the same, starting off with elaborate pretence of keeping an important engagement, but trundling itself back as soon as the whispered sound of the constable's footsteps has gone.

The hour being four and the sky changing

LATE AND EARLY.



AT 4 A.M.

from black to something of a deep blue (a half moon and the stars still on duty), London begins to show, in places, signs of bestirring itself. Scarlet mail-carts, which might have gained this vivid colour from excess of haste, race along streets that lead to railway stations; milk-carts run chariot races, newspaper carts waiting in the tributary lanes of Fleet Street and the Strand, listening to the grunt and heavy breathing of printing machines, catch the huge bundles that are aimed at them and fly away to keep up the game by throwing them at railway porters. There are but few hansoms in the streets, and the last four-wheeler is ready to rock its way home to a mews when its driver shall have finished his coffee at the stall; but the stations switch on another globe or two of electric light; parcels' offices open; the all-night trams, on the south side of the river, take night workers home and bring early birds to Blackfriars.

The bridges that have been but specked with the infrequent cart take a more occupied air, and men with coat-collars turned up, pockets corpulent with breakfast in paper, hurry across from the southern side to poach some odd job that has been overlooked or disregarded by the regular huntsmen. The night loafer, ever growling a recital of some purely imaginary quarrel in which the other party appears to be badly worsted, drifts towards the parks to await the opening of gates and to prepare for daylight slumber, or stirred by some faint memory of early teaching goes to Trafalgar Square and there in the water of the silent fountains dips his head and his hands; sometimes able to make his toilet more perfect by borrowing from a lady a piece of soap.

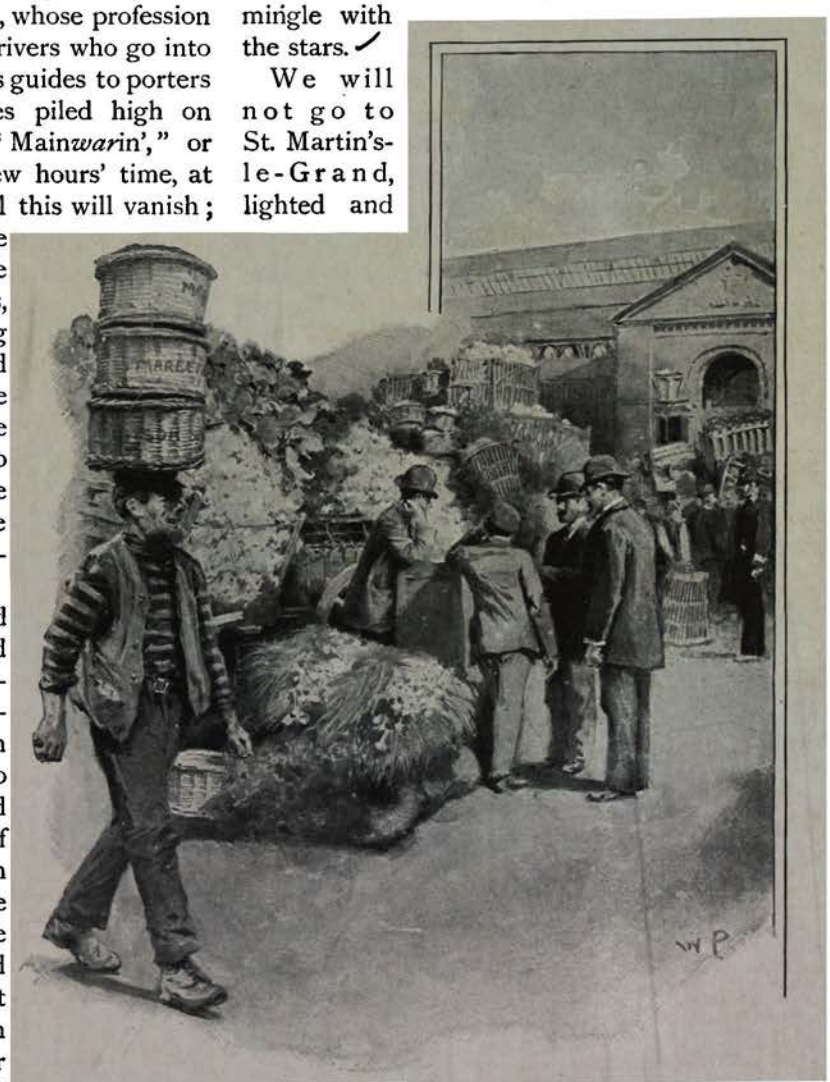
The markets have a wide-awake appearance. All night long, the hall in Bow Street has been taking in wooden trays from vans, handled with great tenderness, and from end to end it is a flower garden, pleasantly and invitingly scented, bright and brave with colour, and prepared for the forthcoming inspection.

A public house in Bow Street is open for the market men and for no others, just as others in Fleet Street have been at the call of printers and no one else. To the market comes, for the joy of market men, the young blade who at intervals in winter months gets himself dressed out of all recognition by one of the neighbouring costumiers, and, after a vain endeavour in Covent Garden Theatre to persuade himself that he is a desperate reveller, offers himself (with his companion) as a master in the craft of badinage, an adept in the art of chaffering, and finds these characters as unconvincing as the one he has been endeavouring to assume at the fancy ball. The two parties—workers and drones—contemplate each other as they meet in the hive, and the drones say, "What a hideous bore it would be to have to work for one's living" and the workers remark, "Thanks be! we can do without making guys of ourselves."

Up and down Long Acre cries are heard of "'Igher up there, can't you?" and slowly the carts of vegetables and the loads of fruit come nearer to their goal. There are more ways than one of earning a living in London; in each side street near the market, for instance, stands a decent white-aproned, black-bonnetted, matronly woman, whose profession it is to hold whips for the drivers who go into the market; these also act as guides to porters who run along with sieves piled high on heads, shouting hoarsely "Main*war*in'," or some other name. In a few hours' time, at nine o'clock to be precise, all this will vanish; the hose will play on the roadways, and put out the fire of traffic. Eastwards, the City market is opening its shops of meat and poultry; if one could see Smithfield higher north, one would see the frozen sheep coming out of their white linen gowns that they have worn for the better encouragement of coolness.

The morning is chilly and you will not, I am sure, mind hurrying as we go down towards the river. The white-lighted Strand has hansom cabs on a rank near Waterloo Bridge, but I think we had better walk. The corner of Arundel Street is busy with newspaper carts — a little agility evades disaster. The sky has changed again and there is light in the east now, wherefore the river with a high tide looks like silver with a dark background of warehouses on the Surrey side, where a haze of smoke goes up from tall chimneys. A tug with white light forward and green light at stern takes half-a-dozen barges and, puffing out importantly, conveys them up river; and this seems such a good idea that three other tugs imitate the example, the barges rolling uneasily as who should say, Why on earth can't you let a barge alone to finish its sleep? Outside Blackfriars Station, and near the statue of Queen Victoria, the last touch of cleansing City streets is being done by furious drenching, the hose crawls about the street sinuously, giving here and there a squirt into the air. Looking back one sees the fine Embankment fringed with lamps; lights in some of the top rooms of the giant hotels seem to mingle with the stars.

We will not go to St. Martin's-le-Grand, lighted and busy; instead, we will hurry to the City side of London Bridge, where, even at this hour, lazy men lean on the coping, to become exhausted with the strain of watching those at work in the ships below. Steamers are unloading their contents, cranes whine at the necessity for early labour, and men, with leathern knots that give to their heads a useful flatness, go with crates of bananas along a gangway to disappear in warehouses.



IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

Here, parallel with the river and running under the Christian name of Upper or Lower, from St. Paul's Station to the Tower, is Thames Street, with traffic that crams the street as meat in a sausage skin.

We are early for Billingsgate, but everywhere is a fresh, interesting scent of fish; everywhere open cases dripping with melted ice; gas is flaring at the shell-fish establishments. If you have corns, prepare to guard them now. The heated men who come out from the wet, sloppy, slippery riverside market, their thick, broad-brimmed reeking hats loaded, have no time for the nicer refinements, and any protest will show clearly enough that the traditional flow of language has been handed down unimpaired to the new century.

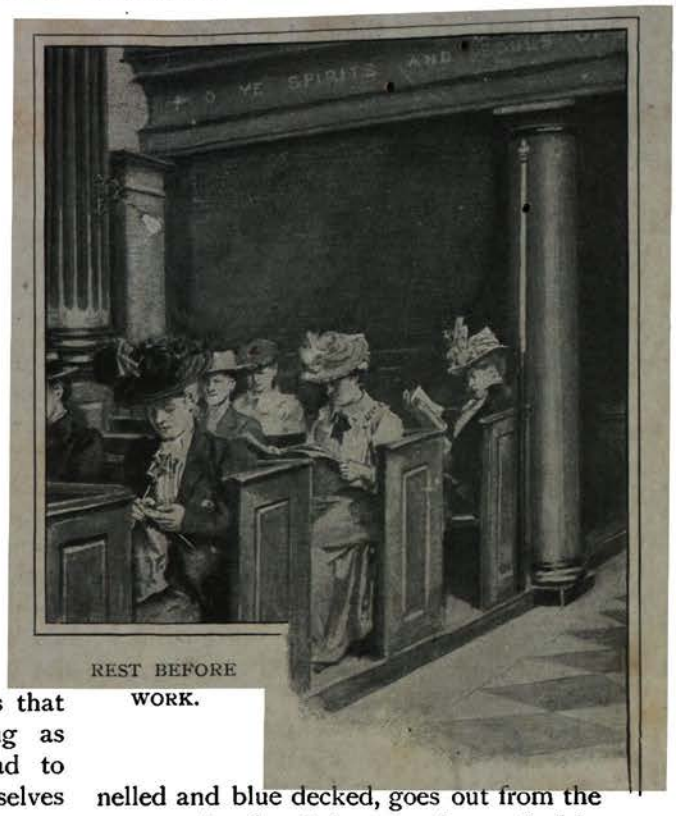
You will be glad to go on eastwards, past the fine approach to the Tower Bridge, whose red lights warn the river that its bascules are down — the Tower itself we shall see better presently—past the entrances to the first docks and in the direction of St. George Street, East, once known under the name of Ratcliff Highway. St. George Street, East, is sparingly lighted, but you will see that it is endeavouring to atone for a speckled past. Gone are the dancing saloons, gone are most of the murky-looking money-changers; in their place are mission rooms, with invitations in half-a-dozen languages, and a Salvation Army shelter. Men come out of the riverside houses, and, closing doors quietly, set off at a run; the younger men startle the air with a whistled tune. A small girl of about twelve hurries to work north into Commercial Road with a mouth organ for only company and quite content.

MORNING TOILET (TRAFALGAR SQUARE).

Every ten minutes makes a change, and the gas lamps in Shadwell have the shy look of a man in evening dress at daytime. Not that it is yet light. A slight mist has strolled up from the river, and hangs over the docks, so that men coming in opposite directions blunder against each other. Up a side street where, in lighted rooms, foreign tailors are already at work, into Commercial Road with high-stacked loads of hay lumbering along and workmen's trams, blue and yellow, equally well loaded and sailing Aldgate way.

The sky has taken a lighter blue now with flecks of white clouds, and the gas lamps and the electric light go out. The pavement near Aldgate Station is crowded, and here newspapers are on sale—the hour is now a quarter to six; on the opposite side the butchers' shops are open with a line of stark sheep from end to end. With the hurrying workmen (some of whom go into the station to take the first train Hammersmith way), the red handkerchief bundle still

remains, but it has been partly ousted by a neat little wicker-basket carried under the arm; plus sometimes a blue-enamelled can. The younger men, although in a perspiring haste, stop for a moment to inspect the picture of a gentleman (who is evidently no gentleman) securing the head of an amiable-looking youth in the guillotine; this illustrates the week's melodrama at the local theatre. In a quiet crescent off the Minories an aproned youth at the Deutscher Gasthof cleans windows, and constables from the new police-station watch him with the air of men to whom any incident is welcome.



REST BEFORE WORK.

Here, as the directories say, is the Tower of London. The Tower stands out grey and white, clean cut and stately against the morning light of the eastern sky; in the budding trees that fringe the deep dry moat, birds sing as loudly as a street boy whistles, glad to be alone and easily deluding themselves into the belief that they are in the country. Indeed, one feels the bracing freshness of the morning air; one realises that Nature gives London and the country a fair start, and that London defiles the air as the day wears on. A tired red-haired soldier makes for the gate that leads to the river side, and has argument with the sentry there. On towards Billingsgate again, where the railway vans, loaded with loose turbot sprinkled with ice, are now crowding by-streets that lead up to Eastcheap, and, if you can spare a minute, come down to the Custom House Quay. The pigeons, disturbed, fly away, but return quickly under the impression that, where men are, there must be lunch and consequently crumbs of bread for honest birds to eat. A poster says that the Watermen's and Lightermen's Asylum for Wives and Widows has five vacancies—may it always have vacancies and never a hard-up wife or a disconsolate widow for candidate.

Watermen and lightermen are at work now out on the river: barges in the Pool are being aroused, and men shout from the river-side to men at mid-river, and somehow contrive to make themselves intelligible to each other. The *Batavier III.*, of Rotterdam, white funnelled and blue decked, goes out from the quay, under the slight control exercised by an unwinding rope, and down the river, the two bascules of the Tower Bridge lifting themselves politely to let her through. Near the Mansion House, which has on its walls an announcement signed Edward R. and I., the lighted subways are open, but are not required, for one can cross the space with as much safety as one would go over a country meadow. True, a railway van goes by, and still the newspaper vans race along, but those who know the crowded space by day would scarce recognise it now. A mail van returns from London Bridge, and half-a-dozen postmen wearing their empty canvas bags as scarves run after it, and get a lift to St. Martin's-le-Grand.

Along Cheapside the earliest housekeepers are beginning to fill the zinc tubs that stand by the kerb; they shake mats dustily, a work that the City laws will not permit at a later hour. Smoke, high up, goes from the chimneys; and the cheaper refreshment places, that advertise beef puddings same as mother makes, unlock their doors and light the circle of gas-jets underneath copper urns. Junior clerks mingle with the increasing arrivals in Holborn, and a few cyclists occupy the road-

way. From below the Tube stations send up now and again lift-loads of passengers, who give a black patch that quickly breaks up into units.

Away in the minor suburbs, where London mainly lives, servants are being implored to get up like good girls and see to master's breakfast, otherwise he will be late for the City, and goodness alone has knowledge of what will happen then; athletic young men and women are going out on their bicycles. In town, the Serpentine is engaging the attention of a few men whose houses presumably are not fitted with bath rooms; the gates of the Green Park and Battersea Park and Finsbury Park and Victoria Park have been unlocked. Workmen's trains arrive crowded and fast at every railway station; and near Liverpool Street a hospitable church is open that girls, who come up from West Ham in time to avail themselves of the cheap fares, but too early for work, may find retreat for an hour; yellow 'buses and red 'buses and trams of all colours come out of yards, their horses fresh and eager for the day's work. Coffee stalls are closed up, and, business over, go home. Broad daylight now, and the time going quickly. A quiet hum of conversation starts, prelude to the noisier chorus to come later; piano organs are dragged by ladies in Italian costumes, who speak the purest language of Clerkenwell, to arouse somnolent by-streets. Everyone is a weather prophet and declares that we are in for another fine day; rings of smoke from cigarettes remain for an undecided moment in the crisp fresh air.

The asphalted roadway in front of the Mansion House is no longer the open space that it was an hour or so ago; 'buses are going east to west, north to south, and City trains run almost buffer to buffer in their anxiety to bring up for the day's work reinforcements of silk-hatted regiments who, centreing at the Mansion House, go off hurriedly armed with their little brown bags to occupy offices in a hundred by-streets. At Westminster the king of clocks chimes in its impressive way the hour, and Gog and Magog in Cheapside intimate agreement. London, at which we grumble sometimes, but of which we allow no one else to complain; this great, overgrown, clumsy, good-tempered town, that some of us love with the affection we give to our mothers, London is awake.

OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE, 9 A.M.

IN LONDON BARRACKS.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

"SENTRY-GO."

AS dawn approaches the sentry at the London barrack gate counts the moments to the hour of relief. This is probably his last spell of "sentry-go," and he has nothing more to do but to stand at arms with the rest of the guard when reveillé sounds, and to clean himself decently against dismounting guard.

It has been a tedious and trying time, marching to and fro on his short beat for two hours out of every six, lounging in the guard-room in idle talk with his comrades, always prompt to answer the startling summons, "Guard turn out!" whether for inspection, or to pay a proper compliment to some passing superior officer. But this tour of guard will not return for a week or so; for "six nights in bed," as the saying goes, is about the average of the London Guardsman's escape from "sentry-go," whether at Chelsea, St. George's, or Wellington Barracks, or at the Palaces or the Tower.

Reveillé sounding is the barrack alarum clock. It wakens the whole interior to active life. A single trumpeter in the mounted regiments standing alone in the barrack square has blown out the brazen "rouse"; in the Foot Guards a bugler or two, in some regiments the band of drums and fifes, have signalled the start of another day. The hour varies according to the seasons; from 5.30 a.m. to 6 a.m. in the summer, and in autumn or winter never later than 6.30. The trumpets sound "stables" at 6 a.m. in summer, at 6.30 in winter, and this, the grooming and feeding of his charger, and the cleansing of the stall, are always the cavalry soldier's first care.

Inside the barrack rooms, although men may yawn and grumble and hesitate to turn out, there is no more sleep after reveillé, and great stir and turmoil prevail on every side The sergeant or corporal in charge of each room is already on the alert, girding at the laggards, rousing them out by name, if needs be by force, with emphatic cries of "Turn out, turn out! Show a leg!" and very soon the room is busy as a hive. Personal ablutions come next, and the men take it in turn to visit the general lavatory or Ablution Room to sluice and scrub themselves into fresh, clean, morning vitality, and the toilette is completed or postponed according to the duty immediately ahead. If there is to be an early parade for adjutant's or more important drill, in the square, or further afield in one of the parks, then it is finished once and for all; if not it awaits the greater leisure after breakfast.

SOUNDING REVEILLÉ (CHELSEA).

"MARRIED" QUARTERS (CHELSEA).

The prudent soldier prepares betimes for turning out in full fig. His belts, which are cleaned overnight, are already white and spotless as pipeclay on the most approved recipe can make them. A little elbow grease will give the last burnish to all metal and brass work; clothes are brushed and brushed again, and boots, the soldier's pride, blackened and polished till you can see your face in them. If there be no parade there is certainly guard mounting, and in the Household Cavalry Royal escorts have constantly to be provided for. In this last case the work and preparation entailed are really severe. Man and horse between them give superabundant work for a single pair of hands; *esprit de corps* demands absolute perfection in every detail. The Life Guardsman has his cuirass, which must shine like silver; his white leather breeches, which must be without a crease; his great jackboots, which must be as glossy as patent leather. As for the horse, it must be groomed till its coat is like a racer's, every hair in mane and tail must be combed out as carefully as a beauty's by her lady's maid. Saddlery and trappings, bridle and chains, all must be scrupulously clean.

It is a gallant sight when the escort parades for final inspection, embodying all the pomp and circumstance but little of the matter-of-fact side of grim-visaged war. A crowd of regimental idlers collects round the barrack-room door with admiring pride at the fine military spectacle. Men indeed have been known to carry a comrade in their arms and deposit him in his saddle lest some speck should fall upon him in mounting and mar the perfection of his appearance. It is said that sometimes the blacking brush is carried round the ranks to give the last touch when the men are on horseback, or the adjutant himself will condescend to remove dust from the soldiers' boots with his pocket handkerchief.

Meanwhile the morning business is progressing in barracks, and—apart from drills for instruction or punishment, or the morning exercise for the horses of cavalry, in "watering order" without show, that is to say—is largely of the housekeeping order. The "orderly men" for the day have been marched by a corporal to the quartermaster's stores to draw the day's rations. Already the meat has been inspected by the officer of the day assisted by the quartermaster, the joints have been apportioned amongst the messes, and they are carried on to the regimental kitchen. The breakfast bread, hot and fresh as the soldiers love it, is brought to the barrack room, and here the housemaids so to speak, the fatigue men whose business it is to sweep and furbish up the one living room, have got the place ready for the morning meal. The trestle tables which are reversible have been scrubbed and scrubbed again upon one side, and this is

turned downward except on special occasions, such as the Captain's inspection, but the other is the workaday side for constant use.

Now a little before 7.45 a.m. the basins for breakfast coffee have been set out by the orderly man, the bread ration, baked usually in 4 lb. loaves, has been divided up so as to give each soldier his share, one pound per diem, which he eats as he pleases now or at dinner, and any bread that is over he keeps upon his shelf with his fork stuck into it as proof of ownership. The regulation breakfast is no more than bread and coffee, but all who can command the funds lay in something from the canteen; it may be a scrap of butter or some jam, for the young soldier has a sweet tooth, or bacon, brawn, sausage, eggs, and even cheese.

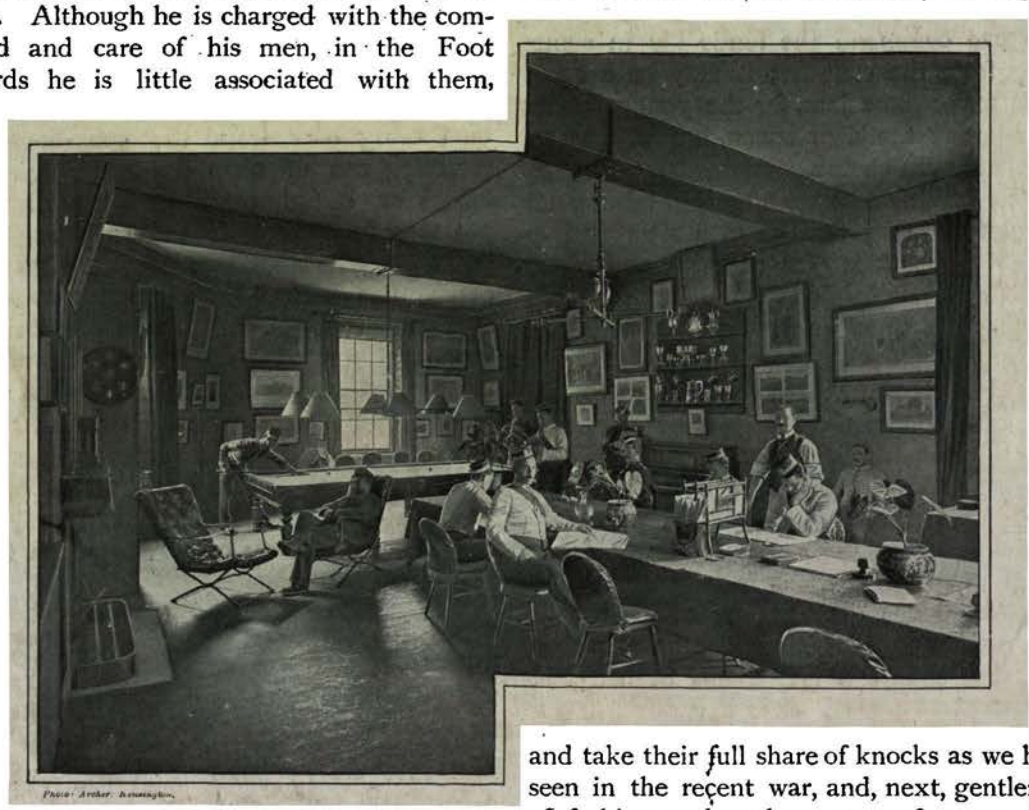
After breakfast comes a spell of leisure, not quite of idleness, for the men sit round to peel the potatoes for dinner, and then "soldiering" demands their full energies. To "soldier" is to clean and polish accoutrements, to give the last touch to the folding of great coat, the brushing of the bearskin, the shine of the helmet. Parade is near at hand, the principal function of the day: "Commanding Officer's parade," at which all must appear punctiliously neat and properly dressed, for keenly observant eyes will detect the tiniest flaws. Parade is long or short as the Colonel has decreed; he may be bent upon a field day which will take the time from 9.30 a.m. to a late dinner at half-past one, or he may dismiss the men after an inspection or a short drill in the barrack-yard. "Orderly Room," or "Office," follows: the C.O. sits in judgment upon offenders, meting out pains and penalties for breaches of discipline, and the culprits are "billed up," sentenced to be confined to barracks for a term with "pack drill," or locked up in the punishment cells for the inside of a week according to the nature of the wrong-doing and the character of the man. Well for him who has a "clean sheet," —no entry in the Defaulters' Book, or record of previous "crimes"—he may go scot free. Not so the old delinquent, whose cup may be full, and who will perchance be put back for court martial, or in the Household Cavalry summarily dismissed from the corps.

The dinner hour opens up a pleasanter prospect, and midday marks the broad distinction between business and relaxation. It is a wholesome, plentiful meal, but as a rule it is served to the private men in their barrack-rooms without much luxury. Fatigue men bring over from the cook-house the steaming can of soup (on soup days), the baked or boiled meat in a tin dish, the potatoes in their net; the soup is poured into the basins standing ready, the meat is not carved but hacked into equal portions as nearly as possible, with a due proportion of bone and scraps to each mess. Sometimes these portions are distributed by lot; one man with his back turned is asked, "Who takes this?" and as he names the recipient it is given out. There is no table-cloth, no soup-plates are provided, no chairs, only hard benches, no tumblers or drinking cups, for by

AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS (THE TOWER).

immemorial usage the soldier takes no fluid with his solid food. There is a pretty general exodus to the canteen directly after the meal. At this, the regimental bar and general supply store, it is forbidden to sell fermented liquor until high noon, but from now till 9.30 it is open to all but "defaulters," and those who, particularly on pay day, have obviously imbibed too much. The barrack-room is left to the maid of all work—the orderly man, who washes up, scrubs, and sweeps out the place.

The life of the officer runs on very different lines. Although he is charged with the command and care of his men, in the Foot Guards he is little associated with them,



RECREATION ROOM (WELLINGTON BARRACKS).

except on parade, or on guard, or when orderly officer. As the last-named it is his business to inspect the rations early, to visit the barrack-rooms at the dinner hour, to attend the Colonel's morning "office" or orderly-room, and speak to the character of prisoners charged with military offences. There is no mess for the Foot Guards in London except at the Tower; but the Guards' Club in Pall Mall serves as such, and is counted within bounds for those on guard at St. James's Palace hard by. Again, except at the Tower, no officers in the Foot Guards have quarters in barracks, but live at home in their own houses, or chambers, or with their families as they please. They are seen constantly on foot or in whirling hansom wending to and from their duty always spick and span in full-dress or undress, for the utmost punctilio as to smartness in appearance is strictly observed.

Officers in the Life Guards and Blues make their home in barracks, whether at Albany Street or Knightsbridge, and it is a humble, unpretending home at best. One modest room, plainly furnished, suffices for men who are soldiers first, ready to rough it and take their full share of knocks as we have seen in the recent war, and, next, gentlemen of fashion and, perhaps, great fortune. The mess is, of course, well mounted, but it is on the lines of any private household, and the officers of the Household Cavalry sit down at the dinner in plain black evening clothes, save only the orderly officer, who never leaves barracks during his tour of duty except for a ride in the Park. The idea of the plain clothes is that, without being obliged to change, they may take part in the social life and gaieties of the fashionable world of London. The officers of the Foot Guards, as already stated, have no mess in London except at the Tower, where mess dress is worn.

There is another aspect of military life in London—the domestic, that of the limited

SELLING A DESERTER'S KIT.

class who have embarked in matrimony. This, of course, applies to the soldier, not the officer, for the latter is perfectly independent as regards marriage, unlike his comrades in foreign armies, who are under many restrictions. Permission to marry is scantily granted to the men of our modern short service army. The "establishment" does not exceed three or four per cent. for private men, but the average is larger for non-commissioned officers, and many conditions are imposed before leave is obtained. The bride-elect must be of respectable character, the intending Benedict must have seven years' service, must show a couple of good conduct badges, and own money in the Regimental Savings Bank.

Many privileges are, however, accorded in return, including quarters graduated in number to the family as it arrives, or lodging money in lieu.

The private soldier, if he be a well-conducted man, thoroughly drilled and competent in his duties, has generally the greater part of the afternoon to himself. The exception is when a second parade has been ordered, or his turn has come for "fatigue." The parade is for the instruction of others; he is wanted to make up the strength of a battalion or squadron at which recruits, officers, and men are taught some of the higher manœuvres, or he has to take his share of carrying forage to the stables, or "carrying coal." This last is a "black job," justly unpopular with all, for it is hard labour enough; the boxes when filled are heavy, and the coal dust sticks. Long before tea roll at 4.30 p.m., or thereabouts, all such work is generally over for the day. The tea meal has been but a Barmecide feast—tea and dry bread—possibly supplemented, as at breakfast, by those who do not purpose to leave barracks; but the soldier as a rule

OFFICERS AT MESS (THE TOWER).

greatly prefers to go out into the town, and he will, if he is in funds, treat himself to tea or strong drink, or some sort of supper at restaurant, chop-house, or tavern. There are many inducements offered nowadays to remain at home—a well-chosen supply of books, papers, and magazines in the regimental library, with games, such as chess, draughts, billiards (cards are forbidden), and simple refreshments in the recreation room. Entertainments and variety shows are provided in the canteen, which becomes a private music-hall. But the men greatly hanker after change of scene and relaxation from restraints—slight enough perhaps, but still felt as checks on freedom.

PERMANENT PASS.

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

G. Troop.

The Bearer, No. 635. Trooper

Michael Woods.

of Major J. F. Brocklehurst's Troop has permission to be absent from his Quarters till 12 Midnight, except when on duty.

Recommended G. C. Wilson. 2nd Hr.
Comdg. Troop.

Kilmarnock Co. Col.,
Comdg. Royal Horse Guards.

1st March

Gale & Polden, Printers, Brompton Works, Chatham.
REGISTERED PASS.

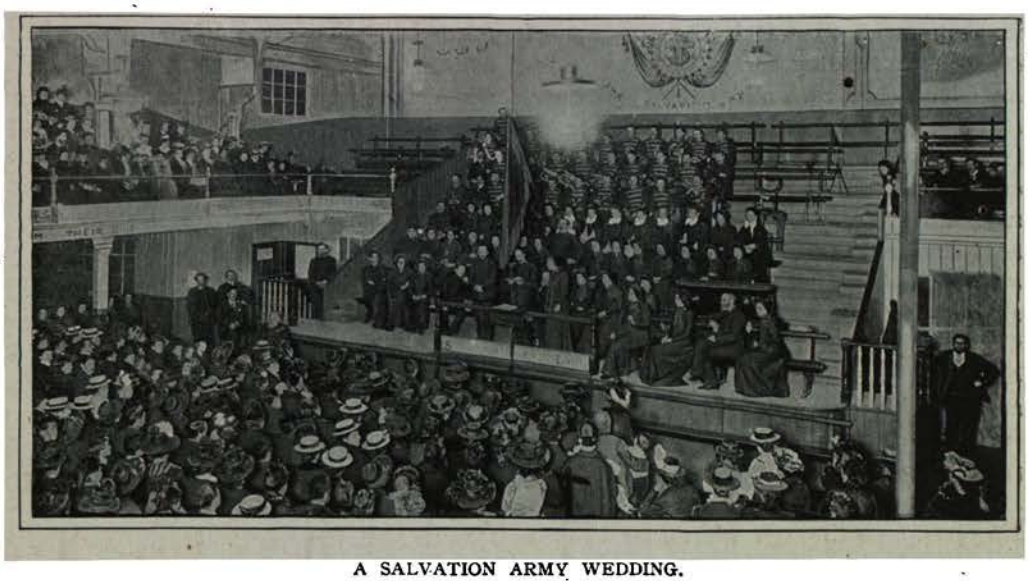
A SOLDIER'S PASS.

Accordingly when tea is done, and all traces of dust and dirt have been removed, with chin fresh shaved, and hair well arranged under the forage cap smartly cocked, spotlessly neat and clean, with "swagger stick" in hand, Atkins issues forth and, passing the ordeal of the gate sergeant's minutely critical eyes, seeks his pleasure abroad. London is full of temptations to unwary goers, and commendable efforts are made to keep the soldiers from drink and dissoluteness. Sobriety and steadiness may not be universal, but the general demeanour of our gallant defenders is excellent in the streets, and the penalties for misconduct are severe.

Now, quiet almost, and unbroken, has settled down upon the barracks. They are nearly empty; only as night draws on, men, save those on "pass" or special leave, begin to drop in one by one. Sometimes a man will "stay absent" to sleep off the drink, and return next day; yet again the absence sometimes is of *malice prepense*, the truant is resolved to forswear himself and desert his colours. When this absence has lasted long enough to constitute desertion he is struck off the rolls and his kit is sold.

By degrees the room has filled; there is much talking and light-heartedness, rough chaff, the interchange of gossip as to the doings of the day, as the men throw off their things and betake themselves noisily to their beds. The non-commissioned officer in charge will wisely give sufficient licence at this the closing hour, satisfied if, as the first warning note of "Lights out," the long drawn "G," echoes through the silent square all are seen to be settling down to rest. With the second "G" few voices are heard, at the third nasal sounds predominate, and the tired soldier has finished another day of service under the King in London.

ASLEEP.



A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING.

MARRYING LONDON.

By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES.

IN one matter London may safely be asserted to be quite unlike Heaven, for nowhere is there more marrying or giving in marriage. The mere wedding statistics compare favourably—or from the misogamist's point of view unfavourably—with every other great city in the world, while not even in the capital of the land of the stars and stripes is there to be found a greater diversity of hymeneal ceremonies. In no European town, moreover, can a marriage be celebrated at less cost and with less "fuss" than in London, or with more pomp, and, from a pecuniary point of view, more extravagant splendour.

Every kind of wedding, whether celebrated in Hymen's classic temple, St. George's, Hanover Square, in the now more fashionable St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, amid the matter of fact surroundings of a Registrar's office, or in one of the characteristically plain meeting-houses of the Society of Friends, exercises a curious fascination on a London crowd. A really great marriage—where the contracting parties are well known in political or social life—will bring together thousands of eager sightseers, who will stand patiently for hours outside the church where the ceremony is about to take place, in order that they may catch a glimpse of the blushing bride and gallant bridegroom; and few men and women hurrying to daily work or pleasure but will

A BICYCLE WEDDING.

pause a moment to watch the passage of even a humble wedding party.

As we have said, St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, is now the most fashionable church, but those noble dames who belong by feeling and tradition rather to the 19th than to the 20th century, still prefer St. George's, Hanover Square; and no other London church can show a more interesting marriage register, for there took place many of the more notable weddings of the Victorian era. It was at St. Paul's that were first permitted the rehearsals which now precede some fashionable weddings. Many of those who admire the gracefully-composed fashion in which not only bride and bridegroom, but the whole wedding party, go through what after all is a somewhat intricate performance, are unaware that every step of the proceedings, with the exception of the actual wedding ceremony, may have been carefully rehearsed by the whole party.

Of late years flowers have played an increasingly important part at great Society weddings; sums varying from £100 to £1,000 being expended on the floral decorations of the church and of the house where the reception is held. It has also become a habit for the bride and bridegroom to present a piece of plate to the church in which they were married. At one time it was usual to provide for the execution of a very elaborate musical programme during the ceremony, but this was in the days when fashionable weddings still took place in the morning; now the actual service is as short as possible.

At military weddings a pleasing feature is the presence, of course in full uniform, of the non-commissioned officers and men belonging to the gallant bridegroom's regiment. Tall, well-proportioned warriors are naturally chosen to fill the important office of lining the aisle, and their scarlet uniforms form a brilliant background to the bridal *cortège*.

In almost violent contrast to the West-End London wedding is the multiple ceremony as constantly performed east of St. Paul's, and in the poorer quarters of the great city. A batch wedding, as for lack of a better term it may be styled, is quite a feature of slum life, though probably there are tens of thousands of Londoners who are unaware that such a ceremony can be legally performed. Perhaps the batch wedding is only a survival of other and less reverent days, when the notorious Alexander Keith, the incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Hyde Park Corner, actually advertised his quick performances of the marriage ceremony. On one occasion, in the March of 1754, he married sixty couples—a day's record before which pales even that of the Rev. Arthur W. Jephson, of St. John's, Walworth, who has, however, in the course of his ministrations, joined together over 8,000 couples. Mr. Jephson is a hard-working clergyman, and it is his misfortune, not his fault, that he has sometimes united as many as forty-four couples, the same Marriage Service serving for them all, though the actual binding words were in every case uttered separately by each couple. Nowadays this marrying in batches is discountenanced by some of the clergy, but time was when "Penny Weddings" (so-called because in those days each of the contracting parties paid this modest sum for the privilege of being united in the bonds of matrimony) were encouraged rather than otherwise. The "Penny Wedding" is of the past—a fee of about six shillings being the lowest that is customary at the present time; but not a few marriages of this remarkable type still take place in London, particularly at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and on the August Bank Holiday. (One of the photographic reproductions on the opposite page depicts an Easter Sunday batch wedding of ten couples at St. John's, Walworth; while in the other a similar ceremony, with a group of five couples, at St. John's, Hoxton—of which the Rev. Eric Farrar is the vicar—is shown.)

Less interesting, because less picturesque, but none the less important from the numerical point of view, are those London marriages celebrated before the Registrar. An increasing number of people, wishful to secure exceptional quiet and privacy, and thinking to save themselves the expense which they imagine incidental to a church wedding, are now married by the Registrar rather than by a clergyman; and, as is always the case with persons dealing with crude human nature, Registrars can tell of innumerable pathetic as well as grotesque episodes connected with their calling. It is the Registrar's privilege, for instance, to see his clients far

A WEDDING OF TEN COUPLES (WALWORTH).

A WEDDING OF FIVE COUPLES (HOXTON).

more at their ease than they would dare to be before a clergyman or a minister. The prospective bridegroom of the lower classes is well aware that when dealing with the Registrar he is dealing with a paid servant of the State, accordingly he does not mind giving considerable trouble. It not infrequently happens that a young artizan, after every formality has been gone through, save that of paying the fee, casually adds that he does not yet know if he will gain the consent of his prospective bride, as he has not yet put the fateful question! Then, again, sometimes the bride-elect will give the requisite notice and be prepared with the fee, but at the last moment she will find it impossible to persuade the bridegroom to carry out his part of the contract.

The Quaker form of marriage ceremony is exceedingly simple; there is no officiating clergyman, the contracting parties practically marrying themselves by repeating a form of words not lacking in stately beauty, and symbolically indicative of all that matrimony should signify.

A FASHIONABLE WEDDING (ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE).

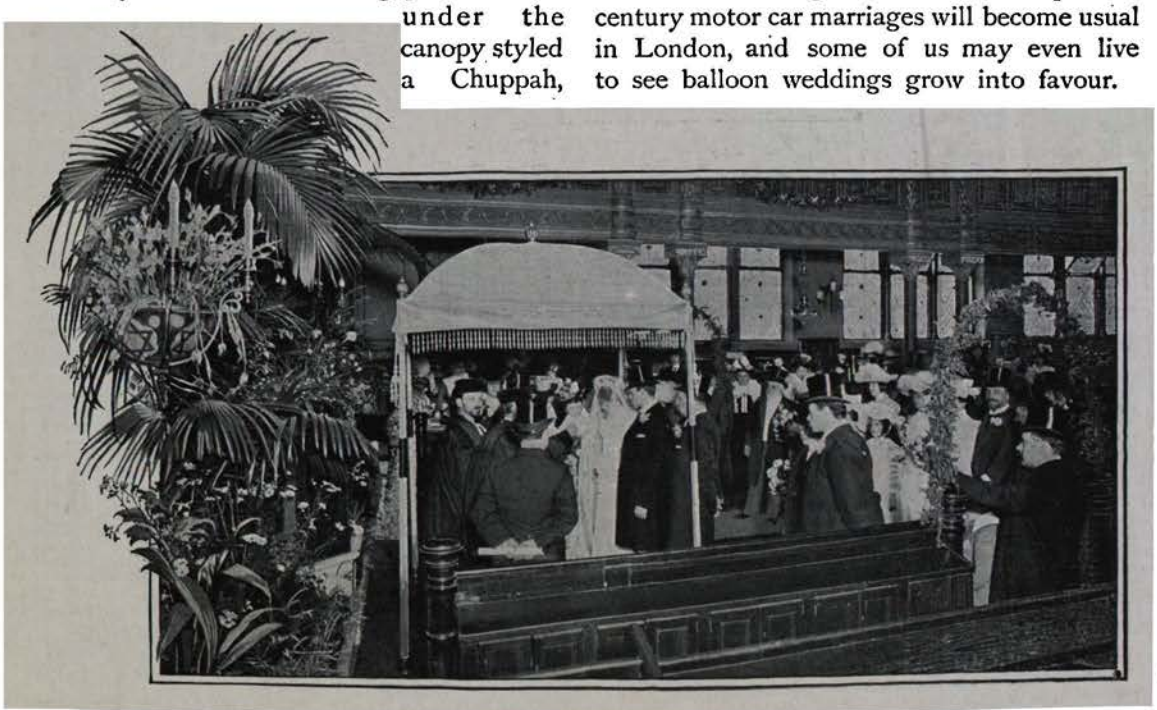
The Salvation Army have always made a great point of the marriage ceremony, and a wedding is generally made the occasion for as much display as possible. The actual ceremony is lengthy and elaborate, there being seven "articles of marriage" which must be read over to the contracting parties before the

actual binding form of words is used by bride and bridegroom. In each of these articles reference is made to the Salvation Army, and both bride and bridegroom promise solemnly never to interfere with or do aught but assist the other in his or her work for the Army. The celebrant is generally the Commanding Officer of the regiment or corps to which the contracting parties belong. No rice "or other folly" is allowed at a Salvation Army wedding.

Each religious body naturally has its own forms and marriage ceremonies. Perhaps the most picturesque and individual are those which are connected with the celebration of a Jewish wedding. The Jewish Marriage Service differs in many respects from that of the Church of England, and it includes the reading of the marriage contract or Kethubah, in which occur the beautiful words, "I will work for thee, honour thee, support and provide for thee, according to the manner of Jewish husbands, who work for their wives, honour, support, and provide for them." The costume of the Jewish bride is that of her Christian sister, but the bridegroom throughout the whole ceremony wears his hat, as no prayer is offered by a Jew with uncovered head. During the ceremony also the contracting parties stand under the canopy styled a Chuppah, and this canopy, at a fashionable Jewish wedding, is sometimes exquisitely ornamented with white flowers.

The actual form of words used at Roman Catholic weddings is extremely brief, and in the case of a mixed marriage—that is, when one of the contracting parties is a Protestant—the Marriage Service is reduced to the shortest and baldest dimensions, and no music is performed. On the other hand a great Roman Catholic wedding at such a church as the Oratory is very imposing, and is even more elaborate, as well as infinitely more lengthy, than a similar ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. One of the most picturesque Roman Catholic weddings that ever took place in London was the bicycle wedding which was celebrated at Notre-Dame de France, Leicester Square. The happy pair rode to the church from a neighbouring restaurant on a sociable charmingly trimmed with orange blossom and white satin streamers. They were followed by their friends mounted on sixteen single bicycles and twelve sociables, and, it need hardly be added, by an enormous crowd of sightseers. The bride wore the orthodox white satin wedding gown and tulle veil, and the bridegroom a frock coat and tall hat.

No doubt during the course of the present century motor car marriages will become usual in London, and some of us may even live to see balloon weddings grow into favour.



A JEWISH WEDDING.

RUSSIA IN EAST LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

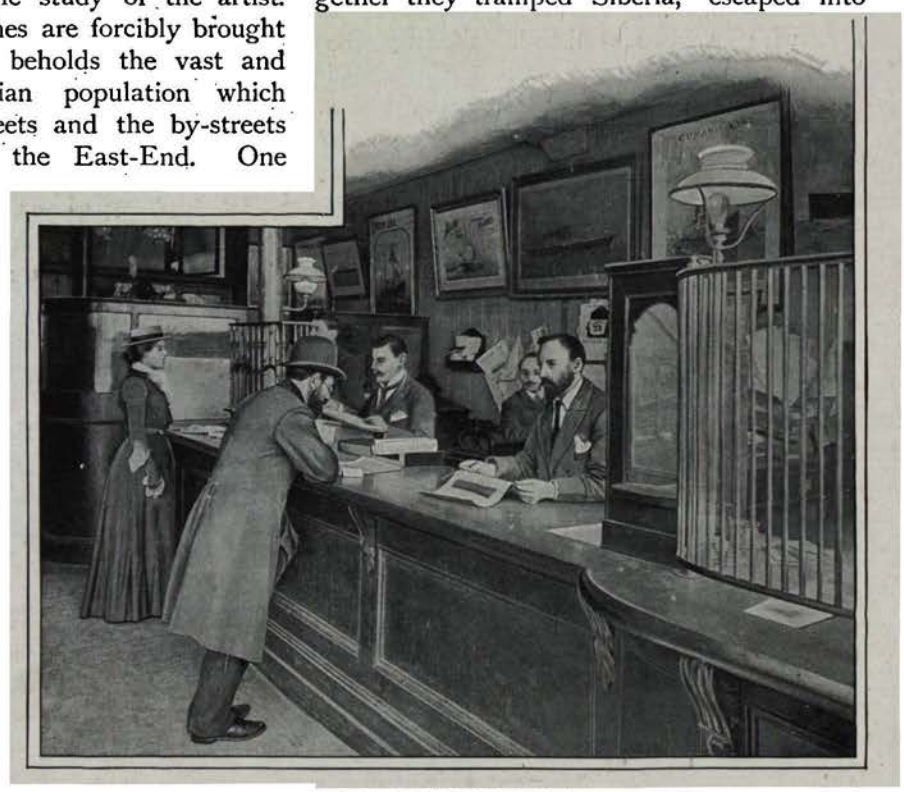
RUSSIAN NEWSPAPER SELLER.

THE foreigners who dwell within our gates form one of the most picturesque elements of the metropolis. Among the alien communities, Russia in East London possesses special interest, and it teems with characters which are worthy the study of the artist. Tolstoi's stirring scenes are forcibly brought to mind when one beholds the vast and heterogeneous Russian population which crowds the main streets and the by-streets and the alleys of the East-End. One realises at a glance that many of these men and women seen in the East India Dock Road, and in Commercial Road and Whitechapel, are Tolstoi's word-portraits made flesh.

Almost any day in the week we may meet a tall and handsome young man and a beautiful fair-headed girl, whose striking appearance is always remarked; they are brother and sister. They belong to an ancient family in Livonia; their father was a general who fell into disfavour at the court of Alexander III., and the boy and girl were imprudent in speech. They had to flee the country, and they live in a cottage on a small pension which a relative secretly remits to them.

Here is a long-haired, bearded man with Kalmuck features. He is now a carpenter, but was once a well-to-do peasant proprietor in Southern Russia. He struck an officer who was mad with *vodka* and who had insulted his young wife. The next day he had to leave his home for ever.

Here again is a pale, beardless man, the lines of whose face tell a tale of intense suffering. He was once a member of a society of Skoptsei, or self-mutilators. He was converted to reason by a Nihilist convict. Together they tramped Siberia, escaped into

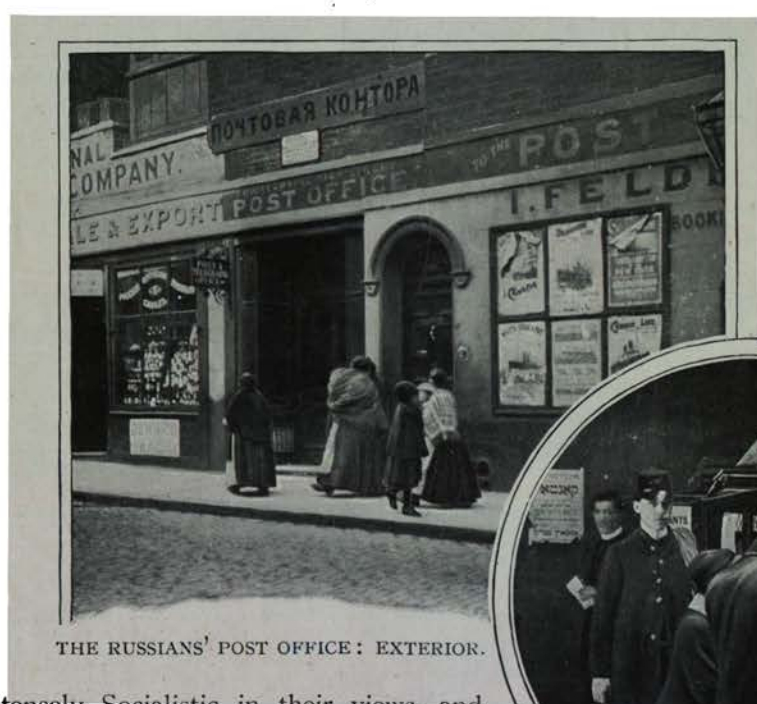


IN THE GHETTO BANK.

Chinese territory, and ultimately reached London. The ex-Russian convict is now a compositor, and some people say that he writes Nihilistic pamphlets and produces a secret Nihilistic newspaper.

Now and again you may witness a social and Socialistic gathering followed by a dance where these Russians are largely represented. Russians, even of the higher order, are Socialists at heart, and their womenfolk are intensely Socialistic in their views, and preach the tenets of the "Religion of the Future" with the fervour of Apostles. At these meetings are not infrequently heard strange life histories and startling accounts of adventure. Yet how simply and modestly these stories and adventures are told. How easily one can see from the look and speech of the narrators that their lives have had more than the average of human sorrow and danger, and that, even while seemingly rejoicing in life's pleasures, the finger of Fate presses its mark deeper and deeper into their being.

The educated Russian has more real learning and greater power of thought than the ordinary educated men of Germany and England; for while the latter have many pursuits and many pleasures the educated Russian, who as a rule is poor and noble and proud, has but his books and few enjoyments.

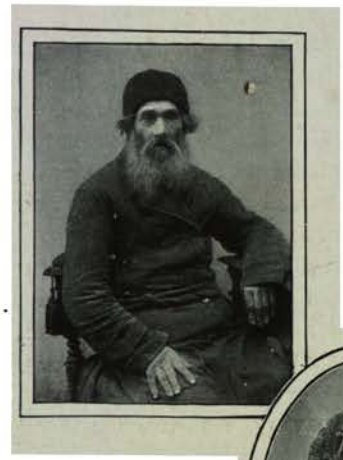


THE RUSSIANS' POST OFFICE: EXTERIOR.

And thus also it is that his humour is tinged with grimness, that serious thought ever and anon runs through his lighter conversation, and that the most joyful occasions and the happiest moments round the steaming *samovar* are marred by melancholy and depressing thoughts.

Now and again it happens that the colony misses one or more of its prominent members, perhaps a man and a woman, or two women by themselves. They have disappeared suddenly, leaving no trace behind them. No one makes any enquiries, but these fugitives are not forgotten. Presently a new-comer fresh from the Fatherland makes his appearance, and brings tidings. Elzelina Kralchenskaya is in a Russian prison; Vera Ivanovna is in Siberia; Dmitry Konstantinovitch is dead. And within an hour Russian London in the East and Russian London in the West know the fateful news. The rapidity with which news spreads among them whenever any important event has come to pass is marvellous. The most illiterate, the men who can neither read nor write, are almost as well informed as those who belong to a club, or who daily frequent the Russian library and reading room and can see the latest periodicals and newspapers.

INTERIOR.



RUSSIANS IN EAST LONDON.

This library is unique in its way. It consists of one room on the second floor of a small house in Church Lane. There is a cigar shop by the side of the dark passage. The denizens are mostly Russians; and the library is free to all. The inscription we reproduce, printed on a piece of paper, surrounded by various notices, also in Russian, is affixed to the door. In English it reads "Free Russian Library. Open daily from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m."

A long table, two long wooden benches, and two rough writing tables, one for the librarian, a few chairs, and several dozen shelves, about two thousand books, Russian periodicals and Russian newspapers about five days old, with a few prints on the walls, comprise all the furniture, and all there is to admire. The room is a little stuffy, though not uncomfortable. But it is sometimes very crowded, especially on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. Men who can neither read nor write go there to have their letters read and written; and the librarian is always willing to assist applicants in this way. Apropos of this institution, it may be mentioned that a few journals representing advanced views of Russian exiles are periodically issued in London. Some are in the Russian language, others are printed in English. A street-seller of one of the latter is shown in an illustration on p. 24.

At the Russian Library you meet men belonging to every class of society and men of every type: naval cadets of the Imperial service, students and literary men, tradesmen, men without occupation who do not know a word of English, all congregate there at some time of the day, and the smoke which issues from cigars and pipes and cigarettes welds all these atoms of Russian society into an indistinct mass.

If you leave the Library in Church Lane and turn into the Commercial Road and go eastward you come to a thoroughly Russian neighbourhood. Union Street and its adjoining mean little streets are mostly inhabited by Russian Jews and by a few Christians of the peasant class. The latter are very poor, fervid icon worshippers. Their patron saints are numerous, and range from the Archangels and the Apostles down to the less-known names of the Russian calendar. Though these icons (which are mostly coloured pictures of the Madonna and Child) are bought at most trivial cost, they are sometimes lavishly framed in silver.

Christians and Jews commingle freely with each other in free England, for the gates of the Ghetto are memories of the past. The orthodox Catholics and the Roman Catholics, the Raskolniks of every sect, the Talmudish Jews and the Karaiim Jews, and the Memnonites live in amity side by side, and their national customs and their national language are the bonds which unite them all.

Race and creed are forgotten in that busy beehive of East London. Men and women and

children only struggle for their daily bread. But by far the most successful strugglers are the Russian Jews. Their thrift is almost phenomenal, and may be said indeed to be often brought to the verge of absolute miserliness.

Yet, after all, who can blame them? If they live on a piece of black rye bread and an onion, or a piece of fish fried in olive oil by way of a luxury, they at least know that their frugality and economy will, by-and-bye, enable them to alleviate the wants of their old people at home or bring some young and cherished relative out of the "land of bondage."

How constantly these voluntary and involuntary Russian exiles manage, through sheer industry and economy, to send remittances to their friends, may be inferred from the fact that nearly a million of roubles is yearly sent to Russia and Poland by the Ghetto Bank of Whitechapel. Drafts from five roubles upwards are issued by this bank, and for the convenience of customers it is open till ten o'clock at night, with the exception of the Jewish Sabbath. It reopens on Saturday evening, and it works all Sunday. It transacts every kind of business connected with banking, shipping, emigration and immigration. It has agents in every important town of Russia, and in all the provinces of the empire, including, of course, Poland. And it has special agents not only in Russia, but also at Bremen, Hamburg, and Rotterdam.

This remarkable establishment is situate at the corner of Osborn Street, Whitechapel. It is a quaint building. Its outside walls are covered with long lines of Hebrew characters, and other advertisements which announce the nature of the business carried on within. It is never without a customer. Every minute of the day is occupied by answering all kinds of queries in Russian, Polish, German, Dutch, and other languages, and in changing coins and paper money.

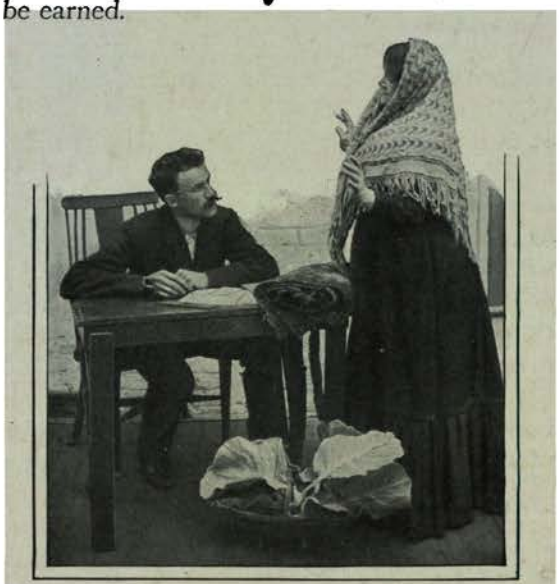
INSCRIPTION ON LIBRARY DOOR.

Adjoining the bank is a modest structure, which bears over its door an inscription, both in Russian and English capitals, signifying that it is the Post Office. Large numbers of letters and parcels for Russia and all parts of the world are sent from here. The great majority of the callers at this Post Office are aliens; but, though unable to speak English, they do not experience any difficulty, inasmuch as some of the officials in attendance are thoroughly conversant with the strange tongues in which they are addressed.

THE FREE RUSSIAN LIBRARY.

There are several trades which are almost wholly under the control of Russians. Such are those of the bamboo workers and slipper makers who reside in the streets abutting on the Commercial Road. The shipwrights, engineers, carpenters, affect the East India Dock Road. The cabinet makers, tailors, and bootmakers mostly live in Whitechapel. The skin-dressers, the seamstresses, the tailoresses,

and the bow makers and milliners are found in every locality where there is anything to be earned.



RUSSIAN LETTER WRITER.

There are half-a-dozen Russian doctors in the colony. They have dispensaries and an interesting private practice, for many men who are known to science and literature reside in Russian London of the East. Moreover, there are some pharmacies in Whitechapel and the adjoining district which dispense Russian drugs and prepare medicines from Russian prescriptions.

One of the features of Russian London in the East is found in its numerous café restaurants. They serve all the usual Continental dishes and delicacies of which Russians are so fond, such as caviare, smoked salmon, smoked goose, smoked beef, reindeer tongue, pickled lampreys, salted fish, bread flavoured with caraway seeds, strong cheeses, and gherkins.

The evenings are spent at a game of cards, in which ladies often join. The Russian woman has keen gambling instincts and is quite able to hold her own against the men. A bowl of strong punch brewed with the national rye spirit enlivens the proceedings, and cigarettes are common to men and women. Occasionally in some of these restaurants may be seen a professional letter writer, who will indite letters in Russian or Hebrew for those who desire him to do so.

Russian London in the East has its dark shadows, but who would deny that it has also its bright sunshine which reveals all that is noble in human nature?

IN AN EAST-END RUSSIAN RESTAURANT.

AT THE FRONT DOOR.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

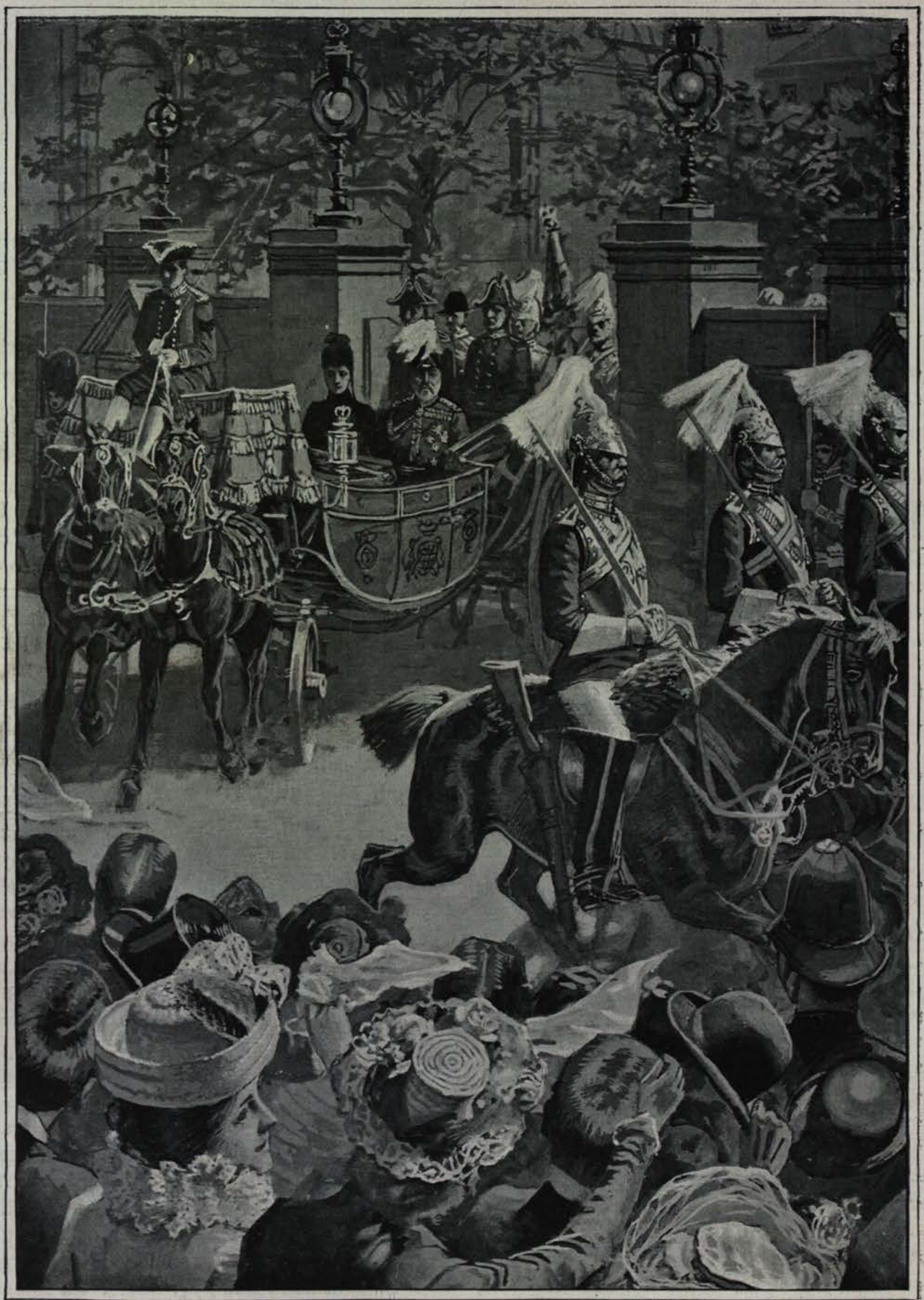
THERE is no Asmodeus in the twentieth century to carry a curious Cleofas through the air, and show him what is going on inside the houses. But Cleofas, if he had "eyes to see," might learn a great deal without leaving his native element in the streets below. There were no telephone and telegraph wires stretched in every direction over the house-tops in the days of Asmodeus. Had there been it is possible that on a misty night he might have found the front-door a safer "point of view" for his protégé than the roof.

AT HER LADYSHIP'S FRONT DOOR.

If you walk through London and look about you with the eyes of an observer and a student, you can catch, through the front doors that you find open, glimpses of life quite as varied and quite as instructive as any to be obtained by looking down the chimney-pots, even when assisted by such a "diable bonhomme" as the acute Asmodeus.

Let us make the experiment.

This, my Cleofas, is the most aristocratic square in London. When a front door opens here it is with a certain amount of state and ceremony. See, one is opening now. A brougham is drawn up to the kerb. A footman stands holding the carriage-door. A daintily-dressed Marchioness comes from the house, followed by a footman who carries a French toy-bulldog. Another footman is carrying the cardboard-box containing some dainty chiffon which my lady is taking back to her modiste. Through the open door we catch a glimpse of an exquisitely designed and beautifully-decorated hall. My lady enters the brougham and settles herself in her seat, the toy-bulldog is carefully deposited by her side. The carriage footman mounts the box. The dog footman and the cardboard-box footman wait respectfully on the pavement. The carriage drives away, and the footmen leisurely re-enter the house. We have one more glimpse of the luxurious hall, and then the door closes. You may look in vain for any sign of life at the windows. All day you may wander about that aristocratic square and not see a face,



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

unless it is that of a man servant yawning as he toys with a tassel of the blind. But through the open door we have a momentary view of its hidden charms. We know that it is the home of a beautiful Englishwoman and an ugly little French dog.

Here is a front door ajar in a very different neighbourhood. All the houses in the street are exactly alike, except that a clean window makes one or two of them conspicuous. The frowsy little street is filled with untidy children who are wading in the rain puddles of the roadway. Boys occasionally put both boots into the water; girls never put more than one; and always as they stamp into the dirty water and splash it over their knickers and their frocks, the little boys and girls look up at any male passer-by and laugh. But if the passer-by be a woman the children immediately scuttle. That is the inherited idea that mother is a good deal more likely to slap you for expediting the ruin of your wardrobe than father.

Most of the doors in this street are ajar. That enables the children to come in and out without knocking (when there *is* a knocker) or shouting up to mother on the third floor to come down and let them in.

One glance through the open door is sufficient to reveal the squalor of the homes from which these children come. The narrow halls are dark and dirty, and stained with the going and coming of muddy little boots. At the open door sits a girl of eight, and already her little face is lined with the cares of domestic life. She is a typical "little mother" of the London doorstep. Like the little old woman who lived in the shoe the number of her children leaves her without definite plan of action. She is nursing a heavy baby who is perhaps a year old. She talks to it, soothes it, hushes it to sleep, rocks it, dandles it when it wakes up, and kisses its poor little face again and again. But every other minute her attention is distracted by the conduct of a sister, aged four, and a brother, aged five, who are also under her guardianship.

The boy dashes into the roadway while carts and vans are passing, and puts her little heart in her mouth. She shrieks at him and yells to another girl to rescue him. When he has been rescued and brought to the doorstep, she pulls him down with a bang on the doorstep by her side.

But he is not there a moment. The little sister, aged four, has created a diversion by falling down and grazing her knee. The little mite howls and screams, and the little mother

THE BRIDE GOES AWAY.

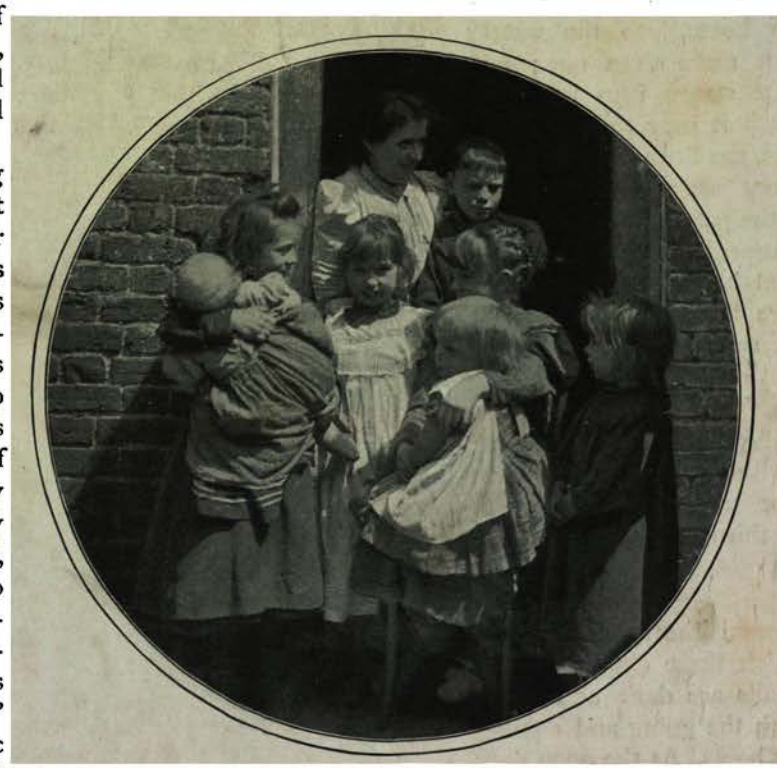
of the doorstep leaps up and runs to her assistance.

There is a world of anxiety in her face as she takes a ragged and mud-coloured pocket handkerchief, wipes away the dirt, and peers anxiously to see if the knee is bleeding. For she knows that if the child is cut or injured the blame will be laid on her, and not only the blame but mother's hand as well.

Poor little mother of the London doorstep.

Look at her kindly—give her a pitying glance as she sits by the open door. She has suffered the slavery of womanhood before she has tasted the liberty of childhood. Because she is the oldest all that have come, all that will come after are hers to tend and hers to watch. From the time her eyes open in the morning to the time they close at night she has never been free from the cares and responsibilities of the mother of a large family. By the time she marries and has children of her own she will be a woman weary of motherhood, and then all its cares will begin again.

But nursing the baby at the front door is not always one of "life's little tragedies." Here is a happy group of little girls taking care of two baby brothers by the open door, and I have no doubt discussing many important points of "dress" and "domestic management."



A HAPPY LITTLE GROUP.

A little crowd at the bottom of St. James's Street and round the gates of Marlborough House. The guard at the door. The sentries standing at the salute. The burnished helmets of the Life Guards glitter in the sun.

The King is coming!

The doors fly open. The men in the crowd cheer, the women wave their handkerchiefs.

The royal carriage dashes through the gates, the escort of Life Guards falls in behind. A gracious lady by the Monarch's side smiles sweetly and bows right and left.

Through the gates of their palace home we have seen the King and Queen come forth, greeted by their loving subjects, whose greatest joy it is to gaze upon them.

A little crowd outside a house in Kensington. The door is wide open, and the hall is filled with young men in frock coats, and ladies of all ages, the young predominating, in pretty gowns and dainty hats. No need to look farther through the open door to know that the bride is going away.

The policeman, stolid even in this hour of tender romance, motions us to stand aside. The carriage has drawn up. The company has come down the steps, and closed hands are filled with the old-fashioned rice or the new-fashioned confetti. A white satin shoe is much in evidence.

Here they come. *She* comes out smiling and happy, and mistress of herself. She is so girlish and graceful that even the horseplay of an English "going away" fails to strike a jarring note. *He* is brave on the top step, but makes an undignified dash for the protection of the brougham before he has reached the pavement. Then come the shower and the shouts, and the bride and bridegroom are whirled rapidly away, a white satin slipper swinging impudently from the back of the carriage. A moment's pause, a ripple of female laughter, a male guffaw or two, and the merry guests go back into the house. The door closes, and only the awning, the policeman, and the scattered confetti on the pavement are left to tell the tale.

The front door of a small "desirable

residence" in a South-side suburb stands open. Two young girls with eager faces are peering out, a little brother is at the garden gate looking up the roadway. At the window mother's face appears now and again watching for the signal the little boy is to give.

At last it comes.

"Here's the cab!" shrieks the youngster.

Down the steps run the girls, and mother, her face pale, the tears in her eyes, follows them. But the tears are tears of joy.

The cab drives up to the door and instantly a bronzed young soldier of the King—an Imperial Yeoman still in his khaki—leaps out, and the mother's arms are about his neck.

A "MOVE" IN SLUMOPOLIS.

Night after night the loving woman's prayers have gone up for the darling of the house, the brave brother, the noble son fighting for England at the front. Look at Mary, the maidservant, flinging off her working apron as she dashes through the hall to have the honour of taking Master Tom's kit from the cabman. And is not a white-haired lady standing at the sitting-room door? She is leaning on her stick, for age has told its tale. But it will not be long before the sunburnt hero is pressing his lips to the wrinkled brow, while the old lady murmurs thanks to God that she has lived to see him again, for he was always "Granny's boy."

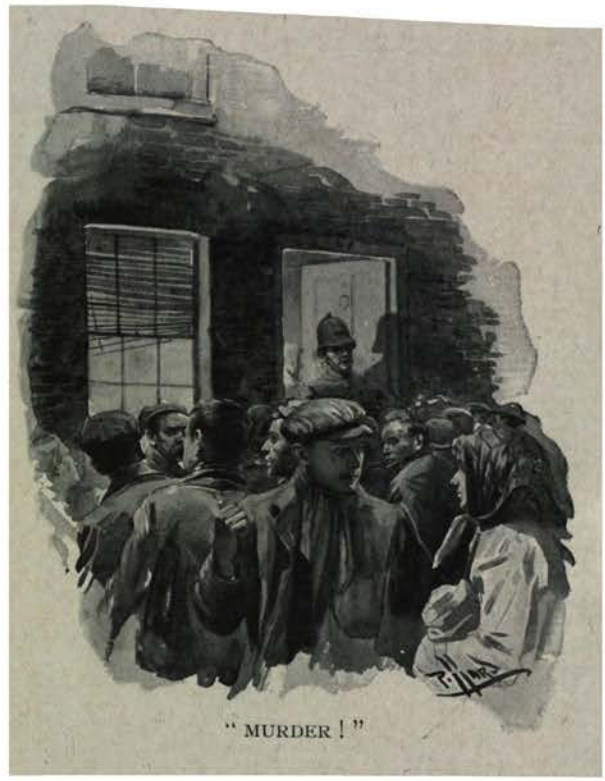
BACK FROM SHOPPING.

Outside a little front door a barrow load of "goods and chattels." This is the humble "move" of the one-roomed helot. You can see it any day at the front doors of the courts and alleys of Slumopolis.

Here is a "move" of a different order. A van piled up with veteran household gods that have seen much service and bear honourable scars. A basinless washstand and a battered chest of drawers standing on the pavement. A frying-pan, a couple of saucepans, and a fender in unpicturesque confusion near at hand. Through the open door a scene of desolation, intensified by the roll of chipped and faded oilcloth standing sentinel over a washing-tub and a pail. A scared-looking young woman, with her bonnet on one side, comes out hugging half a dozen flower-pots to her breast with one hand and dragging a big bundle behind her with the other. On the stairs father is staggering under a pile of bedding. A little girl of six is guarding the treasures that she is proudly carrying to the new home—a battered ragged doll and a black kitten. Somewhere a baby, for you can hear it cry. The door remains wide open as father and the greengrocer's man come out with odds and ends and return for more. At last the "home" is on the van; baby's "pram" turned upside down crowns the edifice. Mother, nursing the baby, is hoisted up beside the driver, the little girl with her doll and her kitten is firmly wedged in between a bundle of bedding and the washing-tub, and father—

his legs swinging over the back of the cart —holds in his two hands a stand of wax flowers under a glass, and looks up nervously at an overcast sky which is threatening rain. The cart moves forward with a jerk that nearly flings father off the tail-board. The humble flitting of a poor London householder has commenced.

A detached villa residence with very bright flower-boxes, very white curtains, and very new Venetian blinds of a rather trying colour to the eye when the sun shines. The sun is particularly blazing this morning, although it is only nine o'clock. The door of Laburnum Villa is wide open, and young Mr. Jones—white-waistcoated and tall-hatted — stands proudly on his doorstep waiting for the express 'bus which is to bear him to the City. He is proud, for he is newly married and this is his first "home of his own." Pretty little Mrs. Jones in white summer dress stands with him at the open door. There is a demoniacal performance on the coach horn, and the express comes up the road at a gallop. Young Mrs. Jones puts up her sweet little mouth to be kissed. The outside passengers smile. Mr. Jones makes a dash into the roadway, leaps upon the step, and nimbly climbs to his reserved seat on the roof. He waves his hand to his wife, and is gone. Young Mrs. Jones stands for a minute on the doorstep, and waves her handkerchief till the 'bus disappears. Then with the sunshine of love and a summer day in her heart she goes back to finish her breakfast, and to wonder what she shall get for dinner. The difficulty of giving a pleasant variety to the "joint for two" is the summer cloud in the blue sky of her home honeymoon.



"MURDER!"

KING BABY.

The good wife standing at the door of this little home has no *doubt* at all as to what she gives her lord and master. She has her latch-key in one hand and a basket in the other. The paper parcel she carries reveals rather than conceals the excellent haddock that Mrs. Smith has bought for her husband's tea. She turns and stands at the open door for a minute, and we can see that the little home is neat and clean. We have only had a glimpse through the front door, but we have seen enough to know that when the hard-working honest fellow comes in his tea will be ready and his haddock cooked to perfection, and his wife, with a smiling face, will be waiting to welcome him and make home a haven of rest for him after the long day's toil.

A policeman stands at this front door. He is keeping back the curious crowd that peers in awe-struck silence at the house. An inspector comes up, the constable salutes, the

door is opened, and the inspector passes inside. For a moment the door remains ajar, and the crowd presses forward. A glimpse is caught of a woman with a white scared face, and a group of men in the hall.

"That's the room where it was done," says a man on the pavement, and every eye follows the direction in which his finger points. Quickly the neighbours know that another crime has been added to London's mysteries. By the afternoon the newsboys will be shouting it over London, and crowds will flock to look at the house in which a woman has been found murdered.

The front door of a pretty suburban house is open that his Majesty, King Baby, may pass through it on his way to take the air. Mamma leans over the mail cart and, taking the little one's tiny hand in hers, presses it softly and bids him farewell in approved baby language. You may be sure that many instructions will be given to the smiling nurse before she sets out. But the London nurse of to-day needs little reminding. She is almost as loyal and devoted a subject of his Majesty as mamma herself.

The darkness of night has settled on London. One by one the paupers who have had their day out are returning to the workhouse. An old grey-haired dame, bent and feeble, comes up the street, leaning on the arm of a careworn woman of five and thirty. You can see by their faces they are mother and daughter. The younger woman is poor. One look at her worn bonnet and shawl tells you that. On the thin hand that pulls the shawl together is a wedding-ring.

The workhouse door is reached, the bell is rung, and the pauper janitor opens the wicket gate. Inside we can see the black forbidding yard, and the grim walls of the prison of the guiltless.

The old lady stands for a moment by the open door. "Good-bye, my dear," she says.

The woman puts her arms about the old pauper's neck.

"Good-bye, mother," she sobs, "you know as I wouldn't let you be here if I could help—but Jim's out of work—and the children—"

"I know, my dear—I know. It's hard to end one's life here, but it's better than being a burden on you, my dear—better than being a burden on you."

The old lady totters feebly through the gateway, the door closes with a harsh clang, and the sad-faced woman goes wearily through the night to her joyless home, wondering if this is to be the end of *her* life's labour also.

"GOOD-BYE, MOTHER!"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

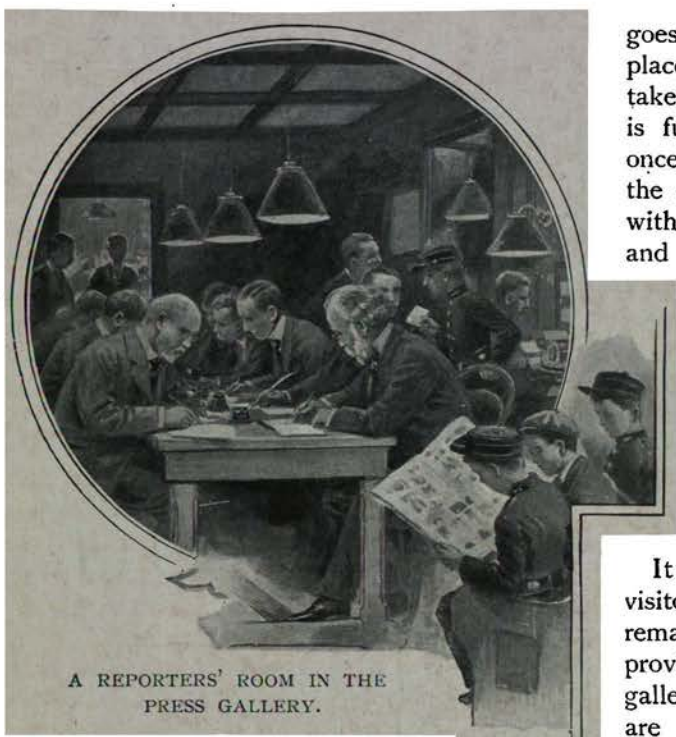
FROM early morn to dewy eve, from dewy eve till midnight chime, and from midnight chime through the silent hours that herald and accompany the dawn, there is someone stirring within the precincts of Parliament. At one period it is a statesman, at another a sweeper; the peer moves occasionally, and the policeman always; and, in the result, one of the few places in London where absolute repose is unknown is the Palace of Westminster.

THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION: "HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"

A commencement is made when—corridors, and committee-rooms, and Houses alike having been swept and garnished—the business of the various select committees starts an hour before noon. This is a phase of parliamentary work of which the general public knows least, and from which it profits most, for it is in the committee-rooms upstairs that the most important of Westminster's affairs are done, and done there, in the main, by men who do very little talking, who understand not the art of self-advertisement, and who consequently are unknown to the outside public, which judges of a member's diligence by the number of times his name appears in the newspapers.

Towards the end of the committee's day, the House of Commons, as a legislative body, is preparing to sit. Upon four days out of the working five, the time for this is three o'clock; and as Big Ben strikes the hour an echoing shout of "Speaker-r-r!" along the corridors heralds the approach to the Chair of the First Commoner of the Realm.

It is in solemn procession that he comes



A REPORTERS' ROOM IN THE PRESS GALLERY.

bewigged and be-robed, preceded by the Serjeant-at-Arms with great gold mace on shoulder, followed by his train-bearer, and attended by his chaplain and secretary. As he enters the Lobby, the chief of the parliamentary police gives the command, "Hats off, strangers!" himself setting the example; and, passing through the bare-headed assembly, and with rows of attendants upon each side making two bows—the first to the mace as the symbol of parliamentary authority, the second to the Speaker as its living embodiment—the procession moves into the House, all the members rising as it goes up the floor, and the mace being placed upon the table as the Speaker takes his seat to signify that the Chamber is fully constituted. The doors are at once shut; the announcement is made at the entrance, "Speaker at prayers!" and with an invocation for Divine guidance and aid, the proceedings of the Legislature begin.

Up to this moment, no stranger has been allowed to enter the House, even the Press Gallery being closed to its accustomed occupants; but with the chief door-keeper's call, "Speaker in the chair!" the various portals are opened wide.

It is through the Outer Lobby that visitors come, this great Central Hall remaining the resting-place for all unprovided with tickets for the various galleries. And it is thither that members are summoned—or, more often, vainly sought to be summoned — by constituents of both sexes, eager on any interesting night for admission to the charmed region within, guarded by dragons in the shape of policemen, who periodically call vociferous attention to the disheartening cry of the official messenger, "Cards returned! Members not found!"

In ordinary circumstances the early visitor to the House, though well-advised to be in good time if he wishes to secure a seat from which he can both see and hear, finds the opening half-hour unspeakably dull, for it is devoted to private business, which usually

MEMBERS AND VISITORS IN THE OUTER LOBBY.

means the mere reading by the Clerk at the Table of the titles of a series of local schemes, and of a silent waiting for the chimes to strike, which will permit public business to begin.

But when a Royal Commission is announced for the purpose of inviting the Commons to attend the Lords and hear the Sovereign's assent given to Bills which have passed both Houses, there is more stir, combined with something of the picturesque. The five Royal Commissioners, in scarlet robes and cocked hats, and headed by the Lord Chancellor, have already taken their seats upon the Woolsack in front of the Throne; and, at their bidding, the Usher of the Black Rod proceeds to the other House to ask its presence.

"Make way for Black Rod!" is the cry, as, with a gold-crowned ebony bâton in hand, this dignified official walks slowly to the Commons door, which, as he approaches, the Serjeant-at-Arms closes and locks. Nothing daunted by so inhospitable a welcome, Black Rod knocks three times on the oaken portal; and when the Serjeant-at-Arms has discovered through a wicket with whom he has to deal, and has received the Speaker's sanction to his admittance, Black Rod desires the attendance of the Commons, and the Speaker accompanies him to the Lords.

Those who are privileged to pass with them from Chamber to Chamber will perceive the differences between the two, which are at once practical and symbolic. The appearance of the House of Commons is sombre to severity; that of the House of Lords gay almost to garishness. It is not for nothing that the one is popularly called "The Gilded Chamber" and the other unkindly labelled "The Talking Shop." The scarlet benches of the one brightly contrast with the dull green of the other; and the difference is emphasised by the use of these colours in the various details of the two Houses, the green wax and green tape of the Commons looking mere workaday trappings compared with the red wax and red tape of the Lords.

With the Speaker back in his seat, and private business disposed of, the true interest of the sitting begins. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the ordinary visitor would scarcely have endorsed this statement, for question-time was always to him a tiresome puzzle. He saw member after member jumping up and in hurried tones asking a Minister, whose title he seemed to swallow, a question to which he alluded by number. The Minister replied, sometimes in a monosyllable, sometimes at length; but, as the unprivileged visitor had not the slightest idea what the question was about, he could indulge only in the wildest of guesses as to what the answer referred to. And among the blessings of living in the twentieth century must be counted a reform in this direction.

AN OFFENDER AT THE BAR.

The parliamentary stranger is now supplied on his entrance with a copy of the Orders of the Day, and he can, therefore, follow with intelligent appreciation the questions as they are put. Before the sitting is over, he will be impressed by

TEA ON THE TERRACE.

the fact that, save during some exceptionally great speech, the House is fuller, more interested, and better taught during question time than at any period of the night.

When questions are over, various items of business begin. If a matter of privilege is to be raised, a personal explanation made, some one haled to the bar, a new member introduced, or a Bill brought in, now is the time. For privilege or personal explanation there is always a crowded House, since the Commons delight in nothing more keenly than individual encounter, while the rare occasions upon which, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms with the mace, an offender is brought to the bar—an actual brazen rod drawn for the purpose across the inner entrance to the Chamber—are certain to be thronged. The lively expectation of punishment to follow evokes in the breasts of members a sportive glee, for, if it be a fellow legislator who is to suffer condemnation, they will witness his removal to the Clock Tower, the accommodation in which is sacred to errant senators, while, if it be one of common class, he may be taken to Newgate, "the prison proper to the House."

But when the Orders of the Day are reached, our legislators as a body do not dream of staying to listen to a dreary drip of dilatory declamation—as Lord Salisbury once phrased it—but flock forth to lobby and library, smoking and reading rooms, or upon fine days to the river terrace. It is this last which has become most famous of late years because of the organised provision of tea thereon. Friends of the fair sex are entertained to the mild dissipation of strawberries and cream, bread and butter and plum cake; duchesses, so the awe-stricken whisper runs, are sometimes to be seen waited on by statesmen who temporarily put aside Ministerial cares by pouring tea and passing plates with the same hands which pen despatches that shake a Continent or thrill an Empire.

Yet, even as they fleet the time carelessly as men did in the golden world, members are apt to be reminded that there is a legislative duty to be done, for the bells ring out which announce a division. The tea must stay untasted and the fair guests remain unattended, for the party whips are on the alert, and are busily engaged herding their flocks into the House before the three minutes have expired at which the doors are closed.

When the rush through the corridors is over, and the last of the stragglers brought within the fold, the Speaker rises to put the question in final form. "The question is that this Bill be now read a second time. As many as are of that opinion will say 'aye,' the contrary 'no.' I think the Ayes have it." The opponents of the measure bluntly contradict their "Speaker or Mouth," and, persisting that

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM: THE DIVISION BELL RINGS.

"The Noes have it," they force the further declaration from the Chair, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left. Tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Blank and Mr. Asterisk; tellers for the Noes, Mr. Nemo and Mr. Fourstars."

Members at once break into two sections, those who favour the Bill passing out behind the Speaker, and through a wicket gate, at which are the telling clerks, into a division lobby on the right of the chair, and its antagonists going forth at the other end of the House into a division lobby on the left. When the Chamber has been cleared, they return at the opposite end to that by which they went; and when the four tellers—one of each section having been at the respective lobbies—come to the table, and the senior of the winning tellers reads out the numbers, there is a shout of rejoicing from the victors, and once more the majority of members stream away to parts of the building in which creature comforts and cheerful conversation provide more attraction than ordinary debate.

The dinner hour—an elastic phrase which customarily covers from half-past seven to ten—finds the refreshment departments full and the House virtually empty. But, even while enjoying chess or a cigar in the smoking-room, members are kept in touch with their legislative duties, for over the chimney-piece is an electrically-served tape, which tells what member is speaking; and when the record shows that some leading figure has risen, or the division bell rings, there is a rush to the Chamber, which seldom is again deserted until midnight strikes and the proceedings are automatically adjourned.

This is accustomed to prove the most interesting and even exciting portion of the proceedings after question-time. The sharp cry of "'Vide! 'Vide!" alternates with the sustained cadence of "Hear, hear," as the debate, kept up towards the close by the opposing front benches, is reaching its conclusion; and, in any period of slackening, the rise and fall of the low hum of conversation plainly mark the lessened interest.

But as the twelve strokes of the great Westminster bell ring out, the close comes; the House is promptly adjourned; and the cry "Who goes home?" uttered first by the chief door-keeper, is taken up by the police throughout the building, and reminds members of the troubled days of their forefathers when even legislators had to secure nightly safety in the London streets by going home in bands.

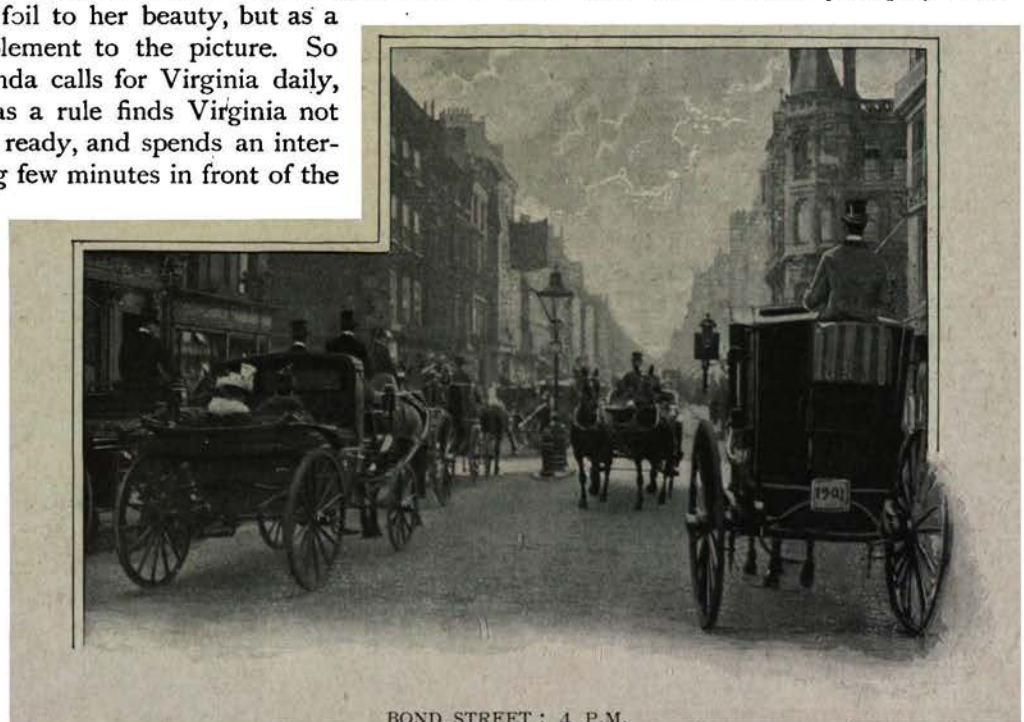
And the curtain is rung down upon the last official cry of the sitting—"Usual time to-morrow!"—to tell even those with the safest seats that members may come and members may go, but Parliament goes on for ever.

"WHO GOES HOME?"

MY LADY'S AFTERNOON IN LONDON.

By MRS. ARIA.

WE hunt in couples in London! No fashionable woman seems really complete without another, not indeed as a foil to her beauty, but as a complement to the picture. So Miranda calls for Virginia daily, and as a rule finds Virginia not quite ready, and spends an interesting few minutes in front of the looking-glass borrowing some powder, reviling the light, and generally "prinking," until a sense of dissatisfaction at her own appearance tempts her to turn and rend her friend for not being punctual. Then follows a rapid breathless duet of urgent femininities.



BOND STREET: 4 P.M.

"You must come with me to ——'s and then on to ——'s."

"I cannot possibly, dear; I must be at the ——'s at four and at ——"

"You've just got to come with me, for I am bound to be in five places at the same hour, and I can't possibly do it without you."

That is one of the troubles of life in fashionable London — everything takes place at the same time. Some dilettante man of business once declared that in a working day there were only three hours, from ten till one. So the wanderers by the way of pleasure suggest that there are but two, from four till six. And how shall they employ these two hours, Miranda and Virginia, bearing the latest fashions full upon them with the consciousness that the latest design in French victorias is waiting to enclose their gracious outlines?

"To Bond Street" is the word to the footman—Bond Street, the Mecca of the fashionable feminine. How many women have observed, "Let us take a walk down Bond Street?" yet such is the injustice done to the sex by contemporary historians that no one has ever made them famous as Dr. Johnson by reason of his alleged desire for a stroll down Fleet Street.

Virginia and Miranda need not be left long driving from their house, though no doubt the block at the corner of Bruton Street gives them a chance to reconnoitre generally. But

AN AFTERNOON CALL.

everything comes to an end at last, even a traffic block, and gradually my heroines make their way through to Piccadilly, halting by the way at a picture gallery, where they descend for the pleasure of inspecting the works of art decorating the walls, or maybe the works of Nature perambulating the floors. And who shall say that Miranda has not really arranged to see Charles here? Certainly the meeting does not look entirely unpremeditated; and Virginia too might well have been in the secret, else why should she at once suggest that she must go over the way to buy some veils, when all the world knows she really gets her veils in Paris!

However, when friendship calls she must away, and she finds the most obsequious shopman anxious to satisfy her every expressed and unexpressed wish, for the hour is late for the purchaser, therefore has he leisure and inclination to explain personally the virtues and popularity of every garment in every department — he utters the word "Department" with all the unction of a Civil Servant—and to suggest that the article which is "much worn" must necessarily be the most desirable.

Virginia conscientiously buys the veils she does not want, samples some lace she has no intention of selecting, and is eyeing with tolerance some ready-made blouses when a cheery "What a long time it is since I've seen you—and I believe you are growing stout!" warns her of the approach of Mrs. F., whose tendency to embonpoint blots her entire mental horizon, and whose mania for taking the measure of her friends is a popular jest amongst them. In the pursuit of slimness Mrs. F. has been for years alternately boiled and baked, and rubbed and soaped, and deprived of solid and liquid food. She has followed divers apostles of the cult of beauty, and, although the fateful finger of middle age points to her ever-widening waist, she never despairs, and every advertised remedy finds her a firm believer in its efficacy; while she will not fail to recommend her discoveries to her friends, who, as a reward for this courtesy, are expected to remark on her extraordinary slenderness. Virginia listens patiently, and receives the address of the latest oracle on obesity, and then, with a congratulatory word at parting, hastens back to the picture gallery.

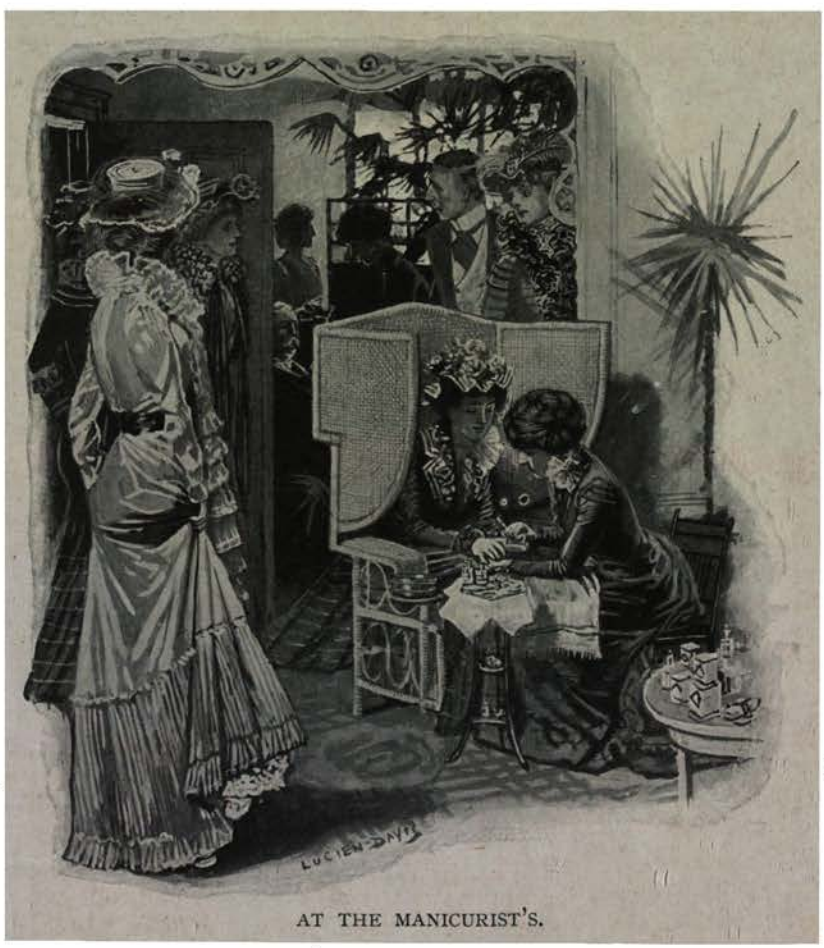
And, after all, Charles is a man of enterprise and social charm, and no reasonable woman could pass unheeded his whisper:

"The reception at Lady E.'s will be simply impossible if you don't come to enliven it."

"In half an hour," are the last words which might be heard as they part on the steps of

the Gallery, without perhaps having improved their acquaintance with the works of the Old Masters.

Off once more, and, in anticipation of the ministrations of one of the most popular manicurists in London, Miranda proceeds slowly to draw off her gloves and examine her pink-tipped nails, and point out their needs for skilled attention, the while she reminds Virginia that Guy may often be found



AT THE MANICURIST'S.

at the manicurist's about five o'clock. A halo of sentiment may even surround the commonplace business of having your nails pared.

The perfumed atmosphere, the implements of silver and ivory gleaming amidst the paper packets tied with pale tinted ribbons, express the frivolities feminine in this bower, where trim maidens—hand-maidens they might be called—await the bidding of the fair visitors, standing by wicker-work chairs half hidden by screens, whence whispering echoes of fashionable gossip give evidence that business is in full swing. Here the masculine voice mingles with the feminine and suggests the combination of pleasure with duty, and the expected Guy, who has been more than punctual, rises in greeting as the rustle of the silken skirts reaches his ears.

After all, Virginia does not think she wants much done, she says to the girl who suggests a little fresh polish, but she is persuaded to dip her finger tips into the scented water and have them tinted and enamelled, while Guy chats of the horses that he ought to have backed, and the dogs that he knew would win prizes, and drops his voice to murmur confidentially that he has heard the real reason why Mrs. V—— did not arrive at a certain dinner party. Then he insidiously suggests—

"It will be easy to prove the truth of that scandalous rumour, for I know she is entered to compete in the driving match at Ranelagh this afternoon—why should we not go down and see if she duly arrives?" and inconsequently he adds, "I do not really believe a word of the report—and my motor will run us down there in half an hour."

Virginia ponders. "People are so ill-natured, I would like to be able to stop the gossips," and reflectively, "I think I *ought* to go."

Meanwhile, Miranda wanders round the room chatting to two or three acquaintances, selecting the latest perfumed delicacy for her bath and being induced by the soft persuasiveness of a new face powder. Then she falls to meditating on the vanities of her fellow creatures, and begins to wonder how much longer Virginia is going to dally, and why she does not realise that it is time they were at Lady E.'s, when she is addressed in a tone of reproach—

"Oh, you must already have enough scent

LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION (RANELAGH).

and powder to stock any ordinary perfumer's. Don't keep me waiting, I want to get down to Ranelagh, and we must call in at Berkeley Square."

And Miranda is hurried off, and almost before she remembers that Virginia is an unreasonable creature, and that this is quite an excellent opportunity to lecture her on the cultivation of selfishness as a fine art, they are at Lady E.'s.

Up the gilded staircase way, flanked by old mezzotints, our two friends wander, to be met by Lady E., who is standing by the door clad in the soft glory of grey crèpe de chine and old lace.

"How late you are! You have missed my new mandolinists and a quite charming address given by the American on 'The Terrors of Self-Appreciation.' But, never mind, you are just in time to hear Colonel W—— discourse on Dyspepsia," and she smiles audaciously on a grey-haired man who is viewing resentfully the new-comers for their interruption of his expression of opinion on the rival merits of pills and lozenges taken before or after dinner, and the inestimable advantages of hot water taken internally.

"Lady Q. has taken a bonnet shop, and we are all going to patronise it. She has lovely palms in the show-room, which is decorated like a boudoir with silk-brocaded walls and crystal lights, and every hat is to come from Paris," are the words heard above the babel, concluding with, "Virginia, you must let me take you to see her—we are to buy all our hats there always." Virginia observes sagely:

"I was once told by a lady dressmaker that the patronage of her friends ruined her; it means a goodly harvest of bad debts!" And then there is a silence almost of guilt amongst her auditors, a silence which is only broken by a flow of chatter, when Lady E. announces that Herr G. will give his rendering of a Movement by Beethoven—a movement of the entire company being imminent immediately he places himself at the piano.

POLO PLAYING (RANELAGH).

Miranda is grumbling in a corner; she does not want to be entertained by entertainers, she declares, she wishes to talk, and she talks through the music and without cessation during the recitation of the Child Marvel. "I hate the infant phenomenon," she is heard to mutter, and it is only when its performances come to an end that the tardy Charles puts in his appearance and disarms her reproaches with a cheery "So good of you to come; usual fun here, I suppose? Gossip, gossip everywhere, and only tea to drink." Then confidentially, "I am only staying

AT A CHARITY BAZAAR.

a few minutes. Come with me to the Botanical Gardens to see the Dog Show. I have a Schipperke on view. It is so nice in the gardens, the trees are so green, and the music is so soft, and the sky is so blue—Do come."

Miranda thinks of Virginia's craving for Ranelagh and Guy's efficiency as a chaperon in charge of a motor.

"Every dog has its day," flippantly urges Charles, and the projected programme is confirmed as an inevitable justice.

The exclusive air of the Botanical Gardens is rent with the hum of voices, and a barking and a yelping suggestive of Leadenhall Market at 4 a.m., but Miranda alights from the victoria with "Oh, the darlings! Listen to them!" and Charles is assured of a sympathetic companion.

Soon Miranda becomes a creature of adjectives. A bull-terrier is "sweet," the Schipperke "magnificent, but it ought to have had a prize," the Chow is "delicious and so like a cat," and so they wander amongst the cages and find themselves pressed among a mass of people waiting to see the procession of favourite actresses with their favourite animals. Here Charles ventures to express more admiration of the dames than of the dogs, and is forthwith invited to a stroll by the water "through the Medicine Gardens near the bridge, away from all this noise," Miranda says.

And we will leave them here a while, and follow the fortunes of the motor, which speeds its way to Ranelagh, while Virginia protests against modern science, the general unbecomingness of machinery, and the indecorous vulgarity of speed.

Ranelagh is *en fête*. Groups of gaily-dressed women and frock-coated men are clustering all over the grounds, which bear a truly rural air, and have all the charm of a race-course without any of its disadvantage of boredom through the monotony of the entertainment. There is a driving match on the right of you and a polo match on the left, and everywhere there are crowds of interested spectators. The sportsmen are taking the results very seriously, and the excitement waxes strongest when the driving contest is in progress. Virginia whispers triumphantly—"Mrs. V—— *is* here, and her team looks splendid. I saw her husband standing there chatting to her and wishing her luck as she got up—and so much for gossip!"

And then the fair coachwomen come down the course, steering with infinite skill. Everyone is on the tip-toe of expectation: bets are the order of the day, and the little girl with the long hair, whose father watches her with the keenest anxiety, shares the good wishes of the multitude with Mrs. V——.

"The young 'un 'll win," confidently asserts Guy, with more fervour than elegance of diction; and so she does, and descends later amid a veritable torrent of congratulations, while the how and the why and the wherefore of the success are babbled by a thousand tongues. And Virginia is delighted, for "even, though Mrs. V—— possess a lenient husband, a woman should not be talked about," she says primly, and Guy laughs and settles her

into a comfortable chair under the trees, while he strolls over to talk to a fellow who is playing polo, and she meditates complacently that she has not seen a dress she likes as well as her own. Scraps of a conversation reach her, and she recognises the common weakness of "Bridge."

Then she jumps up remembering penitently that she has promised to help the Duchess of X—— at the stall she is holding at the Bazaar in Kensington Town Hall in aid of the distressed Irish, and further that she has arranged to foregather again with Miranda at tea in Kensington Gardens. The motor does its duty gallantly, and Virginia soon finds herself surrounded by gaily-decorated booths, presided over by fair women in fair frocks. Numbers of people are passing to and fro, the sellers seem as many as the buyers; a monster doll is being perambulated about by two pretty maidens, who explain its charms and urge its desirability. A yellow-haired child on a bicycle announces her steed for sale, and an alluring legend declares that it is "This way to the American Bar." The Duchess is patrolling the ground with anxious face and uplifted pencil, seeming to point with scorn at any who refuse to inscribe their names in the pocket-book she carries in her left hand.

"What number will you take?" is her greeting to Virginia.

"How much, and what is it for?" asks that prudent damsel, but Guy gallantly tenders his sovereign before he learns that with good fortune he might become the possessor of a white lace gown.

"What will he do with it?" asks Virginia, with a superior air of literary cultivation.

"But answer came there none," retorts Guy, and they move on at the invitation of a little woman, clad in a blue and white gown, gay with stars and stripes, who conducts them to a stall littered with books and photographs of famous people.

"Autograph collecting is so suburban," objects Virginia, who is really tired, and wants her tea.

"But this is quite an exceptional opportunity," says the saleswoman, "for I manufacture them while you wait. I have been out of Pinero for two hours, and sold a dozen of him since then, and at a sovereign each—in the cause of Charity, you know"—she adds apologetically, seeing the looks of surprise exchanged, "and here's a genuine

TEA IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

Meredith—I will guarantee it." But Guy diplomatises with a gold piece and a laughing declaration that he would like her own signature if she would write it beneath the words—

"A fearless forger of the Twentieth Century."

Lady H—— interrupts them, with a roll of Welsh flannel under her arm. "I must get rid of this," she says plaintively, "it is the last of my stock, and I do so want to go home. Please buy it; it is very good and so useful." Virginia wonders vaguely why she should sell Welsh flannel in aid of Irish industries, and Guy relieves her ladyship of her burden, and lightens his pocket of some gold pieces, and proceeds rashly to deposit his purchase at the back of the flower stall, whence he emerges decorated in every buttonhole, to yield meekly to Virginia's suggestion that "Miranda will be waiting."

Miranda is waiting under the trees in Kensington Gardens, near one of the small pavilions, and Charles is just hinting that appreciative adjectives need not be exclusively devoted to the dogs when— "Oh, there you are! We have been wandering all round looking for you," breaks upon the too significant silence, and the women meet with affectionate concern for each other's welfare.

"I am so tired."

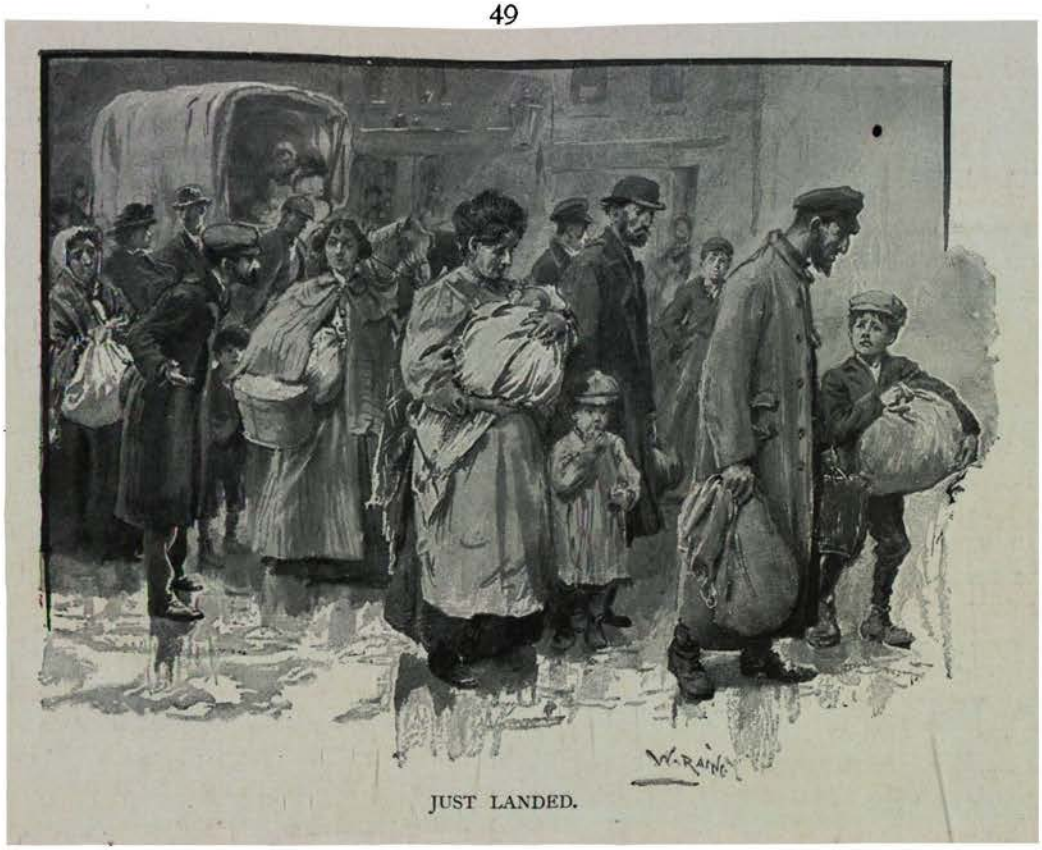
"Yes, dear, you look it. How did you enjoy yourself?"

"Who looked nice?"

"What a pity that he should have brought that woman. And which hat was she wearing?" And the men join in the chorus of comment on the day's doings, and chit chat, chit chat we may hear them until the sun grows round and red, and there is a glory of crimson light in the sky, the green grass is patched with purple, and the voices of the birds rise louder and so seem to still the voices of the gossipers who, rising slowly, turn their footsteps towards the waiting carriages.

"Good-bye! It has been delightful to be together," says Miranda to Virginia, as she runs up the steps of her house to prepare to meet becomingly the exigencies of an evening to be spent in fashionable London.

HOMEWARD BOUND.



JUST LANDED.

SWEATED LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

ONE would have thought that the meaning of the word "sweating" as applied to work was sufficiently obvious. But when "the Sweating System" was inquired into by the Committee of the House of Lords, the meaning became suddenly involved. As a matter of fact the sweater was originally a man who kept his people at work for long hours. A schoolboy who "sweats" for his examination studies for many hours beyond his usual working day. The schoolboy meaning of the word was originally the trade meaning.

But of late years the sweating system has come to mean an unhappy combination of long hours and low pay. "The sweater's den" is a workshop—often a dwelling room as well—in which, under the most unhealthy conditions, men and women toil for from sixteen to eighteen hours a day for a wage barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

The sweating system, as far as London is concerned, exists chiefly at the East End, but it flourishes also in the West, notably in Soho, where the principal "sweating trade," tailoring, is now largely carried on. Let us visit the East End first, for here we can see the class which has largely contributed to the evil—the destitute foreign Jew—place his alien foot for the first time upon the free soil of England.

Some of the steamers arrive in St. Katharine's Docks, and the immigrants—principally Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews—have the advantage of stepping straight from the ship in which they have been cooped up for two days and two nights under conditions which, if it be rough weather, cannot be conducive to comfort.

Many of them, especially those who have come from Russia, have already been despoiled of the little money they had. At the frontier they are sometimes detained for two or even three days, in order that they may be robbed by harpies in collusion with

certain subordinate officials. In some cases a man when he asks for a ticket at the frontier railway station is refused by the booking clerk. He is told that tickets can only be issued to emigrants through an agent. The agent then introduces himself, and on one plea or another succeeds in involving the immigrant in expenses which leave him with scarcely a rouble in his pocket at the journey's end.

'If he escapes the foreign harpies the immigrant is not even safe when he has reached London. Men, frequently of his own faith and country, wait for him outside the docks, and because he is ignorant and friendless in a strange land, and speaks only his own language, seize upon him and convey him to a shark's boarding house, and keep him there on some pretence or other until he is penniless. Then

ALIEN'S BAGGAGE LABEL: "DISINFECTED."

the "shark" lends him a few shillings on his luggage, and when that is gone turns him into the street with only the clothes he stands up in. That is how hundreds of Jewish immigrants commence their career as units in the densely-packed population of East London and begin "to look for work" destitute.

The Jewish community, fully aware of these evils, does its best to guard against them. They have agents who meet every boat, and, addressing the poor aliens in their own language, help them to get their scanty belongings from the docks, and advise and direct them as to lodgings and homes and shelters where they will be honestly dealt with.

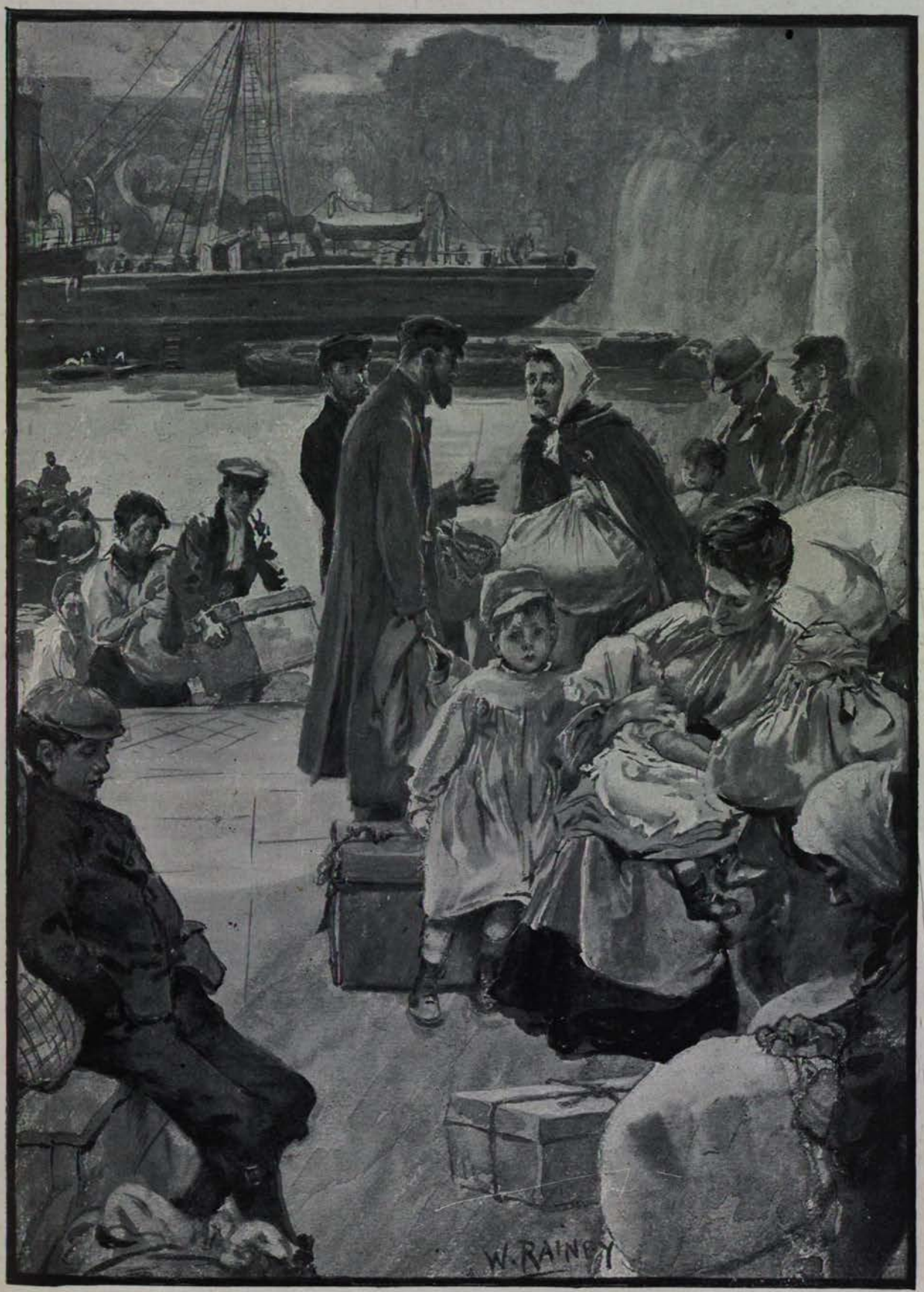
Let us meet a ship from Hamburg, laden with men and women who will presently be working in the dens of the sweaters.

It is a pouring wet day. The rain is coming down in torrents, and one has to wade through small lakes and rivulets of mud to reach the narrow pathway leading to Irongate Stairs, where the immigrant passengers of the vessel lying at anchor in the Thames are to land. This is a river steamer, and so the wretched immigrants are taken off in small boats and rowed to the steps. Look at them, the men thin and hungry-eyed, the women with their heads bare and only a thin shawl over their shoulders, the children terrified by the swaying of the boat that lies off waiting to land when the other boats have discharged their load!

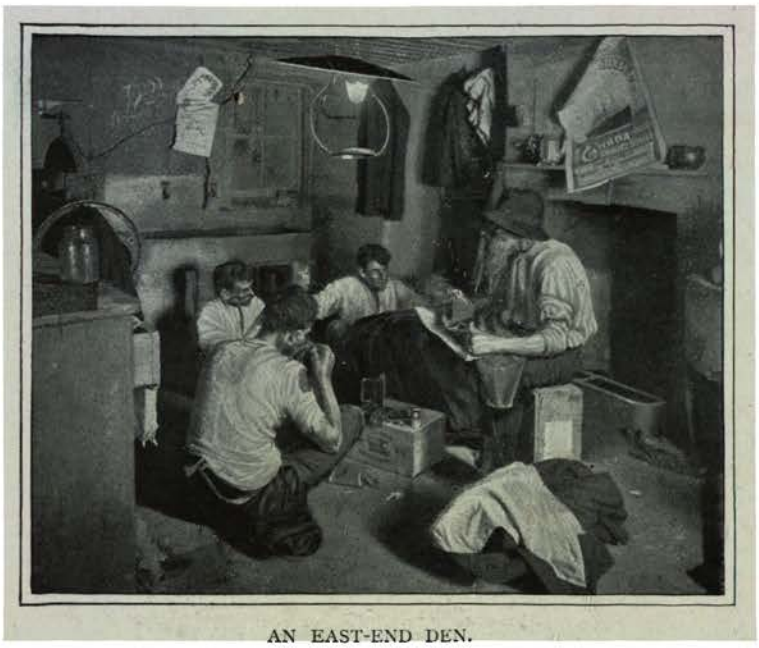
What must these people feel as they get their first glimpse of London? All they can see is a blurred and blotted line of wharves and grim buildings, and when at last they land it is in a dark archway crowded with loafers and touts all busily trying to confuse them, to seize their luggage, almost fighting to get possession of it.

Fortunately Mr. Somper, the Superintendent of the Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter, is here also. As the scared and shivering foreigners step ashore he speaks to them either in Yiddish or Lettish, and finds out if they have an address to go to. Most of them have something written on a piece of paper which they produce creased and soiled from a pocket. It is the address of a friend or relative, or of a boarding-house. Others have no idea where they are going. Many, asked what money they have, confess to twenty or thirty shillings as their entire fortune. Others at once begin to unfold a tale of robbery at the frontier, and moan that they have scarcely anything. These are at once taken charge of and housed in the shelter until their friends can be found for them. For most of them have friends "somewhere." It may be a brother, it may be only a fellow townsman or fellow villager, who came to London years ago. In the shelter they are taken care of with their money and their "baggage" until their friends can be communicated with or employment obtained.

Here, stepping from the boat, are two young Germans. They are going on to America. Here are two Russians in long coats, high boots, and peaked caps. These also are for America. But the rest of the pale, anxious, and dishevelled crowd are for London. This Russian lad, still wearing the red embroidered shirt of his Fatherland, has been sent for by his brother, a tailor. This



ALIENS ARRIVING AT IRONGATE STAIRS.



AN EAST-END DEN.

young fellow with a wife and two children has nowhere to go. He has come to escape military service and to look for work. Under the dark archway, wet and miserable, there is a crowd of sixty-four men, women, and children huddled together gesticulating and shrieking, and always in mortal terror that some unauthorised person is going to lay hands on the little bundles and sacks which contain their all.

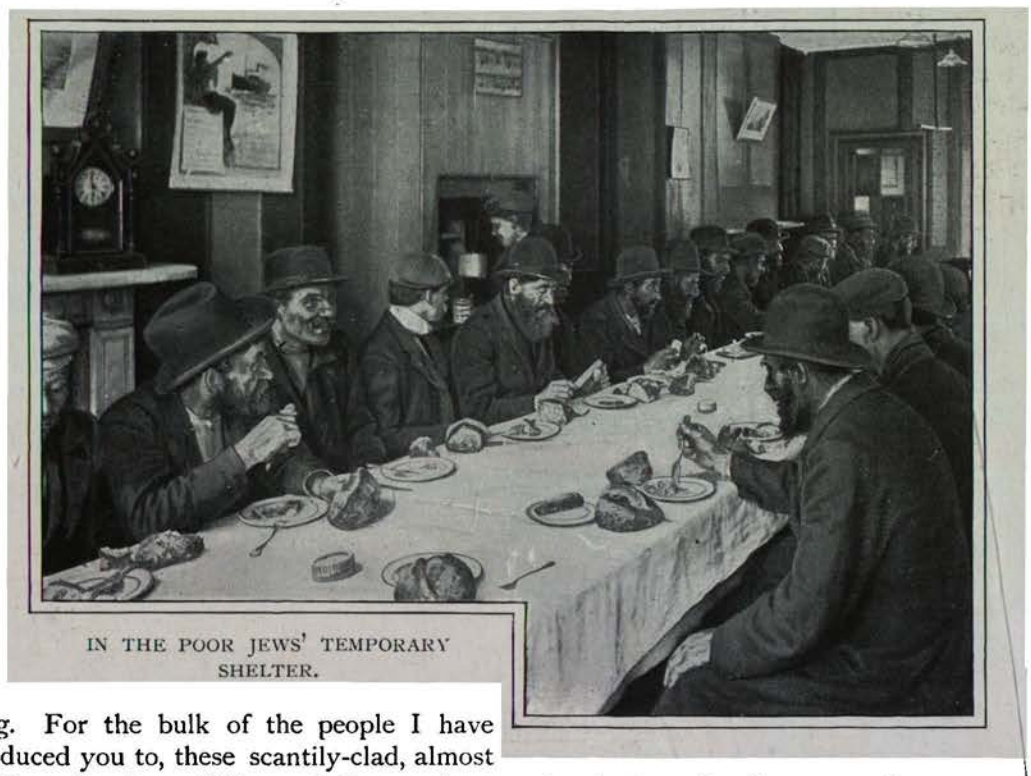
The nervous hysteria of a downtrodden people escaped from bondage is writ large in the high-pitched voices. Some of the women speak in a scream. Some of the men, disputing as to the payment of the sixpence demanded by the boatman, yell and shout as though they were lunatics in a padded cell.

Two English policemen, stolid and self-possessed, listen to the complaints poured into their ears in half a dozen languages and say nothing. When I explain to one that a gesticulating Pole wants to give the boatman into custody for refusing to give up his bundle without the sixpence is paid, the policeman grins and says, "Lor now, does he?" A young Roumanian Jewess, with two crying children clinging to her skirts, asks me a question in a voice that sounds as though she was calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon me. But Mr. Somper comes to the rescue. She is asking me if I know somebody with an impossible name. He is her cousin and came to London last June with 172 other Roumanian Jews driven out by the action of the Government.

But presently the shouting and gesticulating cease. A covered cart is driven up to the entrance of the archway. In this the aliens, directed by an agent, proceed to pile their scanty luggage. A few will not trust their bundles out of their own hands, and carry them. The cart starts, the men, women and children fall into procession, and then

AT THE WEST-END: SURPRISED BY THE FACTORY INSPECTOR.

move slowly off, tramping in the mud and slush of the roadway through the pouring rain. I forget that I am in London. This melancholy file of men and women carries me to Siberia. With their faces woe-begone, their heads bent, they appear more like a gang of convicts marching to the mines than free men and women making their first acquaintance with the capital of the British Empire, in which they are henceforward to dwell and earn their living. For the bulk of the people I have introduced you to, these scantily-clad, almost penniless Russians, Poles, and Roumanians, will presently be working as tailors and boot-makers in the den of the sweater. Some of the men have handicrafts, but the majority will be taken on as "greeners," or beginners.



IN THE POOR JEWS' TEMPORARY SHELTER.

It is the Sunday morning following the arrival of the immigrants at whose disembarkation we assisted. We are in Goulston Street, Whitechapel. To the man of the West the scene is like a weekday fair. Everywhere are stalls and hawkers, and business at the shops is in full swing. Even the money changer's close at hand is open, and the clerks sit at their open ledgers. Half way down Goulston Street stands a group of shabby, careworn, silent men. Foreigners every one of them, you can see at a glance. They are mostly tailors who want a change of masters, but among them are several of their "friends," new arrivals who have as yet failed to find work. Presently a man approaches. He has a little book in his hand. Some of the men recognise him, and the group falls into an attitude of expectancy. The alien slaves of labour have assembled in the slave market to pass into bondage. The man with the book is the slave dealer. He looks the group over, then calls out in Yiddish the special kind of workers that he is in need of. As he calls the men who answer his requirements hold up their hands. He says a few words to them and enters their names in his book. They will follow him presently to his "den." If he wants "greeners" he turns to the new arrivals. He selects three or four. Then he tells one of the men who know his place to take the "gang" with him. The slaves fall in and slouch away silently to their new bondage.

We have seen the sweater engaging his hands in the slave market. Let us follow them to the den. But first it will be as well to remove a false impression with regard to the sweater himself. He is not always the wealthy spider sucking the life-blood from the flies he has caught in his web. He is not a gorgeous Hebrew with diamond rings and a

big cigar. He is frequently a worker also, a man sweating because he is himself sweated. His one advantage is that he generally knows the whole of his trade. That is to say he can, if he is a tailor, make the whole of a garment; if he is a bootmaker, a complete pair of boots. The foreigners who come to be sweated generally make *one part* only of the article they work at. They learn that one portion of the process and no other. In this they differ from an Englishman, who, if he does tailoring, *is* a tailor. The foreign tailors represent not trained labour but unskilled labour; very few of them could make a complete article. There are, according to a witness before the House of Lords Committee, twenty-five subdivisions of labour in the sweating trade in making a suit of clothes.

ALIEN TYPES.

There are more than two thousand sweaters in the East of London. Some have workshops, others use their own dwelling rooms. Let us enter a "dwelling" workshop. It is a room nine feet square. In it fourteen people are at work. There is a coke fire, and seven or eight gas jets are burning. Ventilation there is none. The sweater is at work himself. Hollow-eyed, gaunt-visaged men and women are toiling in various ways. Some have a sewing machine, others are doing handwork. It is evening when we enter. The poor wretches have been at work since six o'clock in the morning. They will go on probably till midnight, for it is the season, and the sweater has his hands full. The wages these poor foreigners can earn by their ceaseless toil will perhaps be eighteen shillings at the week's end. For that they will work on Sunday also. All the gold of the Rothschilds could not tempt *us* to stay an hour in this place, for life is sweeter than gold. Let us hurry out into the air.

Here is another den. In this bootmaking is going on. The men are mostly "greeners" who have been hired in the slave market. It is a double room knocked into one. In this ten men, and a man and his wife and six children work and sleep.

The Russian "greener" lives on next to nothing. A cup of tea and a herring are frequently all the food he will have in the twenty-four hours. How can he afford more on the starvation wages he receives from the sweater? Not long ago a Russian who appeared before the Sweating Committee said he had that week worked from 6.30 a.m. to 2.30 a.m. on the following day with only one hour for dinner. He worked harder in London than in Warsaw and made less. But the emigration agent had painted London as a land of gold and tempted him to invest all he had in the world in a ticket.

The struggle is sometimes even too terrible for a Russian Jew. Recently a young "greener" hanged himself. He had brought his newly-wedded wife from Russia to London, thinking he would get a living. He learnt boot finishing and earned 12s. to 15s. a week. To earn £1 a week he would have to work twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four. At the inquest it was proved that he had tried to do this and his brain had given way. In a fit of madness and despair he hanged himself in the room he occupied with his young wife.

There are various other sweating trades carried on East and West, such as furriery, shirtmaking, mantle-making, and dressmaking. In the West tailoring and dressmaking are the sweated trades. Here the work is irregular. Half the year the men and girls are unemployed, the other half they are working night and day.

English girls are occasionally sweated at the West in the dressmaking and millinery by

wealthy Christian employers. With the blinds drawn and the workrooms apparently closed for the day dressmakers work on long beyond the hours allowed by the Factory Acts during the season. Sometimes the inspector gets wind of what is going on and makes a sudden descent on the premises. Then all is consternation. Madame is summoned, and puts the blame on duchesses who want the dresses in a hurry. The Factory Act applies to these workrooms, and consequently the condition of things is far better than in the East End dens. There the Factory Inspector can only enter on a warrant, because the bulk of the dens are in dwelling-houses. The sanitary inspector can enter, but the only result of his occasional interference is that the sweater makes promises which he never performs. Many of the crying evils of the sweating system would be redressed if the Factory and the Sanitary Inspectors had greater powers and worked more harmoniously together.

In the West End the laundry women are "sweated," and in the small or hand laundries the conditions and the hours are as bad as can be. The cabinet trade has its own sweaters' dens in the homes of the "garret masters," and here again the sweaters and the victims are largely aliens.

This is but a brief glance at Sweated London. But it may suffice to bring home to the reader one of the pressing problems of the day. Is it right that in our England we should permit a trade which is little better than the importation of foreign slaves? For you must remember that though some of these people come with a fair chance of bettering themselves, and do in many cases succeed, and in process of time become owners of property and employers of labour—generally the property is bad and the labour is sweated—yet a vast number are lured to this country by the misrepresentations of interested parties.

Arguments are constantly adduced on both sides of the question. Parliamentary Committees have gathered evidence on "Sweating;" the friends of the alien worker have come forward to proclaim his usefulness to the State and to the community. Between friend and foe Time will eventually pronounce judgment.

GOULSTON STREET ON SUNDAY MORNING.

AN EVENING REHEARSAL OF THE ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY, ALBERT HALL.

MUSICAL LONDON.

By GILBERT BURGESS.

IF the musical standard of a city be set by the amount of music to be heard within its walls, London is certainly the most musical city in the world. With the exception of brief intervals, at Christmas and during the autumn, there is hardly a day that passes during the year when you may not find ready to your hand some sort of musical entertainment. Because we have, since the days of Purcell, gone begging for a really classical composer, English music is regarded throughout Europe as a quantity that does not exist. But although it must be granted that London has not produced many great creative musicians, it is a solid fact that Londoners, from Royalty to the street *gamin*, have an intense love of music, whether in its highest, intermediate, or trivially rhythmic forms. In no other country will the *bourgeoisie* pay such large sums for seats for the opera, a symphony concert, an oratorio, or a pianoforte recital.

The contention that the Londoner's love of music is innate and all-pervasive can best be proved by a few word-sketches of the various scenes which are part of the life of the capital.

A sordid building, hideous, smoke-begrimed and uncouth, set among sordid slums—this is Covent Garden, the national Opera-house of the British Empire. Covent Garden is no lordly pleasure house. The homes of opera in Vienna, Paris, or New York stand on open sites amid beautiful surroundings, and the contrast is ever a matter of wonder for foreigners who visit London. The interior of the house, although it is less depressing than the exterior, entirely lacks any trace of artistic grace or dignity. Yet, despite all these drawbacks, Covent Garden Opera House in the season, on a night when some favourite opera or great singer is announced to appear, is one of the most brilliant spectacles in Europe.

Outside, a line of carriages which extends

a quarter of a mile westward down Long Acre, streams slowly under the portico of the entrance. One catches glimpses of fair faces; one sees an occasional flash of jewellery through the closed windows. The police keep a clear passage for the traffic; a few loafers, a few pinched-faced children of the slums group around the entrance, and watch the procession with curiously listless and impassive faces.

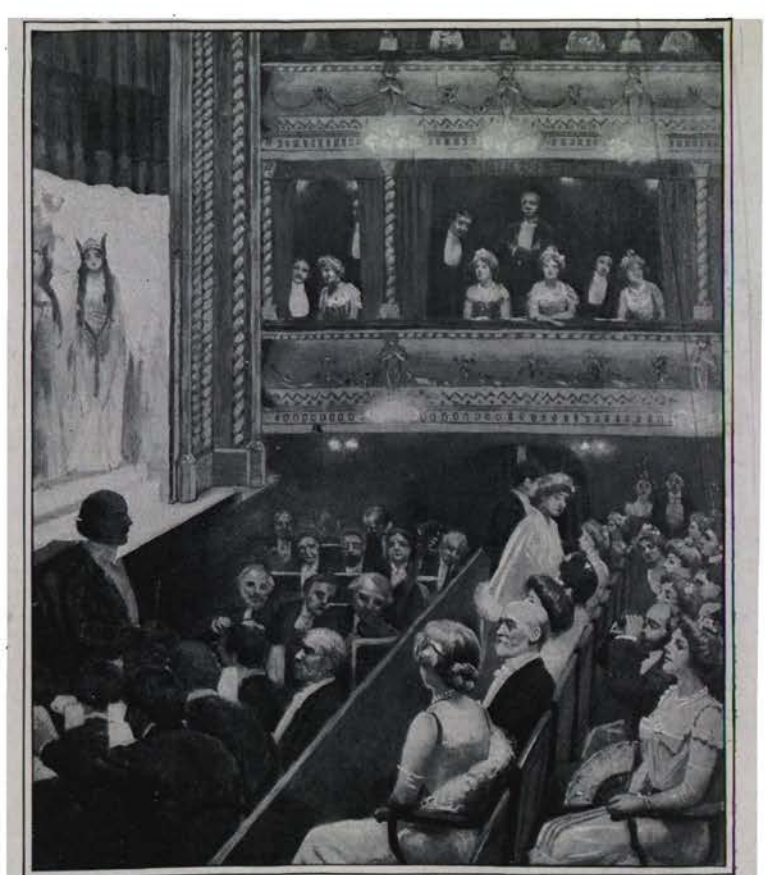
It is the opening night of the season. The auditorium is filled before the curtain rises. Diplomatists, rich Americans, bankers, and City merchants are all represented in force. It is as if all London Society had come to one large party. The lights flash upon magnificent tiaras and diamond necklaces; your eye wanders from box to box almost surfeited by the wealth of beauty of face and costume which surrounds you.

The orchestra tunes up fitfully. The conductor enters, and, *bâton* in hand, bows to the audience. The curtain rises slowly, and upon the stage appear the entire company, attired in the costumes necessary for the opera chosen for the evening. The prima-donna steps forward, and, while the entire audience stands up, sings the first verse of the National Anthem. Then the chorus of German, Italian, and French singers join in stentoriously, "God Save the King."

The opera begins. After each act the favourite singers, the musical conductor, the manager—and, if a new work has found favour, the composer—are called before the curtain, four, five, even six times. And there is little of the alleged Anglo-Saxon phlegm in the spirit and sincerity of the cheering. In the intervals opera-glasses come freely into play; visits are paid from box to box. In the smoking *foyer* everybody seems to know everybody. Covent Garden has re-opened, and the London Season has commenced.

At the same time, at one of the numerous smaller music halls, hundreds of boys—some are mere babies—are crowding into the gallery. Greetings, less decorous than those at Covent Garden, are freely exchanged. The air is filled with quaint phrases—"That you, 'Erry?" "Not 'arf!" "Wotto, Charley!" There is a faint odour of fried fish, a form of food which is being eaten from pieces of newspaper by those boys who are so fortunate as to have had the wherewithal to purchase it. The performance is followed with intensely critical attention. The singers are encouraged to fresh effort by liberal applause, which, in the main, takes the form of a piercing and peculiar whistle. The boys know the words of the songs by heart, and they help the singer lustily by joining in the choruses with that curious nasal intonation which is one of the chief attributes of the cockney urchin.

The larger theatres of variety do not quite come under the scope of this sketch,



AT THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA.

M. PADEREWSKI.

but it is only fair to state that at the Palace, Empire, and Alhambra theatres are orchestras of surpassing merit, sufficiently large and accomplished to perform any possible form of music. In a smaller measure, the same remark applies to the orchestras of most of the London theatres. They are immeasurably better than those in most Continental cities.

If, as many hold, the Symphony is the highest form of musical expression, Londoners are indeed fortunate. We have the old Philharmonic Society, which has done much in the past in the cause of higher musical education—although it has somewhat fallen from the state of grace which was once its right. We have every year a series of symphony concerts conducted by Dr. Richter, of Vienna, and from time to time concerts, nearly always attended by members of the Royal Family, are given by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society—a body of excellent instrumentalists.

But there is one orchestra in London, a permanent institution, which surpasses all these in excellence. Mr. Robert Newman's Queen's Hall Orchestra has a world-wide reputation. Much of its success is due to the personality of its leader, Mr. Henry J. Wood. On the nights when the programme consists mainly of the music of Wagner or Tschaikowsky you will find the handsome hall literally filled from roof to floor with a brilliant audience. The members of the orchestra, who are mostly English, are young, alert, enthusiastic. Mr. Wood takes up his place as conductor. You notice a pale, intellectual face; dark hair worn rather long, and an indefinable suggestion of individuality. From the moment that the music begins you realise that Mr. Wood and his instrumentalists are one harmonious whole. To his every gesture, however slight, the players respond. He obtains the most marvellous effects of light and shade. In Beethoven's C minor Symphony, in the "Symphonie Pathetique" of Tschaikowsky, in a Serenade for Strings composed by one of the members of his band, or in a French Ballet-Suite, the work of Mr. Wood and his colleagues is ever of the highest excellence.

And, as a proof that it is not merely the wealthier class of musical amateurs who appreciate the value of Mr. Newman's enterprise, witness the crowds who flock to the Queen's Hall on summer evenings what time the Promenade Concerts are in progress. For a shilling you may hear the finest music performed by Mr. Wood's

A "FREE AND EASY."

orchestra, and you may walk about and smoke withal.

One of the older institutions that still flourishes is Messrs. Chappell's series of Popular Concerts, known affectionately for a quarter of a century as the "Pops." The word popular is perhaps something of a misnomer of these very strictly classical concerts. Chamber music, which is the main feature of the "Pops," is caviare to the general public. The sensuous massed harmonies of Wagner, the majesty of the Symphonies of the great masters, naturally appeal more easily to the average amateur. The gentler note of the string quartette is apt to be lost in the strenuousness of the age. Yet, at St. James's Hall, there is always an audience intensely interested, reposefully happy. It is an audience unique in London. You will see at every concert during the season many members of the old nobility. Smart Society, it is to be feared, is too neurotic and restless to be content with the simple delights of chamber music. But year in year out the "Pop" has a faithful *clientèle.* Delightful old white-haired ladies, faithfully attended by their husbands, come armed with early-Victorian shawls to protect them from draughts. In fact, the shawl is the most characteristic note of the "Pop" audience. Should a Royal Princess attend, she attains the luxury of a special armchair in the middle of the front row; before her is placed a little table covered with green baize to announce her rank.

The home of oratorio is the Albert Hall in Kensington. Here Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," as well as modern works founded upon the same model, are frequently performed by the members of the Royal Choral Society.

STREET MELODY.

A more popular function, to use the word in its everyday and not in its archaic sense, is the Ballad Concert, which is held at St. James's Hall in the afternoon. There is also another similar series which takes place in the Queen's Hall. This is the musical orgie of Suburbia. The programme not infrequently lasts for four hours. Song follows song, encore is demanded as a right, every artist has an ovation on her or his appearance. It is an afternoon of spontaneous enthusiasm, of indiscriminate applause. Behind the scenes, in the artists' room, the singers form a happy family. Their success encourages them; their work is fun, they seem to say. But it must be confessed that the Ballad Concert cannot lay claim to any serious or lasting merit from the purely artistic point of view.

In a neighbouring hall the Mohawk Minstrels, a troupe of singers and comedians with their hands and faces besmeared with vaseline and burnt cork, so that they may lead you to believe that they are sons of Ethiop, make pleasant fun for simple folk throughout the greater part of the year. Their fun is so boisterous, their sentimental songs—"Don't tell mother that I am of the slain," *et hoc genus omne*—are so tear-compelling.

There is one class of music, peculiarly English in quality, which is in danger of being ousted from London theatres. This is the English comic opera and the English musical comedy. We still have managers who give us bright and topical operatic *revues* at London theatres. Such charming entertainments come before the London public assured of success. The composers of the music know exactly what their audience likes, and they give it to them. Sir Arthur Sullivan, fighting against the trivialities of theme and orchestration which abound in French light opera, did splendid work at the Savoy Theatre. His careful and skilful scoring led to the standard of technical excellence which characterises English light music in London to-day.

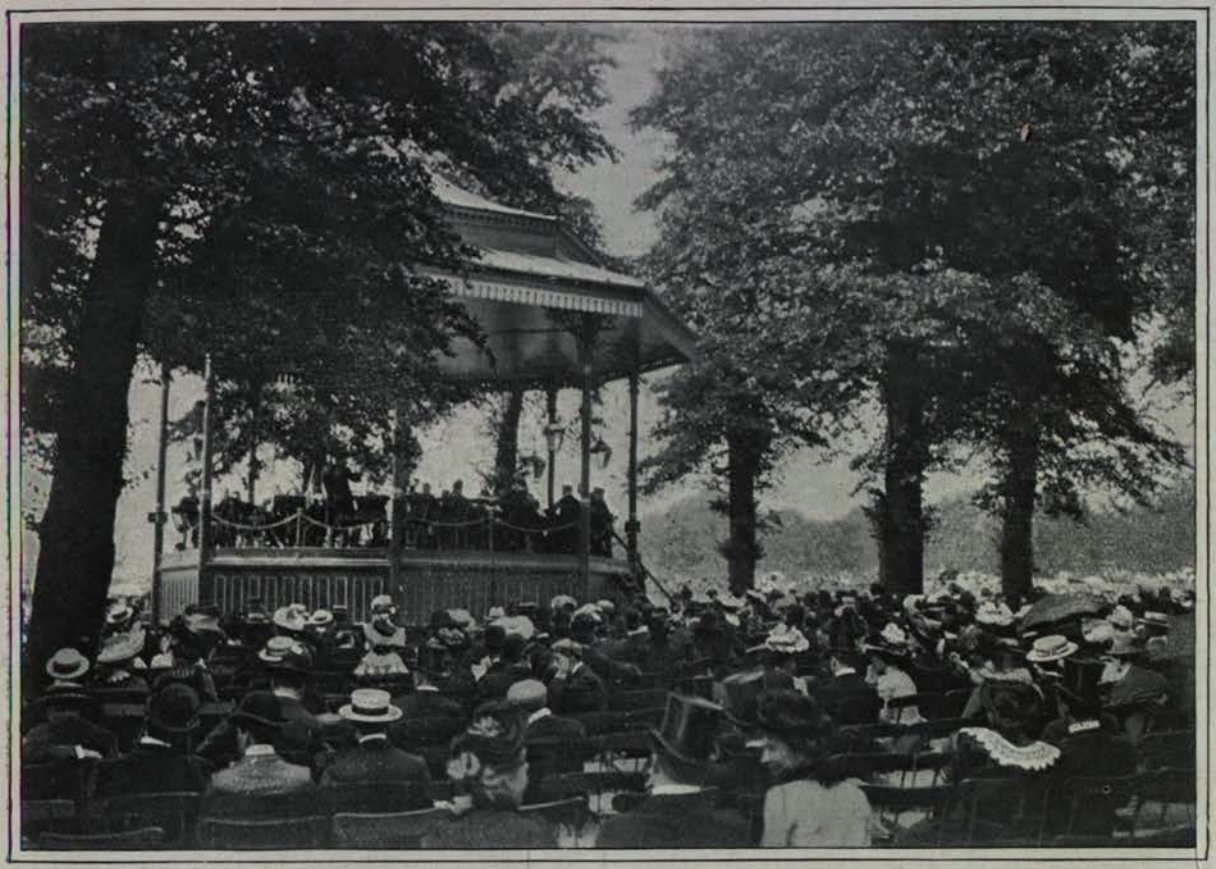
And now we come to the question of musical training in modern London. It is a subject of great interest for anyone who cares for the well-being of the community. For the amount of time taken up in the study of the art is enormous. Every boy or girl who has the slightest natural aptitude for music abandons all thoughts of the counter or the counting-house, and would fain become a professional. The result is that at the three great training colleges—the Royal Academy of Music, the Guildhall School, and the Royal College—there are collectively more than four thousand students at the present time. Of these, how many can ever hope to become anything better than drudging governesses or ill-paid instrumentalists? There is a glamour attached to the course of training; medals are given for the slightest sign of efficiency, and, if you are lucky, a performance of some childish composition from your pen will be performed for the edification of your fellow-students.

To watch the choir of girls from the Royal Academy of Music, in their white frocks and coloured sashes—not to mention medals—is an inspiring emotion. They are so enthusiastic, and they are even picturesque. The same remark applies to the students' choir at the Guildhall School. But how many will ever be heard of again after they have left the college? Some few drift on to the light opera or music-hall stage, some become composers of merit. But how few! In the summer the pupils of the Guildhall School perform an opera on the stage of some large London theatre. Their relations and friends, who form the audience, see in every tenor a potential De Reszke, in every soprano a potential Melba. The awakening comes only soon enough. The great blot upon musical London to-day is the over-training of the unfit, the exploitation of the unworthy.

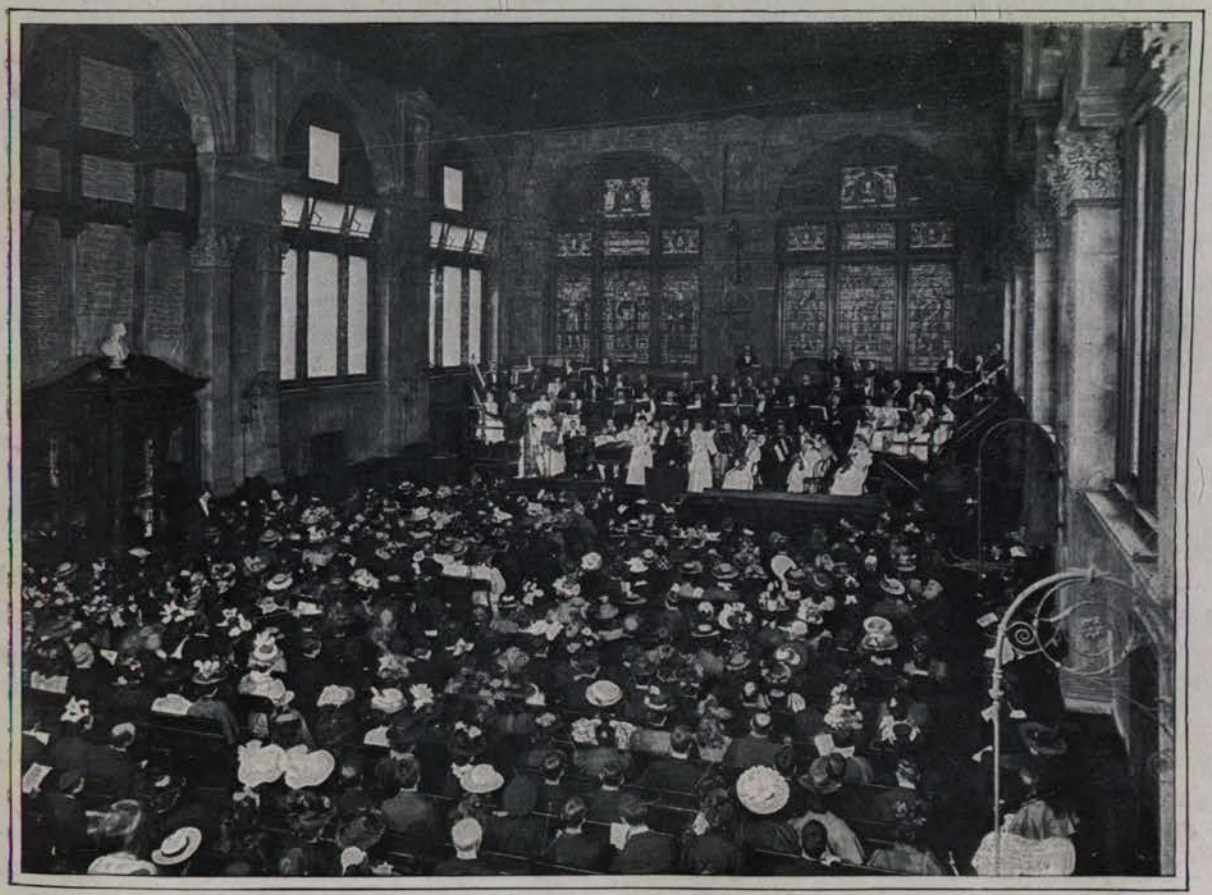
Apart from the opera, Society during the season has many opportunities of hearing the best music. The State Concerts at Buckingham Palace are very brilliant, and the artists are generally chosen from those who are appearing at Covent Garden. At private parties very large sums are expended by hostesses in engaging singers and other musicians in order that their guests may be amused. A prima-donna will frequently expect £200 for singing a few songs during the evening, and if you are bold enough to engage Paderewski, the greatest pianist in the world, you will emphasise your appreciation of his genius by paying him more than double that sum.

Although the London climate does not lend itself to outdoor life in such a marked degree as does the climate of Paris or Vienna, still we make the best of it. On a summer evening in Hyde Park thousands of young men and maidens arm in arm gather under the trees to listen to the band of one of the Guards regiments; in many open spaces at stated times the various excellent bands of the County Council give free concerts. In the streets the German band—generally a motley crew of woe-begone frauds—is still allowed to linger, and the piano organ is daily brought forth from Saffron Hill to drive some of us almost to desperation, and to give others a sadly-wanted touch of brightness to their everyday life. For the piano organ is the poor man's "Pop."

A feature of musical London, more especially in the suburbs, is the smoking concert. When the day's work is done clerks of



A BAND IN HYDE PARK.



A CONCERT AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

all descriptions meet at some small public hall or house, and vie with others in imitation of the popular singers of the moment. And the pianoforte and violin solos are often uncommonly well played. A little lower down in the social scale is the "Free and Easy"—a kind of impromptu concert—which is generally held in the room of a public-house. Here the talent is not so evident as the good intention, but the choruses go with infinite swing and zest; while by way of additional accompaniment a pewter pot, sturdily thumped upon a table, is found to be a very fair substitute for a drum. And the "Free and Easy" is certainly a smoking concert. It is often difficult to see five yards ahead of you.

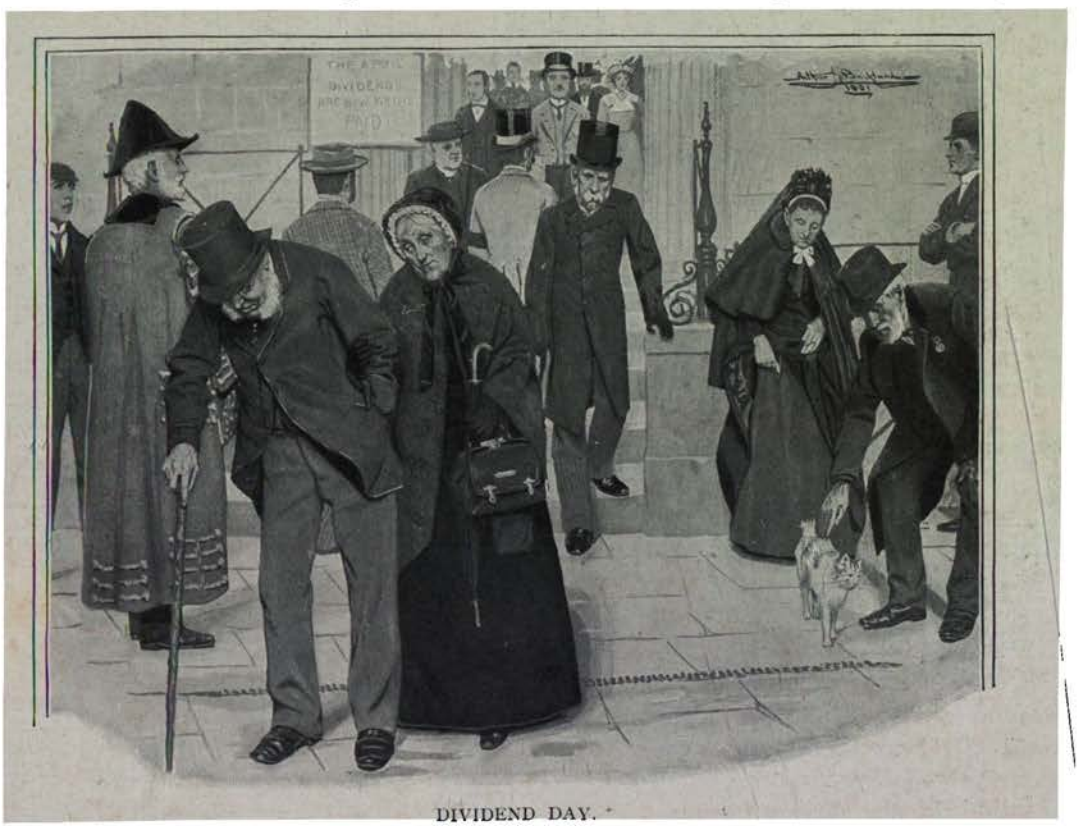
On a Saturday evening in the East End or on the Surrey side of the Thames the inhabitants worship the Muse of melody mostly in the open air. Often there may be seen—and heard—a row of men and youths linked arm-in-arm; at other times a band of boys marches down the centre of the street. One performs upon that most inharmonic instrument known as the mouth-organ. Another has a concertina, a third is armed with a piece of firewood and an empty biscuit tin, and for the rest the human voice does yeoman service. They pass a group of girls whose shrill trebles add for a few minutes to the feast of sound. They pass on, and if you have been following them you stop when you notice outside a public-house a melancholy band of minstrels. A tired-looking woman drones away at a small harmonium, one man struggles with the strings of an asthmatic harp, another plays a cornet blatantly. Twelve o'clock strikes, a barman appears with angry words. The wandering minstrels pick up their camp-stools and their respective instruments, and disappear wearily into the night.

A MUSIC HALL GALLERY.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

DESPITE the grim and black and gaol-looking exterior there is no institution in London which possesses more attractions than the Bank of England. Notwithstanding her age—she was born in 1734—the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, who keeps her eyes in the middle of her body, her parents having been sufficiently alive to the burglarious instinct not to give her windows that open on the street, is still, as ever, the Mecca of rich and poor alike. A cold-blooded civilisation may be rubbing away the romance of life, but the old-fashioned and romantic interest of the Bank can never be effaced.



DIVIDEND DAY.

And no wonder, for there is no place like it. Everybody appreciates it: the millionaire, who draws his £20,000 over the counter, would not part with it for worlds; the tottering workhouse dame pauses to sigh on its threshold; the doughty bag-snatcher kicks his heels on the flags in front, and hopes for a happy day. All roads from John o' Groat's to Land's End lead to the Bank of England. Everybody loves it, everybody visits it—because he envies it.

Quiet and dignified as the ancient grandam is, she never fails to impress us with her riches. Watch her at about six o'clock of an evening, and direct your gaze towards the Mansion House. Suddenly there is a diversion of traffic, the cabmen cease from swearing, the omnibus conductors from bellowing: and as the stream of vehicles divides some forty stalwarts of the Guards, under an officer, appear. They are the night custodians of the

Bank—the warriors who take charge of the load of precious metal that reposes in its vaults. Throughout the silent hours when the roar of the City is hushed every apartment in the vast building is visited, the men going round at intervals with master-keys to satisfy themselves that all is safe. Nothing is left to chance. Deep down are the solid brick vaults with two sets of doors which no single person can open—not even the Governor. One of the doors has three locks, and the keys being in the possession of three different officials, the doors cannot swing on their hinges until the trusty three assemble for the purpose.

DIVIDEND ROOM.

Several millions of pounds' worth of gold lying on barrows in solid ingots may be seen in these vaults, and silver, too, in plenty. No such sight is presented elsewhere. Yet the blocks of gold cause little or no emotion in the breast of the onlooker, to whom they resemble only so many dirty chunks of copper. Each is worth upwards of £600 sterling, and there is not one that could not be carried away upon the person—if circumstances permitted. The officer of the guard, who defends this hoard, remains at his post until daybreak. He is provided with meals and sleeping accommodation, and has the privilege of inviting one guest to dinner. Very strict is the Bank in the care of its wealth, for, as if the military were not adequate protection, the Deputy Chief Cashier resides permanently in the building, and every night three clerks sit up to see that all is well.

Let us, for a moment, turn into the great court-yard on dividend day. Here one meets a motley collection of individuals hailing from every part of the kingdom—peers, shop-keepers, retired officers, starvelings in rusty black, every class. It is a drama in its way, and its title is "Money." People, who look as if they weren't worth twopence-half-

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

penny, are drawing dividends on half-a-million pounds' worth of stock. It is a wonderful crowd, wonderful because every face is a human document, a mirror of emotions. First, the men. That they are proud of their power to demand shekels from the greatest

banking establishment in the world is perfectly clear from their looks. Different, however, is the case with the women. Their air is one of uncertainty. They have read much of thieves, much of the gentry who prowl round the Bank in search of bags and purses. What troubles them is not whether the Bank will pay them, but whether they will ever get their money home intact. One, here and there, has had a big pocket sewn right away in a petticoat, but even this does not afford her a sense of entire security. Watch her as she emerges from the dividend room. Her old face flushed, her eyes are here, there, and everywhere; and sure enough her hand is on her pocket. To her every one is an object of suspicion—even the gorgeous beadle, who must be sick unto death of the mention of money. On one occasion an old lady of over a hundred called at Threadneedle Street to draw her dividend. It would relieve the more nervous of the visitors if they could know that the Bank is watched by sleuth-hounds of the law the whole day long.

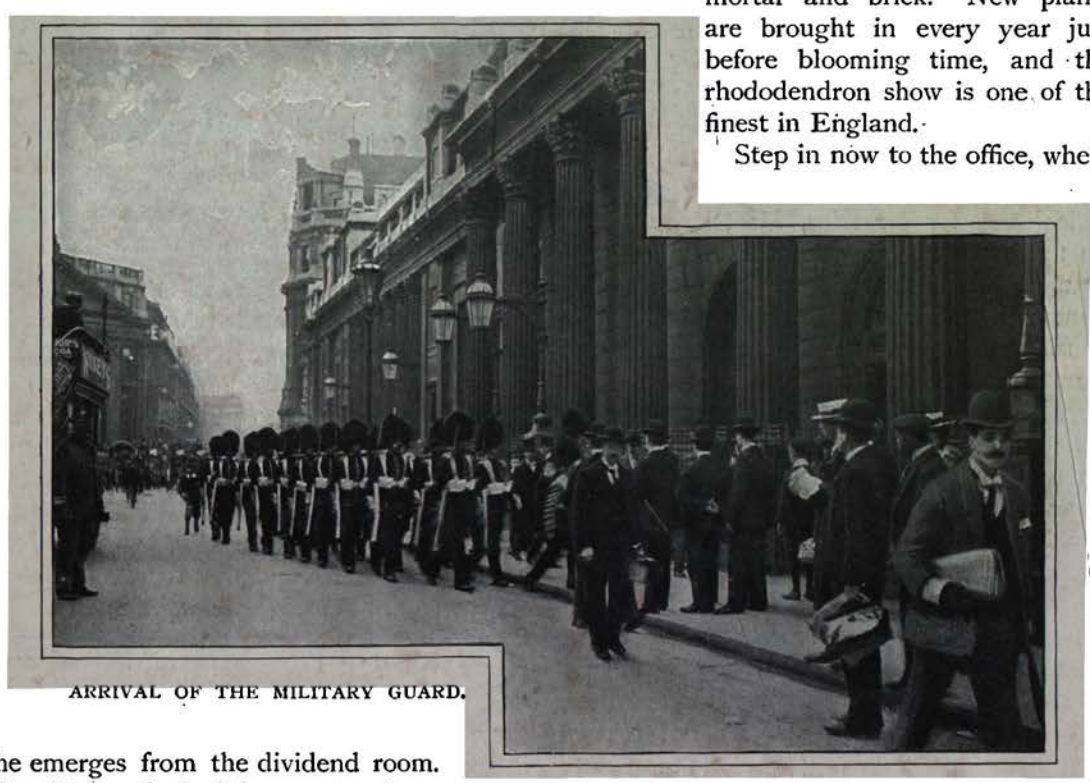
All these good folk could save themselves anxiety by having their dividends forwarded by post, but many of them distrust the machinations of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and insist on being paid in person. Some, however, regard the advent of dividend day as a brilliant excuse for spending a day or two in town. "Never do to have the money sent by post," says Jones, the Welsh butcher, to the partner of his sorrows. "Sure to be lost. Must go up."

And up to London he comes; and you perhaps see him enjoying himself at a music-hall in the evening.

But we must pass on. On the left of the court-yard is the Bank's beautiful garden. This is a veritable fairy-land in a desert of mortar and brick. New plants are brought in every year just before blooming time, and the rhododendron show is one of the finest in England.

Step in now to the office, where they scoop up sovereigns with as little concern as a grocer scoops up sugar. It is no joke to be a counterman at the Bank of England, for between them the cashiers sometimes disburse as much money in a day as would suffice to build St. Paul's.

When money is given in change for a note a corner of the latter is torn off so as to render it of no further use. From twenty to thirty thousand notes reach the Bank in the course of a day, and when they have done their duty they are stacked away in a special room. No note is ever re-issued, and at the end of three years every piece of used paper money is destroyed in a furnace.



ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY GUARD.

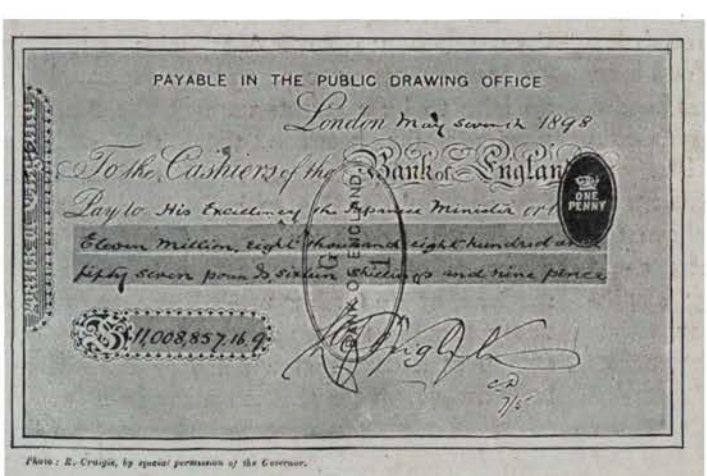
It is the cashiers who see most of life, and what stories they could tell! On one occasion—this was at the time when all notes were specially examined before they were cashed — a lady called and requested payment for a hundred pound note. She was told to go to the examination counter, a desk protected by bars. Instead of doing this she stepped across to the ornamental fire-place, thinking there was a clerk behind it, and put her note up the flue, and away it went. She got her £100, however, and when the flue was pulled down the note was found.

While on duty at the Bank of England a cashier never knows a restful moment. What with counting sovereigns, taking care not to make an error, and keeping a look-out for forgeries, his task must be the most worrying known to mortal man. And consider the strain of it all. To honour a spurious note is a sin that is considered unpardonable. Yet the harassed counterman cashes hundreds of notes in a day. Is he to blame if one forgery slips through? The answer is an emphatic "Yes," on the ground that it is extremely difficult to produce a forged note that, to the practised eye, is anything like a genuine one.

Yet there have been gigantic forgeries. Through one astute swindler the Bank lost £360,000, and through another £320,000. The Bank manufactures all its own paper for its notes, which it also prints on the premises, but even this precaution has not always prevented fraud. About forty years back

BANK-NOTE PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

a quantity of Bank paper was stolen, with the result that forgeries were rife for quite a long period. The delinquents were eventually captured and sent to penal servitude. A hundred and fifty-one years ago a Stafford linen draper forged a note. He was hanged for his pains. Once, by the way—about half-a-century ago—an ingenious individual, named Baldwin, a print mounter, was granted audience of the directors to prove to them that a bank-note could be split in two. He demonstrated that such an achievement was possible; but the officials were not alarmed, and hinted that the process—of which they already knew—would cause them no inconvenience.


PAYABLE IN THE PUBLIC DRAWING OFFICE
London May seventh 1898
To the Cashiers of the Bank of England
Pay to His Excellency the Japanese Minister (or)
Eleven Million, eight thousand eight hundred and
fifty seven pounds sixteen shillings and nine pence
£11008857.16.9
ONE PENNY

THE LARGEST CHEQUE ON RECORD.

Before leaving the cashier's, or issue, department, we must not omit to mention two unique episodes in the history of the Bank —the issue of a million pound note, and the payment over the counter of the largest cheque on record in settlement of the Chinese indemnity to Japan. A reduced photographic reproduction of the latter appears on this page.

A day or even longer is required to obtain a complete idea of the operations of this colossal emporium of money. In the weighing-room, which seems to be made of

gold, the visitor stands appalled. In this glittering chamber sovereigns and half-sovereigns are weighed by machines, which are marvels of accuracy. The coins are placed indiscriminately in the machines, which weigh them automatically and separate the light from the heavy. As many as 35,000 coins can be tested in a day. The light money is defaced, while the coins that are of correct weight are circulated again. Fifty thousand gold pieces sometimes lie in heaps in the weighing-room.

The printing establishment is no less interesting. Notes of untold value are printed there every day—five-pound notes, ten pounders, hundred pounders, thousand pounders. The men turn them out with as much nonchalance as if they were digging potatoes — rather less, in fact. "A nice, pleasant place for a thief," exclaims the dumbfounded visitor, as he cudgels his brain to understand how on earth track is kept of the hundreds of notes that are finished every hour. But a very effectual check is kept on dishonesty. The machines register every note they print!

In reality there is no place in the world which is so proof against cracksmen as the Bank. There was a rumour once that some mole-like criminals intended reaching the bullion room by burrowing under the Bank, but if they ever contemplated such a step they soon abandoned it. The authorities of the Bank take nothing for granted where theft is concerned. Their motto is evidently that the best way to prevent burglary is to be prepared for it. They have a strong company of rifles ready for all emergencies and an armoury full of up-to-date weapons. The Bank does not forget that its historic old pile has been in many a tight corner.

Nowadays, however, the Old Lady goes on her way placidly and undisturbed by wild alarms. She is the banker of the Government, she manages the National Debt, and she often receives into her coffers scrip to the value of £50,000,000 in a single day. On the other hand, some faint idea of what she disgorges may be gathered from the fact that on dividend day her correspondence fills from fifty to sixty bags. Her best known official is, of course, the Chief Cashier, who ought to be a proud man, for not only is his signature on every note that is issued from Threadneedle Street, but he is supposed by not a few to be the owner of the Bank and all its treasures.

IN THE COURTYARD.

LOADED BARGES (BANKSIDE).

WATERSIDE LONDON.

By ARTHUR B. MOSS.

LIFE by the waterside, from Blackfriars to Greenwich on the Surrey shore, and Blackwall on the Middlesex shore of the Thames, is a fascinating subject to all who take an interest in the vast population which lives and moves and plays its several parts in the great human drama on the banks of the river of the greatest city in the world.

It is a fine morning in June. We are standing on London Bridge at a very early hour. Let us take a walk along the riverside, and catch a glimpse of the workers at their daily toil. We are on the Surrey side, and our route lies along the bank of the Thames towards Blackfriars.

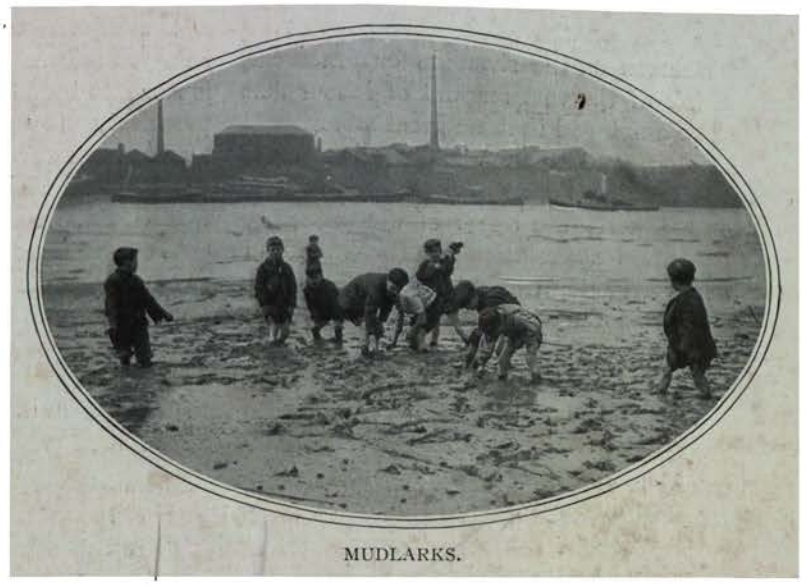
We walk down the stone steps into the Borough Market, which is alive with human beings working hard in the early hours of the morning to supply the vegetable wants of Londoners. We glide off to our right, by the side of St. Saviour's Cathedral, through Clink Street, and we find ourselves on Bankside. Here, for a while, we watch the waterside labourers at work. We see them loading a barge with grain. Some of the younger men are of Herculean proportions, and have almost the strength of a Samson, The sacks they carry on their backs weigh, on an average, two hundredweight and a half. These men bear them with perfect ease, and run along a narrow wooden plank that bends under their weight. The older men, who have to keep pace with the younger ones in life's terrible struggle, groan and gasp under their heavy burdens, but still stagger bravely on. They know only too well from painful experience that once they fail there is no further employment for them in that branch of the labour market.

We walk on and watch other barges being loaded, but with very different cargo; some of them with heavy bars of iron, others with crates of empty bottles, others with barrels of grease and fat.

Along Bankside on a summer's day there are always to be seen a number of boys wading in the mud, and trying to find such treasure as may have fallen into the river

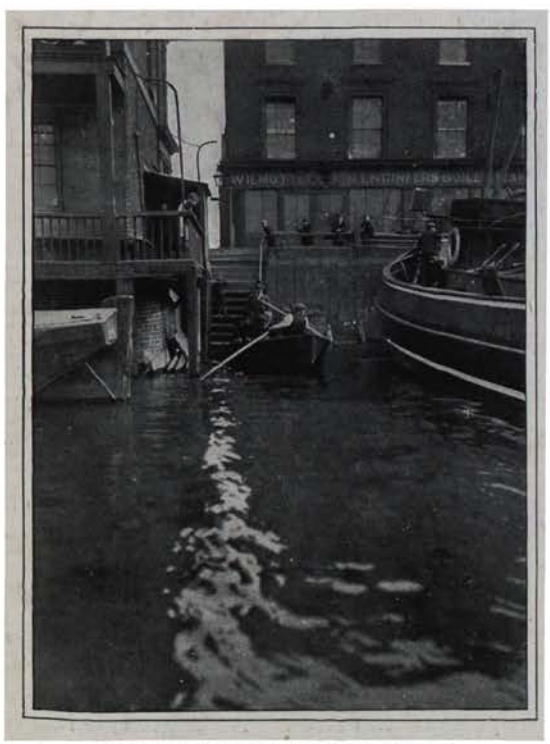
during the day or night. Here are a party of lads making their first attempt to swim. Every season a number of them terminate their youthful career in a muddy and watery grave.

We pass along under Southwark Bridge, and watch yet another lot of waterside labourers at their daily task of unloading barges of coal, and then we turn off into the courts and alleys to see the homes in which many of these toilers live.



MUDLARKS.

We are in the land of Shakespeare — on the very ground where the immortal dramatist and poet passed many of his happiest days, a stone's throw from where the old Globe Theatre stood—yet how very unromantic these parts are to-day! Poor, dilapidated dwellings are the houses in these courts—Moss Alley, Ladd's Court, Bear Gardens, and White Hind Alley—which abut on the banks of the river. Hard, indeed, are the lives of the poor families that dwell therein. From morning to night they hear the ceaseless hum of the great fan at the electric lighting works hard by. At first painful to listen to it becomes music to them in time, so that they sing and work to its metrical movement. The waterside labourer earns a precarious income. Half the year he is without work. The great struggle for existence presses heavily upon him. When he gets any money he often spends it with absolute recklessness.



LEAVING BATTLE BRIDGE STAIRS.

Many of the wives have to help the waterside labourer in getting the living, some of them by charing, others by fur-pulling—that is, pulling the fur off rabbit skins—which until recently they did in their own homes, but, now that the ubiquitous sanitary inspector has vetoed it as a home occupation, the women have to perform this work in the factory, where they are unable to get the assistance of the girls of their family. In the winter months many of these poor families are on the verge of starvation, and it is a blessing to them that their children are supplied with free meals through the agency of various funds. But for these meals many of the waterside labourers' children would starve.

Let us turn our steps in another direction, and wend our way back to London Bridge. Here for a moment we pause. We take a glimpse at the river alive with craft of all kinds, from the great iron vessel that is being laden with cargo for a long voyage, to the small skiff in which the waterman plies for hire between the stairs on one side of the

river to those on the other. We gaze at the great wharves on the riverside for a moment, and think of the vast amount of labour that has to be employed in these great storehouses of London, and then we turn our steps towards Tooley Street. Standing outside Cotton's Wharf—the scene of the great fire of 1861, when Superintendent Braidwood, of the Fire Brigade, was killed by a falling wall—we watch while a number of men are being taken on. We see the men, with eager, careworn faces, pressing into the crowd, holding up their hands, and appealing with tearful eyes for a chance to earn their daily bread. It is a terrible experience which these poor fellows have to undergo, and one which has to be repeated morning after morning the year round, at the wharves abounding along the riverside.

OUTSIDE THE "ARK," ROTHERHITHE.

We pass on to the first stone steps down the river from the bridge—Battle Bridge Stairs—and here we come for the first time in our journey to a spot where the waterman is watching at the foot of the stairs to row some passengers across the river. Our song writers have told us of the "jolly life of the waterman," but those who have had experience of them know that though these men pass a healthy and adventurous career upon the great river, their lives are not so pleasant as many people imagine. Competition among the men is so keen that they find it difficult to get a bare subsistence.

At Horselydown Stairs the men are busy. They are rowing wharfingers across the stream, and seamen to their ships. A waterman's life is a busy one for a few months of the year. He commences his work early in the morning and ceases late at night. He runs many risks. At times he is in danger of being run down by a passing steamer, or he is run into by a barge and capsized; yet comparatively few among them can swim. Scarcely a week passes without an inquest on the body of a waterman or lighterman who was drowned while engaged in his daily task.

We have often read in books of dark deeds done in the dead of night on the Thames, but such crimes are rarely perpetrated by the watermen of to-day. Years ago, when they received a large fee for every dead body that they could find in the river, there were no doubt men villainous enough to drown an inoffensive fellow-creature for the sake of the reward. But to-day a couple of shillings or so are all that a waterman gets who discovers a body floating in the stream, brings it ashore, deposits it in the mortuary, and afterwards attends the inquest to give evidence.

Many a foul crime, however, is still perpetrated by land sharks, who lure men down to the river by night, and rob and murder them. At inquests on bodies picked up in the Thames an "open verdict" is frequent; nor do the jury hesitate to express their belief that foul play alone can account for the wounds and bruises found on the body of the deceased.

The Thames watermen have some sunshine in their lives. Every year a certain number of them compete for prizes at the local regatta — Bankside, Horselydown, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Wapping, Greenwich, each has a regatta of its own—and the excitement over these contests is quite equal to that at some of the best races in the more fashionable parts of the river. As a general rule a new skiff is offered as a first prize, and

A WATERMAN AT HOME.

amounts varying from 30s. to £5 for the six men who are chosen to compete. On such occasions the whole parish is decorated with flags and bunting, the jolly young waterman becomes the idol of the fair sex, and at night a "military band" specially engaged plays "See the Conquering Hero comes" as the winner is hoisted into the new skiff, which is drawn along in a waggon amid the enthusiastic applause of the waterside population.

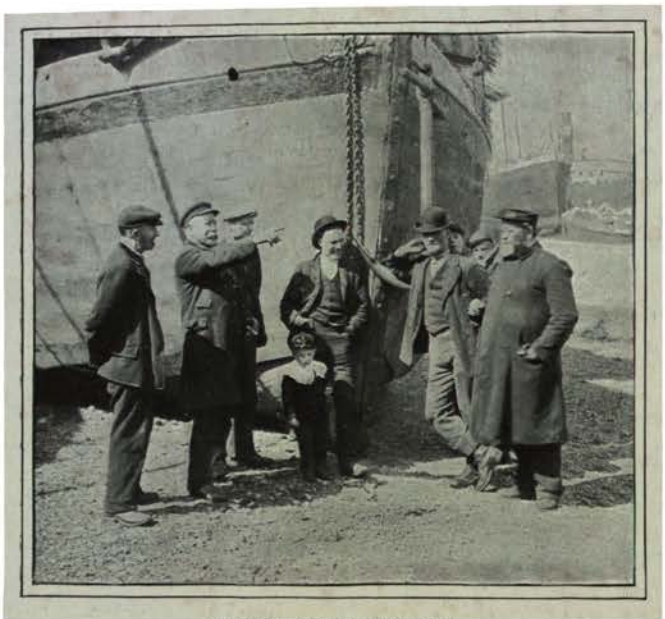
All along the riverside are great wharves for the storage of wheat, oats, tea, sugar, peat, and all kinds of merchandise, and sometimes one of these great warehouses will take fire, and causes great excitement and activity among the people that dwell by the waterside. The great Tooley Street fire raged furiously for several weeks. Great masses of burning fat floated down the river, and, as they came in contact with the small craft, set them alight. Then indeed the Thames was on fire. For months afterwards men, women, and children waded into the river and skimmed off the floating fat, while the children scooped up the mud and separated the grease from it and sold it.

Fires—not of this magnitude, but still very great fires—occur frequently by the river, and then the waterside inhabitants reap their harvest. When the fire is at a tea warehouse, and large boxes are thrown into the river, scores of young mud-larks will be out in the early morning with thin cotton bags, scooping up all the floating tea, which they find no difficulty in disposing of at a price.

Passing along by these wharves, we hear the heavy machinery crushing the corn in the large flour mills at Shad Thames, and, as we pass the dry dock at this spot, we understand the weird fascination this place had for Charles Dickens. The great novelist selected Shad Thames as the scene of the most exciting moments in the career of Bill Sikes.

We now pass Dockhead, and proceed along Bermondsey Wall, and come to some old-fashioned "Stairs," which the borough officials have thought so important that they have secured them as "borough property." From these stairs we get a splendid view of ship-loading on the river. Here, from early morning till late at night, we may see scores of men busy loading vessels, and scarcely a day passes without some terrible accident happening to the toilers. A man is standing by a loophole letting down a heavy bale of goods by a crane into a barge beneath. Presently, for some unknown reason, he lets go the handle that turns the wheel of the crane; it goes whirling round at tremendous speed; he tries to recover the handle, but

A WATERSIDE PUBLIC-HOUSE.



GROUP OF WATERMEN.

misses it; it strikes him between the eyes and hurls him senseless, sometimes to a distance of several feet. He is picked up, and, covered with a sack, is borne away to the nearest hospital.

A man is helping to load a vessel, a chain or a rope breaks, and down upon him with a crash comes a heavy bale, crushing his limbs beneath its weight. In a few moments the news of the accident spreads among the people employed by the waterside; out come the children, swiftly the poor wife learns the ill news, and in an hour the whole street in which the unfortunate man lives is talking of his accident. If he dies, a "Friendly Lead" is held at one of the waterside beer-shops, a variety entertainment takes place, and as the audience are leaving they drop a bit of silver into a plate. The proceeds, which are often supplemented by the beer-shop proprietor, go to the widow.

Let us take another view of the river looking eastward from Cherry Garden Pier. Here we see the great Steam Floating Fire Engines of the County Council, and the fine waterside Fire Station in which the men live when they are on land. Here, also, we see the Thames Police officers who row up and down the river at all hours of the day and night in search of river thieves.

Let us turn down this street and look at some of the inhabitants: the women as they stand by their open doors, and the children as they play about in the streets and courts and alleys. Some of the streets (we are now in Rotherhithe) have quaint names for such a district. Here, for instance, we find "Paradise Street." Next we come across "Clark's Orchard," but any attempt to discover either Clark or his orchard would fail; all you can see is a group of dirty urchins amusing themselves in the gutter.

Here is another group of youngsters. They are following a coal van. Did you see that boy knock the lumps of coal off the sack into the road? Quick as lightning another boy picks them up, and darts off down one of the side turnings. It is in this way that the home is kept in coal during the winter months.

We walk a few yards further, and come across a quaint little building. It is called the "Ark," and is a place of worship intended for the waterside folk. On Sundays some of them attend this sanctuary to get spiritual comfort; but for the most part they are a worldly race. They believe in the philosophy of "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," but they strive as long as possible to put off the evil day.

Let us proceed with our journey. We pass along Rotherhithe Wall, through what is called "Down Town," a neighbourhood by itself right on the banks of the river, and nearly a mile and a half from the main streets of Rotherhithe or the market-place. Here, years ago, when the steamers and other vessels unloaded at the Surrey Commercial Docks, the foreign sailors came and dwelt; but to-day they have shifted their quarters.

We pause for a moment, and enter a small waterside public-house, where sailors congregate immediately after arriving at the docks.

Presently we are in the heart of the Surrey Commercial Docks, having passed over the "Swing Bridge," and in the midst of a busy scene of unloading and conveying cargo from the ships to the various storehouses. On our way out of the docks we come across the quaint little "Kirkko," a Finnish mission-house for foreign sailors.

It is now evening, and the places of amusement of the waterside population are opening their doors. Here is a Palace of Varieties in Abbey Street, Bermondsey, opposite the famous Neckinger Mills, the chief tannery in London. It is a large and commodious building, capable of seating about 1,000 persons, and is generally packed in every part. It is a "two houses a night" hall. The entertainment consists of comic songs, dances, acrobatic performances, and winds up either with a screamingly funny farce or a modern sensational dramatic sketch. The waterside people like good strong fare. None of your reserve force for them. They want vigour, action, and sensation, and they see that they get them.

So far we have dealt with waterside life on the Surrey side. Now let us get in a ferry boat and cross over to Shadwell. The general features of waterside life, which we have already described, we find again on the Essex side. But when we proceed either in the direction of Limehouse, or along as far as Millwall, things change considerably. Here are a host of foreign sailors, and a large number of Chinese, Hindoos, and negroes.

A good deal of difficulty arises from time to time among these foreign sailors. English sailors frequently decline to work in the same vessel with them, and sometimes scenes of disorder and violence take place among them.

Among sailors smuggling goes on to almost as great a degree as in former years, but many of them have learned to be a great deal more subtle and smart in their methods of evading the Custom House officers. Only the poor simpleton among the foreign hands gets captured and brought before the magistrate, while the clever ones, who know their business, manage to go scot free.

Having now arrived at Blackwall, we walk through that fine piece of engineering skill, the Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames, and in a few minutes reach Greenwich, where once more we come in contact with a waterside population in many respects similar to that which we have described along the Surrey shores.

COTTON'S WHARF (TOOLEY STREET).

IN LONDON CLUB-LAND.

By SIR WEMYSS REID.

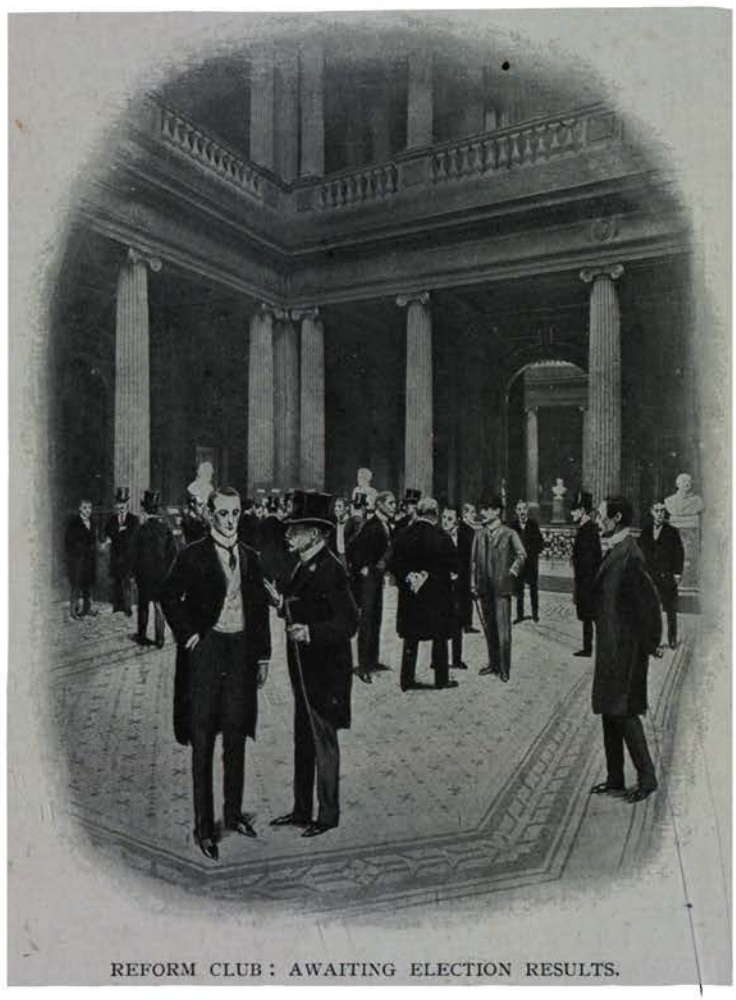
CLUB-LAND is one of the most distinctive of the special characteristics of London. The London clubs have found their imitators in every quarter of the world, but London still holds its own as pre-eminently the home of clubs. Nowhere else can the traveller find a Pall Mall and St. James's Street, nowhere else is he confronted, not by one, but by scores of palatial buildings, all devoted to the amenities of club life.

The great West-End Clubs seem to meet the requirements of every possible class in society. They are so numerous that it would be impossible even to name them here. Some, like Brooks's, the Carlton, and the Reform, are distinctly political in their character, and are the recognised homes of historic parties. Others, like the Turf, the Marlborough, White's, and the Bachelors', are purely social — places where men of all ways of thinking in politics may meet on equal terms. Others, again, such as the Athenæum and the St. James's, may be said to represent the highest phases of our public and official life. Bishops and judges, for example, make the Athenæum a terror to the frivolous, whilst at the St. James's the diplomatists of every nationality may meet on territory that is at once pleasant and neutral. The Service clubs, where the officers of the Army and Navy congregate to fight their battles o'er again, and the University clubs, where friendships formed on the banks of Isis and Cam in the halcyon days of youth are carried on until heads are grey and backs are bent, have their own special place in the club world. No one who knows anything of the inside of club-life can doubt its importance as one of the great factors of living London.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB: THE HALL.

It would take a volume to bring home to the reader all the varieties of club-life as we see it in London; and the briefest survey must therefore suffice in these pages. Let us, for example, take a stroll along Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Piccadilly, and peep into some of the clubs that we pass upon our way. Here, to begin with, is the handsome United Service Club, at the corner of Waterloo Place, which used to be known to the irreverent as the Cripples' Home, because of the number of maimed heroes who frequented it after the hard fighting in the Crimea and India. If you were to walk into the stately house any day about two o'clock

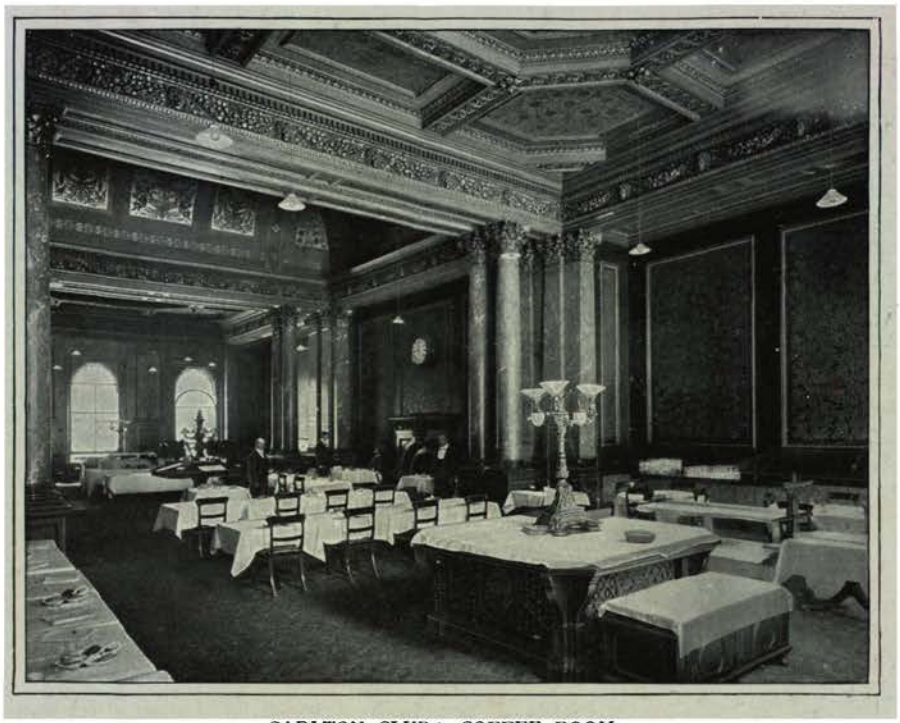
you would find a number of very ordinary-looking men eating their frugal luncheon, or reading the early editions of the evening papers. Ordinary elderly men, at the first glance, nothing more; and yet, if you enquired into their identity, you would hear names that recalled to you the memory of stirring deeds wrought for England in every quarter of the world. Yonder old gentleman, struggling with a not too tender mutton-chop, once played his part in the little band of heroes who kept the flag of England flying for ninety days above the Residency of Lucknow. What a tale he could tell if he chose to speak! And this dapper, well-preserved veteran, with the unmistakable air of the cavalryman, who is discussing the news in the morning room with a band of comrades—have not some of us heard from his own lips the story of the ride of the Light Brigade through the valley of death at Balaclava?



REFORM CLUB: AWAITING ELECTION RESULTS.

Great commanders here, famous admirals there, who have faced tempest and war on stormy seas for two-score years under the white ensign. Soldiers and sailors alike, they have all come into port at last, and are resting here in the ease and tranquillity of their favourite club. The United Service, or, as it is more generally called, the Senior, is one of those London clubs in which the members are of infinitely greater interest to the visitor than the club itself. The same may be said of the club across the way, the Athenæum, for here also, if you were to look in of an afternoon, you would see, along with a large sprinkling of the obscure, not a few of the most famous men of our time. Bishops, Cabinet Ministers, and judges are entitled to claim membership of the Athenæum as a matter of right, and it is seldom that you can enter the club in the afternoon without meeting representatives of all these orders.

Westward from the Athenæum the famous twin political clubs, the Reform and the Carlton, stand side by side, divided only by the narrow thoroughfare that leads from Pall Mall to Carlton House Gardens. These are the clubs in which English history during the last sixty years has been largely made. Before the days of the first Reform Act Brooks's was the most important of all the political clubs; but when the new era came in the Reform and the Carlton took the leading place, and became the centres of the political life of the two parties. Perhaps the sceptre has already passed from their hands. There are those, at least, who declare that the new clubs, like the National Liberal and the Constitutional, now do more political work than the Reform or the Carlton. Possibly; and yet it will be a long time before these older clubs lose their hold upon the public imagination. When one enters the Reform Club, the chief feature of which is the noble central hall, it is to find oneself



CARLTON CLUB: COFFEE ROOM.

surrounded by the memories and faces of the dead. Lord Palmerston was a frequenter of the Reform in the days of his power, and here his consistent opponent, John Bright, was also a most familiar figure. Cobden and Grey, Russell and Gladstone, Granville and William Edward Forster, seem still to haunt the palatial hall and rooms of the Reform Club, where the leading Liberals of to-day still foregather, and where an anxious crowd gathered in the hall always awaits the results of a General Election.

At the adjoining Carlton it is a different set of names that memory conjures up. Here Disraeli and Derby — the fiery Rupert of debate — are the presiding spirits. The Carlton is still the chief home of a great party, and many are the political secrets stored within its walls. But neither at the Carlton nor the Reform will the mere outsider get the idea that he is in the presence of the political great ones of the earth. At the Carlton, to be sure, he will have no opportunity of judging how Cabinet Ministers spend their scanty hours of leisure, for there is an inflexible rule of the club which forbids any stranger to take a meal within its walls, or to enter any of the rooms. The Reform is more hospitable. It does entertain the stranger, and, as a consequence, its *cuisine* stands upon a higher level than that of the Carlton. Many legends

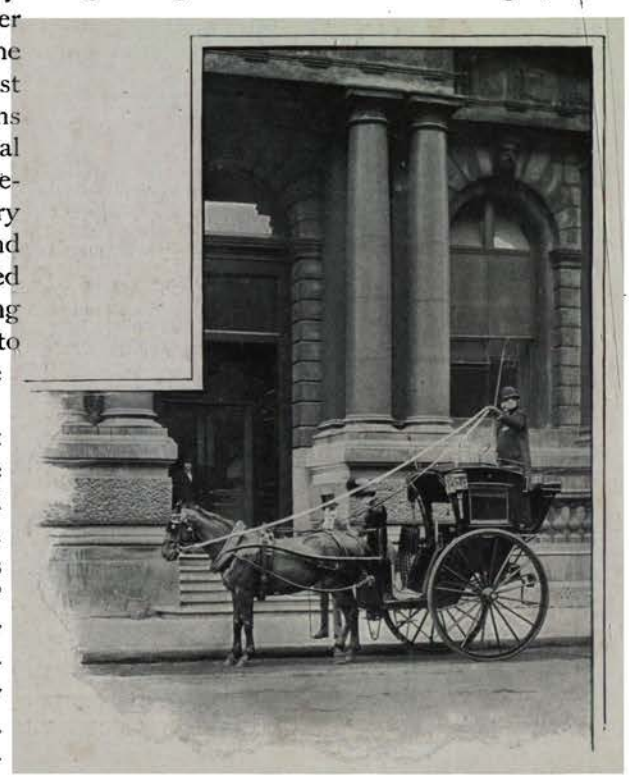
MARLBOROUGH CLUB: SMOKING ROOM.

ARRIVAL AT THE CARLTON CLUB: OLD STYLE.

attach to both clubs. The Reform has literary, as well as political, traditions; and men still point to the fireplace in front of which Thackeray used to stand as he smoked his after-luncheon cigar, or the table at which Macaulay was wont to write. It was at the Carlton Club that something like a scandal arose some years ago, owing to the conduct of one of the members. He was a man of much social and some literary distinction; but, as he grew old, his temper became unbearable, and he made himself the terror of the servants of the club. At last his treatment of these unfortunate persons became so bad that they threatened a general resignation if the committee did not do something to protect them. The committee very properly took the side of the domestics, and the consequence was that the distinguished gentleman had to choose between forfeiting his membership and offering an apology to the servants whom he had outraged. Like a wise man he chose the latter alternative.

The members of the Reform were brought prominently into notice not long ago by the discovery that a man of fabulous wealth had been living unostentatiously amongst them for nearly thirty years. The older members of the club knew all about "Chicago Smith" and his prodigious wealth. For years they lived with him, respecting his love of retirement and his shrinking from the notoriety which is nowadays the lot of the very rich. But outside the club his existence was practically unknown, and it was only when he died that an astonished world discovered that a man who could have counted guineas against a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild had been quietly living for many a year in a small bedroom at the top of the Reform Club.

Further along Pall Mall we pass the Junior Carlton, the name of which sufficiently indicates its character; the Army and Navy, familiarly known as "the Rag"; and, on the south side of the street, the Oxford and Cambridge, long the favourite resort of the University man in town. Next to the Oxford and Cambridge is the Guards' Club, where the young gentlemen of whom Ouida was so fond of making heroes may occasionally be seen, resplendent in their uniforms, at the bay window of a morning. Across the way is the most select of the purely social clubs, the Marlborough, between which and Marlborough House there was, in the old days of the late reign, a subtle but well-understood connection. A skittle-alley is one of the distinguishing features of the Marlborough; and



NEW STYLE.

CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB: LADIES' DAY.

here the most distinguished personages have at times been seen disporting themselves.

Turning into St. James's Street, we find ourselves still breathing the atmosphere of Club-land. The Cocoa Tree, in the old days a famous gambling club, occupied a modest house at the bottom of the street. Adjoining it is the Thatched House Club, built upon the site of an ancient tavern, which in the last century served in place of a club for many persons of distinction. Higher up the street we have the Conservative, an off-shoot of the Carlton, Arthur's, and Boodle's, with its bay window, dear to country gentlemen and masters of hounds; Brooks's, White's, the Devonshire, and the New University. Historic interest, so far as these clubs are concerned, centres upon Brooks's and White's. The former was the headquarters of Liberalism at the time when the Liberal party was governed by a Whig oligarchy. You will find many a reference to Brooks's in Disraeli's earlier novels. Here the great Whig leaders, from Fox onwards, met to dine and dice and settle the affairs of the nation. It is a very sedate club now, retaining still an air of old-world stateliness that contrasts strangely with the ordinary club manners of to-day. But if you should at any time have the privilege of being a guest at Brooks's, ask your host to show you the famous book in which bets between members were recorded in the brave days of old. You will get there a more vivid impression of the manners and customs of our ancestors than you could obtain from the study of a score of more formal volumes. White's is now the home of smart young men about town, but it is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of established clubs. Thackeray loved to write about it, and more than one scene in his novels is laid within its walls, where the men of fashion of the eighteenth century were accustomed to drink their chocolate and indulge in the high play which was so common in those unregenerate times. More than one quarrel within the walls of White's Club has ended in a fatal duel in Hyde Park or some other sequestered spot.

We are in Piccadilly now, and here the clubs, though numerous, do not call for special attention. The Turf Club is the most fashionable of all clubs connected with sport. The Naval and Military has found a comfortable home in the house so long inhabited by Lord Palmerston, where Lady Palmerston, in the 'fifties and 'sixties, used to give her famous Saturday parties. The Junior Constitutional, a huge building which, seen from the Green Park, positively seems to dominate Piccadilly, is the home of militant Conservatism of the modern type. The Isthmian is the resort of the modern race of University men, to whom the sports of to-day are even more important than the dead languages. The St. James's, as has already been told, gives shelter to the diplomatists of our own and other countries, and within its walls secrets of world-wide interest are sometimes discussed in those discreet tones which "the new diplomacy" abhors. The Savile, next door to the St. James's, maintains, even in Piccadilly, the old tradition of plain living and high thinking which is dear to the heart of the philosopher. It is the chosen resort of our younger men of letters, and had once the honour of numbering Louis Stevenson among its members. The only other clubs that call for notice in this part of the world are the Bachelors', at the corner of Hamilton Place, and the Wellington, at the top of Grosvenor Place. These are the furthest West in geographical position of our clubs, and they represent a corresponding division in society. They are emphatically West-End clubs, frequented by the rich and the fashionable, and as both open their doors to ladies—not as members, but as guests—they are the scene of many a pleasant social gathering. Another club, the Constitutional in Northumberland Avenue, is also famous for its ladies' days.

There are other clubs of a different class which cannot be wholly ignored in even the briefest sketch of Club-land. These are clubs where men meet, in some cases to dine and talk, and in others to smoke and talk. Perhaps the most famous of the dining clubs is Grillion's. To the outer world its name is almost unknown, yet for nearly a hundred years past it has been a favourite resort of the most famous men of both political parties. Here, once a week, the Prime Minister of the day and the Leader of the Opposition may, if they please, meet in social intercourse, forgetful of the

strife of politics. Mr. Gladstone was long a distinguished member of Grillion's, and round him used to gather a chosen band of men of all parties, who were, in their way, almost as famous as himself. The Cosmopolitan is the most distinguished of the clubs given up to tobacco and talk. Membership is in itself a diploma. The club is open twice a week, and in its comfortable room not a few of those who are concerned in the Government of the Empire meet to exchange their views, and to indulge in frank discussion of the questions of the hour.

A notion, sedulously fostered by certain lady novelists, used to prevail in the outer world that the West-End clubs were not merely the home of luxury, but of an almost profligate extravagance and self-indulgence. Nowadays, one may hope, this delusion has been dispelled. It is certain that it would not survive any actual experience as a member of these institutions. Men go to their clubs, not to indulge in sumptuous feastings, but to lunch modestly and cheaply, to read the evening newspapers, and, above all, to drink an afternoon cup of tea. It is in the afternoon that the club receives the largest number of visitors. Lawyers and men of business, whose work is over for the day, delight to go to their clubs to discuss the news with their friends over the homely tea-cups. Members of Parliament look in on their way down to the House, whilst men about town, having nothing better to do, feel that the club is a "sure draw" of an afternoon if they are in search of an acquaintance.

BOODLE'S CLUB: THE BAY WINDOW.

Dining, though it is naturally an important part of the business of most clubs, has ceased to be the great institution that it once was. Men dine at their clubs because, as Mr. Disraeli observed, "one must dine somewhere," and not because they wish to dine exceptionally well. If they are epicures, and desire to indulge in a feast, they do not go to the club, but to one of the new restaurants famous for their *chefs*. The fact that dining in public places is now recognised as permissible for women as well as men has had much to do with the decline of the clubs as places for dinner parties. Mixed parties of both sexes are as a rule more popular than parties composed exclusively of men; so in this way Club-land has been losing favour of late years. But, so long as man is a gregarious animal, and so long as he delights in intercourse with his fellows, the clubs of London will continue to exist. Each one may be described as a circle of friends who, having in the first place been drawn together by some common taste in politics, or sport, or art, have by daily association become knit together in bonds of mutual good-will.

A real London club is something more than a fine building provided with an accomplished *chef* and a well-trained staff of servants. It is a temple of friendship where life is made pleasant for the members by their daily intercourse with congenial associates. To every true club man the club becomes in fact a second home, and its members a larger family party. It is in this sense that the club-life of London is peculiar. Clubs are to be found elsewhere; but outside England the true club spirit is hardly to be discovered.

ORIENTAL TYPES IN LONDON.

ORIENTAL LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

VISIONS of palm trees and mango groves, of mosques and pagodas, rise in the imagination as one beholds the swarthy sons of the Orient, whose quaint costumes bring colour into the London streets, whose presence is emblematic of England's far-reaching commerce and power.

The Maharajah who wears a diamond star and the ayah with her children, the Japanese who dress in solemn black, the Persian philosopher and the Parsee student, the Turk, the Egyptian, the Arab, and Chinaman one meets in the West-End are all interesting figures. But to understand what Oriental London means from the points of view of character, costume, and life scenes, one must travel from the fashionable West to the humble East, for it embraces all the various spheres of society, high and low. It is in the crowded thoroughfares leading to the docks, in the lodging houses kept by East Indians, in the shops frequented by Arabs, Indians, and Chinese, and in the spirit houses and opium smoking rooms that one meets the most singular and most picturesque types of Eastern humanity, and the most striking scenes of Oriental life.

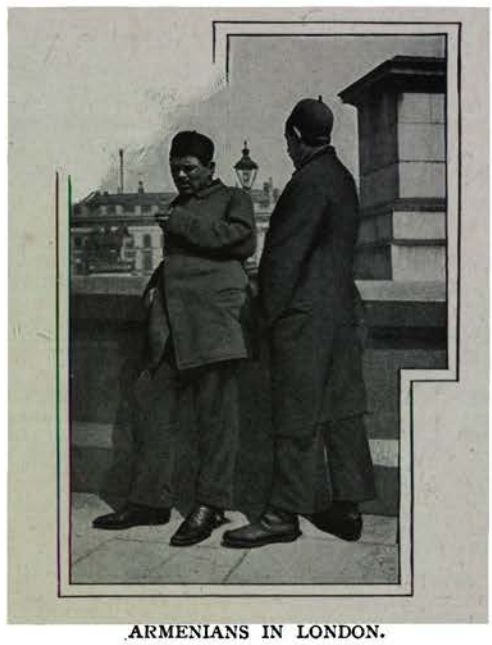
The pale yellowish Chinaman from Peking who almost trails his pigtail, and whose loose flowing robes are caught by the breeze, and whose soft thick felt shoes glide silently through the streets, and his brother from Canton or Hong Kong who wears sailor's clothes, and whose hair is neatly plaited round his head and covered with a large golf-cap; the red-turbaned Lascars whose toes are as nimble as monkey's hands, and whose sea-chests contain treasures of odds and ends of cast-off European clothing mixed with bits of odorous Bombay ducks; the alert, up-to-date Japanese, whose pilot jacket has capacious pockets bulging with weird-looking little idols, the penates of his ancestors, which he will turn into cash as soon as he can; the jaunty-looking Malays, so handy with the kris and whose lips are blood-red with the juice of betel; the Arabs and the Zanzibaris, lithe and resolute, who wear tarbooshes and turbans

CHINESE WEDDING GREETINGS.

and large sashes, and the Cingalese, whose figures are hid in long overcoats, and who shiver with cold in the sun of an English summer, can all be observed on the quays of the docks and in the favourite haunts of Asiatics.

The Oriental lodging-houses and homes of Limehouse and Poplar are nearly all of them private. The residents stay three or four days, sometimes a week or a fortnight, and longer as the money lasts. In the majority of cases each race and taste has its own home. The Mohammedan Lascars and the Hindus eat apart from each other, though their food may only be rice. But the Lascars outnumber all the other sailors. When ashore for any length of time they prefer a nearly empty room with just a bed and a mattress. They carry with them their own bedding and their prayer rugs. They often sleep two or three on one bed, and one room may accommodate a half-dozen or more. There are any number of these lodging-houses, yet anybody not thoroughly acquainted with the locality would be at a loss to find one, for they look half deserted, and there is nothing to show that rooms are to let within.

A CHINESE SHOP (LIMEHOUSE).



ARMENIANS IN LONDON.

Usually the lodging-house is a disused shop; its shutters are up and barred, and it admits only a faint glimmer of light through a small aperture high up near the ceiling. The street door is unlocked, but shut to so that it need only be pushed open.

The Orientals glide in and out silently, and the shut-up shop, round which are beds and divans, is a delightful retreat from the Oriental point of view; the half darkness being grateful to the eyes and restful to the nerves induces that delightful sensation called *Keyf*.

Although most of the houses are generally well conducted, it occasionally happens that an Arab or Malay will cause a terrible disturbance. These gentry occasionally get intoxicated through the bhang and the hasheesh that they chew and eat and which makes them raving mad.

Their hallucination is that the world around them is red, and they try to make it so by cutting and mutilating anyone that comes near to them. As a rule, however, thanks to the watchful care of the proprietor and his deputies, they are kept prisoners till the fit is over, but alas! in nine cases out of ten their reason has left them for ever.

On one occasion a tall, haggard man, a native of Bombay, who had a good discharge certificate as ordinary seaman, was on the point of being engaged on board a ship which had been chartered to convey munitions of

war to the Cape, when some Lascars interposed. The truth was that he was known to them as a most dangerous monomaniac. He had a notion that the holds of ships were full of devils and jinns, and that they disturbed his sleep by their moans and groans when at sea. As he explained to his messmates these devils felt cold and damp down below and craved for a fire. And so to satisfy them he had on two occasions thrown lighted oakum and pitch among the cargo. This man was once a capital sailor, obedient and courageous too. But he had given way to intoxicants, and he will never serve in another ship.

Now and again a man, who has had a stroke of good luck, will come in the lodging-house for a rest. It may be that he is not a drinker, and thus the usual allurements fail to untie his purse-strings. In that case one of the most profitable dodges is that of selling a *Hhagab* or charm to the lucky Khalasi in the hope that he may have still further prosperity and "luck."

The Oriental, whether he be a Mussulman or a Hindu, is only a grown-up child. He is credulous of things which are wonderful, monstrous, and absurd, and incredulous of scientific facts. He most firmly believes in the baneful influence of the Jinns, the Spirits of the Night, and the Evil Eye, and he purchases amulets to protect him against them and sickness, cholera, the plague, and the dangers of travel and the sea. These amulets, which usually consist of verses of the Koran, of gems, little pieces of green and white stones and corals, are sewn in little leather cases, sometimes of a triangular form, and embroidered with silver; and they are worn round the neck or round the left forearm, or carried in a pocket of the waistband.

There is a market for charms and amulets which have brought unexpected prosperity to their owners, and the lodging-house keeper not infrequently drives a lucrative trade in them, especially with the sailors.

Altogether the Oriental crimp lodging-house keeper with his oily, protesting tongue, and his greedy and cruel look, is not an inviting character, and it can hardly surprise anyone that all the most reputable Orientals, who, as sailors or merchants, have business in the East-End and in the City, prefer the advantages of that most excellent institution, the "Strangers' Home."

Here, on the broad steps of the portico which faces the sun, or seated within the institution, one may often find groups of Orientals in all the glory of their native picturesque garbs, which rival the colours of the kaleidoscope. Here you may see Indians, Burmese, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Cingalese, Zanzibaris, Sumatrans, and other Orientals, for the "Strangers' Home" for Asiatics and others admits all creeds, all races, all castes, and all callings.

CHINESE MISSION-HOUSE (LIMEHOUSE).

It has reading and smoking and bagatelle rooms, bedrooms, baggage rooms, kitchens, and dining rooms, where every individual can cook and eat his meal with the ritual which his conscience commands him, undefiled by even the shadow of an infidel.

Further down the road towards the West India Docks there is a quaint inscription in four Chinese characters. It signifies that here is the Chinese mission-house. This is open twice a day for general purposes. The missionary, the Reverend George Piercy, lived thirty years in China, and he has gained much renown and respect among the Chinese of all classes. In Limehouse

the old and the young, the residents and the new-comers, look upon him as the father, the friend, and the adviser of all who are in difficulty or trouble. Chinamen who have been unjustly accused of crimes and offences, a thing which is not uncommon, and crews which have refused to work under some misapprehension, have owed their liberation to his kindly offices; and many young boys and girls of the colony have to thank him for advice and help.

On Sunday evenings, about six o'clock, you will see in the mission-house a table laid for a score or more of young Chinamen who, under the presidency of Mr. Piercy, will regale themselves with tea, bread and butter, cakes and biscuits. It is a homely gathering. The missionary chats with all, answers questions and imparts information on every subject.

TURKISH DELIGHT.

Close by the mission-house is Limehouse Causeway, and there and in the adjoining streets are the houses inhabited by the Chinese, and the shops where all things Chinese can be procured, or ordered direct from Peking and Canton.

Rare delicacies, soys, condiments, curries, gingers, medicines, drugs can be obtained there. Pills from Canton for counteracting the reductive effects of opium, and the opium itself; candles, bars of soap, with the name of Wong Chung Li, and oil made of beans for the sacred lamp can be purchased, and a clever young man will enter the amounts in a ledger with the date in one character, and one single character will suffice to enumerate the lot.

The walls of the shops are adorned with tablets, inscriptions, and advertisements in Chinese characters, and such well-chosen announcements as "Prosperity by Honesty" and "Righteous Prosperity" can be read by the learned; while over the names of the shops appear such celebrated names as Shing, Chang, and Kung.

Most of the residents of the colony understand English; a few speak it tolerably well; but in the great majority of cases one must be accustomed to the elision of the R before one can really comprehend what they say, for they have learned their English in the seaports where Pidgin is in vogue.

All the established Chinamen have married Englishwomen, and in their case marriage has not been a failure, for they seem happy. Their children look healthy and are comfortably dressed, and most of them are very nice looking. These dark-haired, black-eyed boys and girls, with the rosy cheeks and happy looks, are real little pictures.

The Joss House, it is stated, does not exist in Limehouse. That may or may not be correct; the Celestials, as a rule, know how to keep a secret among themselves. The Chinese are averse to having their world-ancient customs ridiculed. They argue that the men, whose ancestors devised and designed the vestments of modern religions, and who invented the sacred lamp as a beautiful symbol of a pure life, should not have their belief turned into ridicule by the ignorant scoffer.

The symbol of the sacred lamp is brought into operation in disputes and law suits. It is seldom that the Chinese go to law with each other, for they settle all their differences between themselves, but when it does occur the oath that is binding upon their conscience is administered to them by blowing out the right candle. It means—"This light is the emblem of my life. May I die if I do not speak the truth." The Chinaman blows out the light, and calmly awaits the dread result in the event of his telling a lie.

There are mysterious looking shops in Limehouse with little or nothing in the windows, and which have curtains to shut off the street. Now and again a Chinaman or other Asiatic will push the handle and disappear. It is an opium-smoking room. Enter and you will see a counter, a pair of small scales, a few cigars, some tobacco, and other *et ceteras*. The shop has a back parlour with a dingy yellow curtain. It is furnished with a settee, chairs, and a spacious divan, or wooden structure with one or two mattresses and half-a-dozen hard pillows or bolsters. It is there that the Ya'pian Kán—the prepared

IN THE MAIN HALL OF THE STRANGERS' HOME, WEST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

opium—is smoked, and the *majoon*, made of hellebore, hemp, and opium, is chewed, eaten, and smoked.

In the eyes of the Chinese residents or London there is no greater man than the Chinese Minister. And the Forbidden City of Peking is not a more sacred place than the Legation in Portland Place above which waves the yellow flag with the Dragon.

The members of the Chinese Legation make many English friends. Occasionally they make wedding presents. Thus, the two Chinese greetings, of which facsimiles are given on page 81, were sent by Mr. Tang to Mr. and Mrs. James Platt (who allow us to reproduce them) on their wedding day. The inscriptions on the cards read in English :

"Nigh to the flower-beds are other plants around them whose roots are intertwined."

"The mirror ever reflects two images which stand shoulder to shoulder."

There is no greater contrast than that which exists between the Children of the Rising Sun and the Chrysanthemum and the Children of the Flowery Land and Dragon. Ask a Japanese what is his chief political ambition, he will tell you that his countrymen will never rest until they have built an Empire of the West that shall rival the power and the grandeur of Great Britain. Put the same question to a Chinaman, he will reply in set deprecatory phrases that China desires to be left alone. And there is the whole difference between the two people.

But besides the Chinese, the Japanese, and the others to whom reference has been made, there is a nondescript Oriental population to be found in the very centre of London, a population which is full of character. There is the Turk from Constantinople who has no shop, no warehouse, and sometimes no address, and yet carries on a lucrative trade in old point lace; there is the Syrian who sells beautiful dolls dressed in their native costumes, and there is the insinuating carpet hawker from Jerusalem. All these have their clients who never forsake them. There is, too, the *Khol* vendor from Egypt, who goes to the houses of the Jews, and who will pencil the eyebrows and the eyelids so as to give intense lustre to the eyes. There is the Japanese tattooer who earns his twenty guineas in two or three sittings; there are the acrobats from every Eastern country in the world; and each of them can be seen in the streets of Oriental London.

LEAVING THE CHINESE LEGATION.

SUMMONED TO A "B MEETING."

BOARD SCHOOL LONDON.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY, M.L.S.B.

I ONCE heard Mark Twain say, at a banquet he was persuaded to eat in Montreal, that he could not throw a stone in that city without breaking a church window. In many parts of London, I can imagine him complaining, he could not throw a stone without breaking the window of a school. Yet there are multitudes of Londoners who could not give you more than the haziest idea of what goes on within those high brick blocks that tower over the low-roofed dwellings of the London poor.

There is one thing that every citizen knows —that a School Board election arrives every three years, and a demand for school rates with still more painful frequency. If he is unusually well-informed, the Londoner is aware that the fifty-five men and women composing the Board spend a great part of their time, in some cases their whole time, in settling at innumerable committee meetings the thousand and one details involved in the administration of more than five hundred schools, with a good many more than half a million children. On a Thursday afternoon the whole Board meets in public to ratify or reverse its committees' decisions, and to indulge in a little speechifying, of which the reports in the next day's papers are probably not looked at by one reader in twenty. But the real work of managing this vast business is done in the committees, and in the regular visitation of the schools, of which almost every member has ten or a dozen in his or her particular charge. A brigade of clerks at the headquarters on the Thames Embankment carry out the Board's instructions.

Nor must we forget the brigade of attendance officers, who take a yearly census of London's children and see that they go to school. When a youngster stays away without good cause, the father or mother is served with "Notice A"; and if that is not enough, he or she is invited by "Notice B" to attend what is known as the "B meeting." There, in the privacy of the Board's local office, one or two of the Board members or managers, with the Divisional Superintendent, try to persuade the neglectful parent to do his or her duty by the child. If persuasion fails, the arm of the law

WAITING FOR FREE MEALS.

is invoked, and as the magistrates can now impose a fine of 20s. for each offence the remedy is usually effective. Of course, the vast majority of parents nowadays realise the value of education, and send their children to school without either persuasion or prosecution.

But now let us invade one of these Board schools. It is a bright day, and brightness reigns within as well as without. As we enter the hall in the Boys' Department, the Headmaster is engaged in a paternal conversation with two poor little lads who have come in late. They are ragged, and not over-clean, and he has discovered that they are hungry, too.

"That is a difficult family," he observes, coming forward to shake hands. "There is always something the matter with them. It's no use trying to work their brains when their stomachs are empty, but they will be back in a few minutes when they have got their bowl of bread and milk. There are really three of them, and I expect the third is as hungry as these two, but he's a very independent little chap, and won't confess it. There are not many underfed children here, though. Over at Wincott Street they have to feed a hundred or more every morning. Here our principal trouble is boots." And as the two boys scurry away, we notice that one of them has his right foot in a loop of string, by which the sole and the upper are held together. Presently, a classroom door opens, and three score boys troop out, marching Indian file—heads thrown back, chests out, hands down—and range themselves in the hall at the class-master's word of command. Most of them are undeniably well-fed, and well though not fashionably dressed; but the tattered minority are all the more noticeable on that account. A door opposite opens, and another class marches out. A smart little fellow with a very clean collar runs over to the piano in the corner and strikes up a lively march, to the tune of which the hundred and ten boys perform their exercises and evolutions in the smartest of styles. Often enough you will see them drilling in the playground, where there is more air but less music, unless a barrel organ happens to pass that way.

"Would you like to hear the boys sing?" asks the Head. "Yes? Mr. Smith there is a capital singing teacher. Most of the teachers are well-up in tonic sol-fa, but he has really a genius for it."

ATTENDANCE MEDAL.

The boys rearrange themselves, the teacher strikes a keynote—and the delicacy of expression as well as accuracy of time with which those children sing a difficult part-song of Mendelssohn's is really amazing. A rattling soldier-song follows,

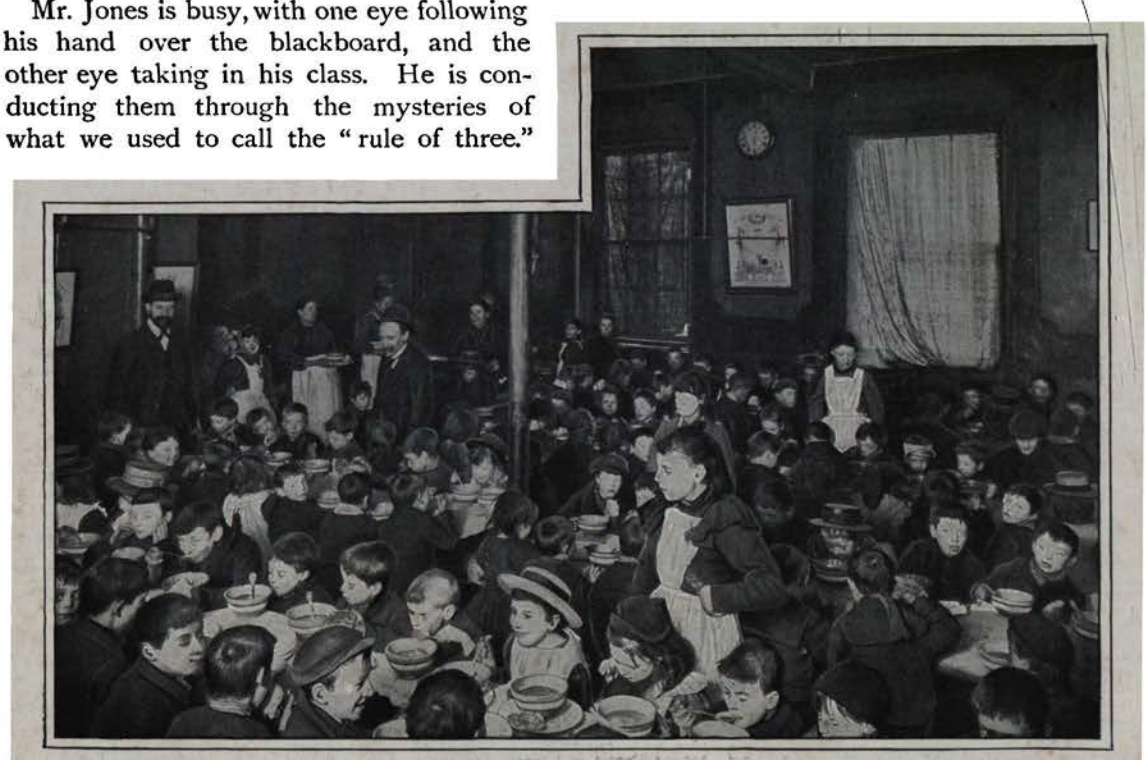
and this is plainly what the boys enjoy most; the very windows shake with the triumph of it. But this interlude must not be too long. Another word of command, the boys march back to their class-rooms, and the work goes on all the better, you may be sure, for the ten minutes' relief.

"How on earth does one man manage to teach sixty boys?" we ask, counting the youngsters as they troop in.

"You may well ask that," says the Head. "It is impossible to teach them as they should be taught. There are always several backward ones, no matter how we arrange the classes, and it is very hard to give these the extra individual attention they need to bring them on without keeping back the bright ones at the top. Still," with a shrug of the shoulders, "what can we do? We must just do our best; and I will say this, that I have got a good staff here, and their best is very good. I hear the Inspectors have been complaining about the poor show some of the children make in simple arithmetic, but we're picking up, and I should like you to come into Mr. Jones's class before you leave. The Inspector gives him a good report, at any rate."

Mr. Jones is busy, with one eye following his hand over the blackboard, and the other eye taking in his class. He is conducting them through the mysteries of what we used to call the "rule of three." We all learnt the "rule of three" when we were boys, but how many of us were taught to understand it or to do anything more than work "rule of three" sums in a blind, mechanical fashion? The teaching art has made enormous strides since then, and Mr. Jones is by no means content until by searching questions and lucid explanations he makes his boys know the why and wherefore of every move in the arithmetical game. He is on the alert himself, and he keeps his boys on the alert, too. All but a few, that is. The Headmaster sees the exception at whom we are looking.

"Yes," he says, answering our thoughts, "he does look sleepy, doesn't he? and how can you blame him? He was up at five o'clock this morning, and out with the milkman on his round. This evening he will be out selling papers. You know, these poor children are not put to bed as early as yours are. They don't get a fair average of sleep for growing children, and when they have to work before and after school, to add a little to the family earnings, you can't expect them to have very much energy left for their work when they come to school. It is really pitiful. That sleepy-looking chap there, trying



AFTER THE DOORS ARE OPENED.

so hard to keep awake, has got as good a set of brains as any of them, but there is no hope of developing them with such a life as he lives."

Now let us visit the Girls' Department, on the floor below. The girls seem even better dressed and tidier than the boys, but that is only because they are girls, not because there are no poor ones amongst them. Female costume is more manageable; you can do more with scraps to make a girl

AFTERNOON ASSEMBLY.

presentable. Besides, a girl thinks more of "looking nice" than a boy does.

In the first class we enter we find the teacher with the comparatively small number of thirty-five girls to teach. "The fact of the matter is," she tells us, "there's an epidemic of measles in this neighbourhood, and though the disease is mostly among the little ones in the Infants' Department, my girls have to stop at home so as not to bring the infection. A few of the poorest, by the way, often have to stay at home to look after the little ones, sick or not sick. Some girls have their education terribly broken up that way. However, as you see, there is more than one method of getting over the difficulty," and she points to the back of the room. Sure enough, there sits a big girl with a baby on her knee—a chubby little fellow of about eighteen months, sitting quiet, as good as gold, while the girl attends to her lessons. From the way the other girls brighten up as they look round in the same direction it is evident that the baby is the pet of the class.

"You see," the teacher adds, "the mother has to go out to work, and there is nobody else to take care of the child, so, rather than have the girl stay away, we let her bring the baby with her."

When we enter the next class-room, it is quite plain that our coming has interrupted a "scene." A big tom-boy of a girl is standing out in front of the others, looking very much ashamed of herself, and the rest of the class are almost equally cast down by the disgrace she has brought upon them. We hastily retreat. The headmistress, who has been giving the class a serious talking-to, follows us out into the hall to explain. "We don't have much trouble in the matter of discipline," she adds, "and very seldom have to inflict corporal punishment. Even the boys upstairs—well, they *will* be boys, you know; and yet, as a

[School Attendance.] NOTICE—FORM B. [Form No. 13.]

THE ELEMENTARY EDUCATION ACTS.

School Board for London.

NOTICE TO ATTEND BEFORE DIVISIONAL SUB-COMMITTEE.

_____ 190 .

To Mr._____

TAKE NOTICE that you have been guilty of a breach of the Law in that your child has not duly attended School, and you are hereby invited to attend at on the day of at o'clock in the noon precisely, to state any excuse you may have, and to show cause why you should not be summoned before a Magistrate and fined.

You are warned that by Act of Parliament Magistrates have now the power for each breach of the Law to inflict a fine amounting, with costs, to Twenty Shillings.

(Signed)_____

Officer of the School Board for London.

Divisional Superintendent.

"NOTICE B."

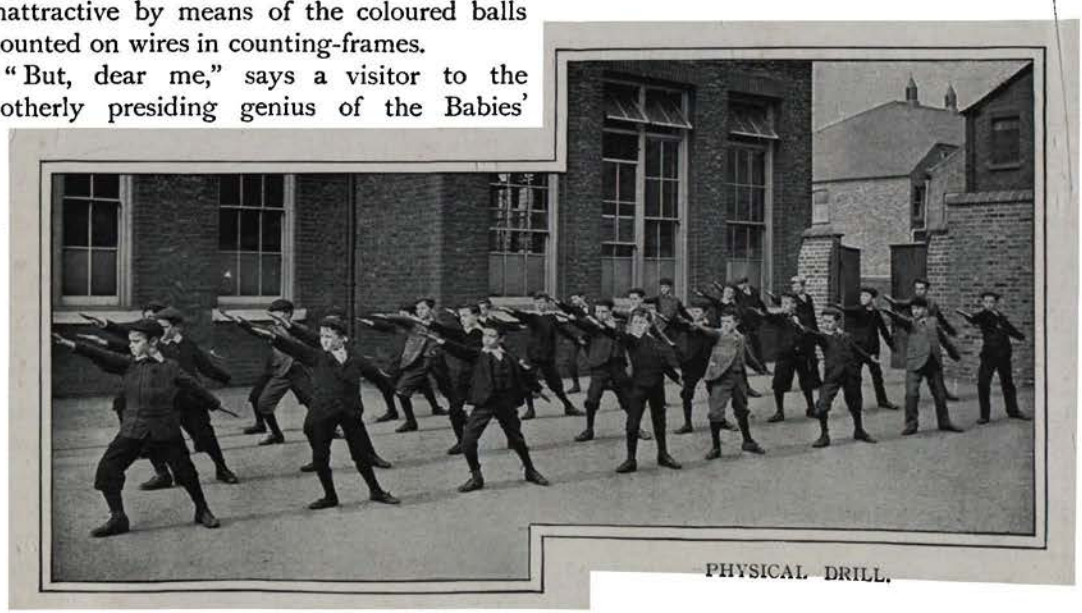
rule, if a master has a strong character, he can control them entirely by moral force.

And now for the infants, who occupy and enliven the ground floor. They are of all sizes, from the seven-year-olds, almost ready to be moved up to take their places among the boys and girls, down to the little toddlers of three, some of them almost lost in the dowdy cast-off clothes of their bigger brothers and sisters, and others resplendent in gay ribbons and spotless pinafores. What sort of lessons can these babies do? Well, they make a good beginning with the three R's. Even the 'rithmetic is made comprehensible and not unattractive by means of the coloured balls mounted on wires in counting-frames.

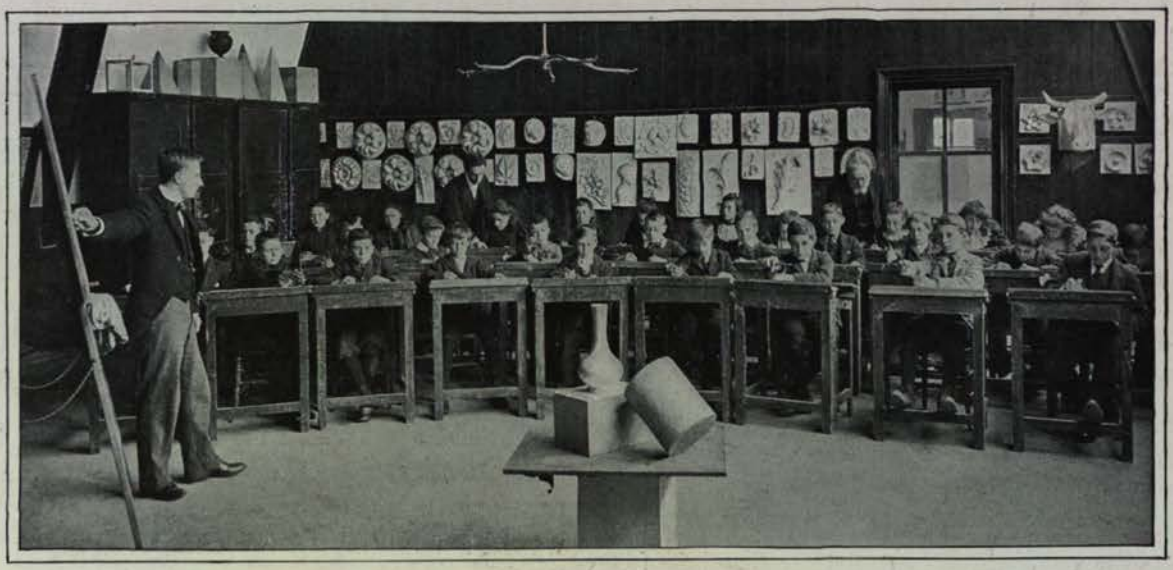
"But, dear me," says a visitor to the motherly presiding genius of the Babies' Room, "I had rather tell them a story than try to teach them to count." "We do tell them stories, lots of stories," says the teacher, "and they take in more instruction that way than in any other. Besides, we teach them to use their hands a good deal. Look at these prettily plaited paper mats along the wall. They are all made by the children, and they are very proud to see their work stuck up like that for exhibition."

On the stroke of four the little ones troop out, class by class, doing everything in almost military order, without which the school life would be anarchy and chaos. They gather their caps, shawls, and miscellaneous wrappages off the hooks in the cloak-room, and bring them out into the hall, where they stand in rows and put the things on—with some assistance from the teachers, for three-year-old fingers find it very hard to tie a knot. Then they kneel down in rows, say a prayer that they evidently know by heart, sing a verse of a hymn, and troop out, either to find their own way home or to be met at the gate by a mother or elder sister; though some have to wait half an hour till their brothers and sisters upstairs are ready to go home with them.

The form of dismissal, the kind of prayer and singing practised, the "order of service," so to speak, varies a good deal in the different schools, and even in different departments of the same school. The head teachers have great discretion in their methods of management, as indeed they have in their methods of

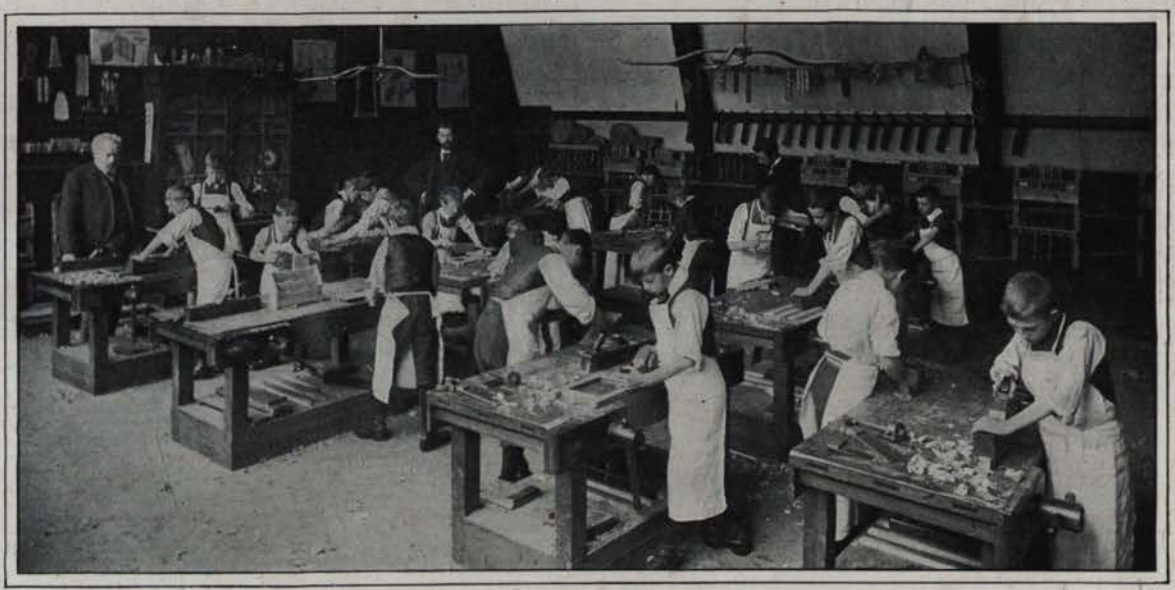


PHYSICAL DRILL.



MODEL DRAWING AT A HIGHER GRADE SCHOOL.

LEARNING TO COOK.



A MANUAL TRAINING CENTRE : WOODWORK.

teaching, so long as the general rules of the Board and the Government code are followed, but in every school it may be taken for granted that an honest attempt is being made to bring the children up as little Christians. This is plainly in accordance with the desire, or at any rate not in opposition to the wishes, of the vast majority of parents. Very few parents, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, keep their children away from the Scripture lesson in the morning. The Jewish children, as a rule, take some secular subject while the Bible is being taught. At some schools in the East-End, however, where the Jews equal or outnumber the Christians, the children all take Scripture, but the little Hebrews, of course, are given only Old Testament lessons.

PLAYTIME.

It is good to find also that neither boys nor girls spend all their time at books. Drawing, happily, forms part of the ordinary class work—not to mention the more advanced art teaching provided in the "Higher Grade" schools.

But come with me one morning to a school consisting, not of a single great building with its three regulation departments, but of a whole series of buildings grouped round a large playground. On the door of one structure, an ordinary small London house, is the mysterious word "Housewifery." An ordinary house, "but how extraordinarily clean," your first remark is. No one actually lives there; but all the older girls from a number of schools around go there in turn, sixteen or eighteen at a time, to be taught that wonderful feminine art—so fruitful in its results for the happiness of Mankind—the art of managing and taking care of a home. Here they learn to dust and clean, to mend and turn garments, and even to buy the domestic stock of provisions, economy being always kept clearly in view. They make their own metal and furniture polishes, and even manufacture make-shift blankets out of brown paper.

Another little building close by is the Cookery School, where we find half the class learning to "feed the baby," most of the remainder enjoying themselves a good deal more at making tarts, and a few looking after a joint of beef—which a group of the teachers will buy for their own dinner. On the other side of the playground is a two-storey building. Downstairs, a dozen girls are learning to wash and iron in a model laundry; upstairs, a score of boys are wielding the hammer and the plane.

I have written only of the "ordinary" children, not of those pathetic little groups of the physically and mentally defective now being gathered into "special schools." But "ordinary" children are extraordinary enough, as all of us know who have children of our own; and sufficient has been said to indicate, though faintly, how engrossing and fascinating as well as supremely important a task has been committed to the fifty-five men and women who are elected to discover and draw out and develop the multitudinous variety of gifts which God has stored in the "ordinary" children of London.

WATERLOO: OFF TO ASCOT.

TERMINUS LONDON.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

A FAMOUS artist saw in a London terminus all the materials for a great human drama. The picture was painted, and Frith's "Railway Station" maintains its fame and its interest to the hour that is striking now.

Every phase of life, every note of human emotion, is to be found at the great termini. It is there that all sorts and conditions of men enter and leave the capital. It is there that the greetings and the farewells take place. It is there that the explorer's journey to an unknown continent begins; it is there that the holiday maker starts on his trip. At the railway station a soldier bound for the war bids his sweetheart the last farewell. At the railway station the bride and bridegroom start upon their honeymoon. There is not an hour between early morning and late night that you can visit a London terminus and not witness a scene that goes to the making of the human comedy or the human tragedy. It is always a big set scene in the drama of life.

We are at Waterloo, a strange, oddly arranged terminus where you lose yourself easily in a Hampton Court maze of platforms, and always meet striking types of your brother Britons—the man of the river, the man of the sea, the military officer, the sportsman and the artist, the City man and the countryman.

It is between eleven and twelve on a bright June day, and Waterloo is thronged with well-dressed people. Nearly all the men have race-glasses slung across their shoulders. Most of the ladies carry race-glasses in their hands, and have dust cloaks or waterproofs with which to cover their dainty dresses in case of rain. All are going to Ascot, and the ordinary booking offices as well as the temporary ones erected on the platform are besieged.

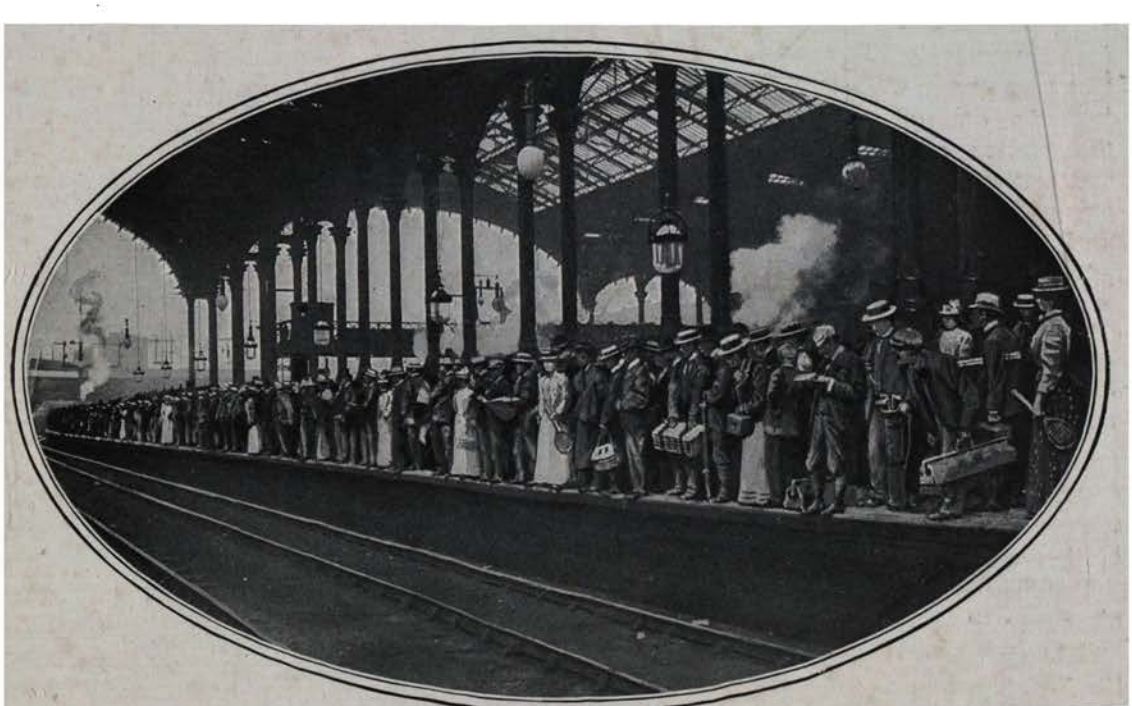
Many of the company are of the smart set. Peers and peeresses are as plentiful as blackberries on a September hedgerow. Fashionable London calmly exchanges smiles and greetings while engines scream and

porters shout. Elegant carriages have been driven up to the station in endless succession, smart footmen and grooms, wrap laden, are hastening about in every direction.

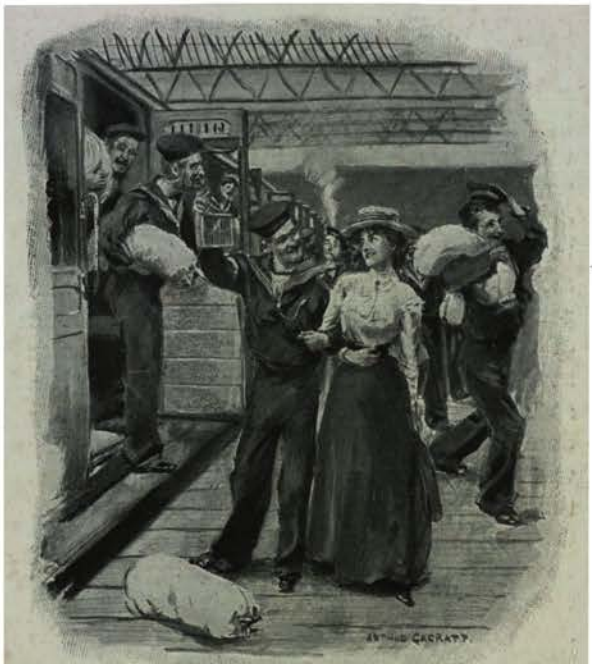
At another temporary booking office there is a crowd that differs completely from the other. It is a regular racing crowd: bookmakers and their clerks, professional backers, sporting publicans and tradesmen, men about town, young fellows who have just begun life with plenty of leisure and a little money, music-hall stars, actors, and a sprinkling of the fair sex who are going to Ascot to see the company rather than the racing, are mixed up together in picturesque confusion. Most of the men have race cards and the sporting papers, and all have the quiet businesslike air of a racing crowd. It is only on Derby Day that the spirit of Bank Holiday invades the platform from which the racing specials start.

We find the holiday note dominant when we push our way through the seething crowd that fills Liverpool Street on a summer Saturday afternoon. Everywhere we come upon young people laughing and joking together. The young ladies are in their Sunday best, the young gentlemen have their hats rakishly set and display considerable daring in the colour of their neckties. Some are on cricket bent, others are anglers; there are tennis players, in fact, nearly every branch of outdoor sport is represented on the platform. Then there are the hard-working boys and girls out for a mere holiday trip, and you can see that they mean to make the most of every minute. The moment they have stormed the train and packed themselves in their places, the sound of the concertina is heard, and the popular song rings out loud and clear under the glass roof. They will sing till they reach their destination. If they return at night, they will sing all the way back. At midnight, as they make their way tired and sleepy out of the station into the silent streets of the City, they will still march to the uplifting strains of the concertina or the mouth-organ and sing. Sometimes they will dance, but that depends largely on the length of the journey and the atmospheric conditions.

Victoria. The train from Portsmouth puffs up to the platform. Long before it stops the doors of the third-class carriages open, and out springs Jack—everybody's Jack. There are scores of merry-faced sailors. They bring a breath of the ocean with them in their rolling gait, their keen clear eyes, and their



LIVERPOOL STREET: A SUMMER AFTERNOON.



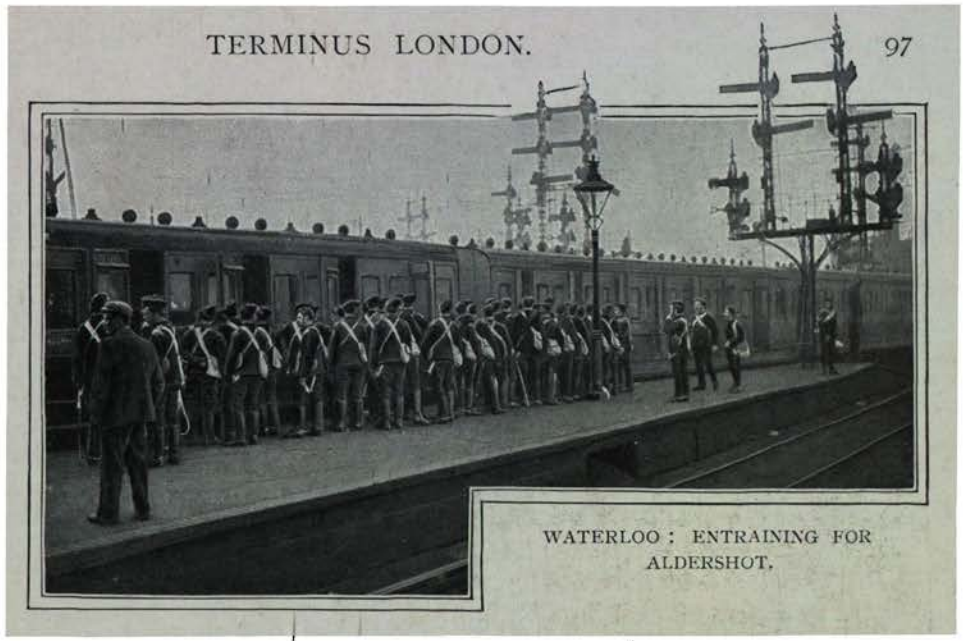
VICTORIA: "JACK" ARRIVES.

cheery exclamations. The gilt lettering on their caps tells the tale of England's might; we read the names of ships familiar in our mouths as household words. We watch the holiday-making tars, with their handkerchief bundle or their belongings in what to the landsman always looks like a bolster, roll joyously out of the station and scatter themselves among the cabs and omnibuses with reckless daring; and we wish him a jolly time with the old folk at home, and many a pleasant stroll through the streets of London with the girl of his heart.

Paddington. A platform reserved and barriered off. Scarlet cloth laid down from an elegantly decorated waiting-room; grave officials already assuming a deferential attitude. Presently the sound of a cheer outside. Then a general baring of heads, and the King and Queen come through the waiting-room. A Royal Princess is introduced to Tim the railway collecting dog, and presents him with a donation. The Royal party enter the saloon. The gentlemen of the suite follow, the attendants enter the carriages reserved for them; a high railway official gets on to the engine, the whistle sounds, and the train starts out of the station. Their Majesties, smiling, bow to the privileged few who have been permitted to witness their departure. And so the King and Queen go to Windsor.

Holborn Viaduct. The hopping season is about to commence. What an odd assembly of passengers the railway company are carrying to-day! Men, women, and children, with baskets and tins, and kettles and sacks. For a minute you would imagine they were emigrants, but they have not enough baggage for that. You can tell at a glance that they have come from the slums, though here and there are artisans and factory girls who, being out of work or in search of change, have

PADDINGTON: THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING FOR WINDSOR.



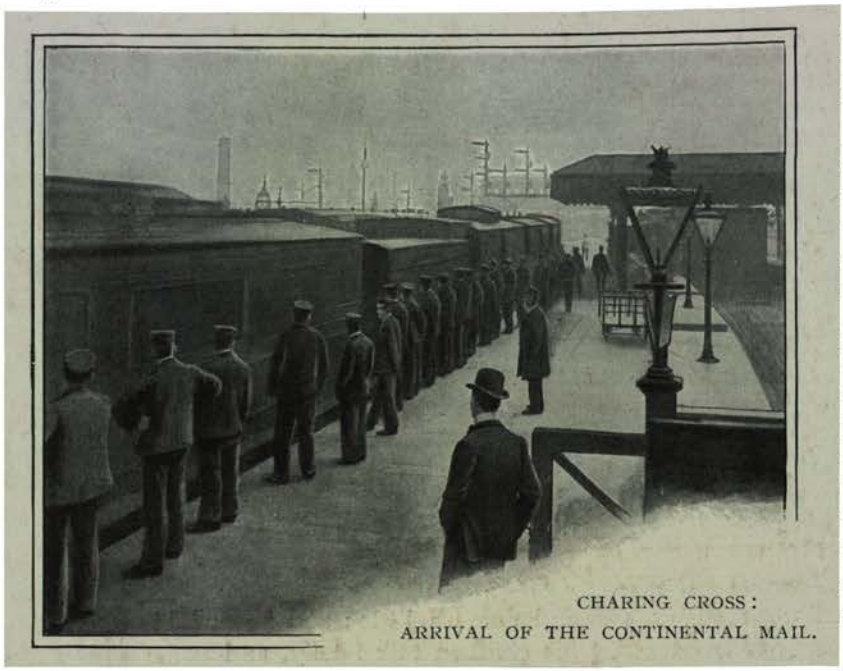
WATERLOO: ENTRAINING FOR ALDERSHOT.

elected to "go hopping." They seem fairly happy; some of them are even elated, for, rough as the life of a hopper is, given food, shelter, and sunshine, there is just the gipsy element in it that makes it to the dwellers in narrow courts and filthy alleys something of a picnic, something of a holiday. And there is money to be earned. The accommodation at the other end will be primitive, the pay will be small; if the weather is bad, the women and the children will suffer. But hope springs eternal in the human breast, and after the dull monotony of semi-starvation in a slum a glimpse of golden sunshine and the green fields and a long day in the pure air are blessings not to be despised. The hopper always thinks himself in luck at the start, whatever his feelings may be at the finish. And so to-day he looks upon the station as his own property, and poses a little; and he and his wife and his children talk loudly, and make as much fuss about their belongings as a Duchess's lady's maid with her Grace's jewel-case to hold and half a dozen bags to look after.

Waterloo again; but with a different scene from the last. All is order and precision. A sharp word of command rings out again and again, and the passengers have stiffened into lines and become machines. For the platform is given up to Mr. Thomas Atkins. A large body of soldiers are entraining for Aldershot.

Charing Cross. It is past five o'clock, and a little crowd is waiting for the Continental train. It was due at 4.55. Ah, here it is! The platform is lined with porters—a porter to almost every passenger, for the number has been telegraphed from Dover. Directly the train comes to a standstill the crowd of home-returning travellers pour out on to the platform. There are a few foreigners, but not many. The hand-

HOLBORN VIADUCT: A RUSH OF HOP-PICKERS.



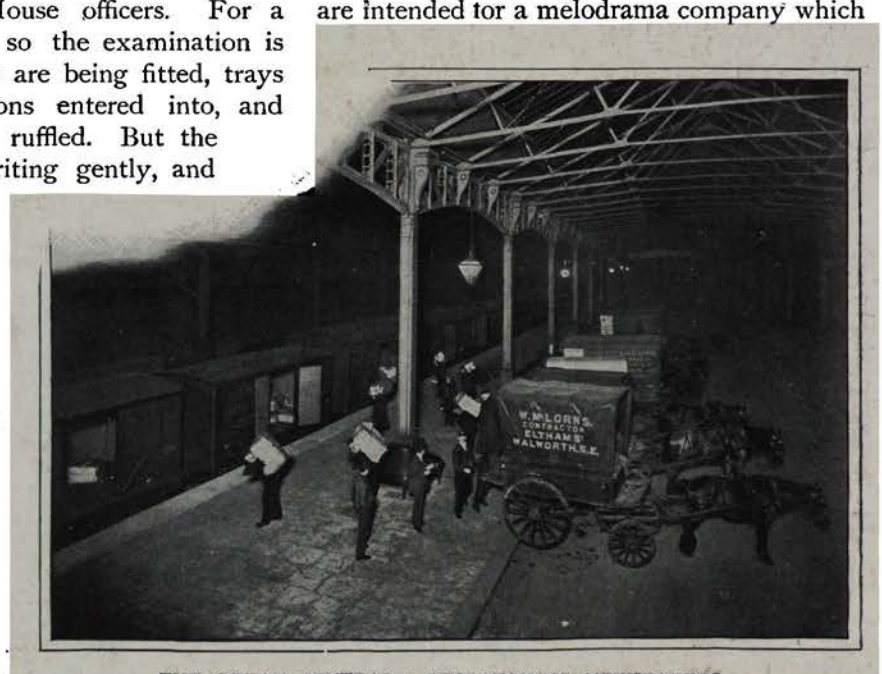
CHARING CROSS: ARRIVAL OF THE CONTINENTAL MAIL.

bags and rugs are taken by eager porters and carried to cabs and carriages. Then the passengers—those who are not lucky enough to have only hand-baggage—gather together in the waiting-room at the top of the platform, and wait patiently while the huge luggage vans are emptied of their contents. Sometimes they wait for half an hour.

But at last the luggage is all out and arranged on a long counter, behind which stand the Custom House officers. For a quarter of an hour or so the examination is still going on. Keys are being fitted, trays lifted out, explanations entered into, and tempers occasionally ruffled. But the officials do their spiriting gently, and the travellers from abroad gradually melt away and hasten to their English homes.

The Great Central—known as Marylebone—London's newest terminus. It is past two o'clock in the morning. All is quiet until about half-past, when the vans begin to drive up with the "London dailies" fresh from the press. As quickly as possible the vans are unloaded and the contents transferred to the train. A few belated passengers arrive and take their seats, and promptly at 2.45 the train rattles out of the station on its journey north. The London newspapers will be upon the breakfast tables of Manchester and Liverpool at the same time that they lie upon the breakfast tables of the Metropolis. Modern enterprise is every day stretching out the mother's arms nearer and nearer to all her children!

Euston. It is Sunday and high noon. Ordinary travelling is suspended, but this is the day when the hundreds of theatrical companies touring the provinces travel between the towns. To-day we are fortunate in our visit to the North Western terminus, for the labels on the long train drawn up in the station inform us that it will carry one of the famous musical comedy companies. Attached to the train is another set of carriages. These, by the labels, we can see are intended for a melodrama company which



THE GREAT CENTRAL: DESPATCHING NEWSPAPERS.

is travelling in the same direction as the musical comedy crowd.

Charmingly dressed young ladies begin to arrive shortly before the time of starting announced on the "train call," and clean-shaven young gentlemen lounge into the station. The scenery and the theatrical costumes have long since been loaded up. The personal baggage of the actors and actresses arrives with them, and this causes much coming and going for a time. But presently everything is stowed away, and the company gather at carriage doors and engage in animated conversation with the various friends and relatives who have come to see them off. The acting manager is busy. He has to take all the tickets, and generally to attend to all the details. The train accommodation is arranged at the commencement of the tour, and so everybody knows with whom he or she is to travel. A carriage is never crowded. Frequently an entire compartment is given up to two or three members of the company. There is a large amount of etiquette in theatrical travelling; occasionally the acting manager is at his wits' end to arrange matters. Miss So-and-So absolutely refuses to travel in the carriage assigned to her because its other occupants are not quite of her theatrical rank according to her rôle in the play.

At last the company seats itself, arranges its small impedimenta, and settles itself into its corners. The porters slam the doors, the guard whistles, friends crowd to the windows, there is any amount of hand shaking and hat raising; then the train glides slowly out of the terminus, and the Sabbath silence settles down once more upon Euston.

These are only a few of the typical scenes of the London termini. They could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The departure or arrival of an American "boat" special at Euston, Henley days at Paddington, Epsom at Victoria and London Bridge, and Kempton at Waterloo, the scene at King's Cross and St. Pancras on the night of the Football Cup Final, the Scotch express in the shooting season, the arrival of a great potentate at Charing Cross, the eve of Whitsuntide or Christmas at any of the stations, a Saturday afternoon in August—all these things lift the London terminus from its ordinary routine, and make scenes of bustle and movement that no other capital in the world can equal.

EUSTON: A THEATRICAL COMPANY STARTING ON TOUR.

And there are the quieter scenes, the domestic touches—the greetings to those returned after long exile, the parting with those who are going to a new land perhaps never to return, the arrival of convicts crossing London, the removal of a party of lunatics from the parish to the county asylum. There is no end to the scenes in the human drama which you may see almost any day of the week at a London terminus.

Photo: H. S. King, Shepherd's Bush, W.

KING'S WATERMEN (BUCKINGHAM PALACE).

ROYALTY IN LONDON.

By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES.

"THE brain of the Empire," as London has been not inaptly called, plays a deservedly large part in the life of our Royal Family. Our Gracious Sovereign, King Edward VII., was born within sound of Bow Bells, as was also the popular prince who is now his only son and heir. Although their Majesties' marriage was celebrated at Windsor, where St. George's Chapel makes an admirable background for such pageants, London cannot but be associated with many memorable events in the life of the British King and his Consort; and early in 1901 the Metropolis heard with great satisfaction that King Edward and Queen Alexandra intended to spend far more time in the Capital than Queen Victoria did.

Some theorists would be amazed were they to be suddenly told how much the prosperity of such a district as the West-End of London depends on the Court being in its midst, and on the presence in town not only of members of our own Royal Family, but of the Sovereign's foreign visitors and relations. The square mile bounded on the one side by Oxford Street, and on the other by Pall Mall, is filled with tradesmen who have good reason to know when a wealthy Continental Royalty happens to be passing through London, for often the Serene or Imperial Highness in question will spend as much as £10,000 in one week; London jewellers, art dealers, leather makers, and tailors all having a higher reputation among such personages than their foreign brethren have. Again, a great public ceremony, in which their Majesties and even lesser Royal personages take a prominent part, brings in vast sums of money not only to those fortunate people, the Royal warrant-holders, but to every citizen possessing a house or row of windows on the route taken by the Royal procession.

It has been said, and said truly, that although the laying of foundation-stones and the like may be thoroughly reported in the London dailies, very few people, save those entrusted with the care of Royal letter books, have any idea of the number of times a Royal personage takes part each year in some such ceremony. This burden, for burden it is, falls very properly more on the younger members of the Royal Family than on their Majesties; but even they have to preside over an imposing number of ceremonials directly concerned with their high office.

Curiously little is known by the public

concerning what may be called the private side of Royal London, though the interiors of Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace have been often described. The fact that Queen Victoria spent so much of her time out-of-doors is familiar to most people, but few are aware that King Edward and his Consort are also exceptionally fond of open-air life, and the pretty chalet which is one of the features of the fine grounds of Buckingham Palace has been renovated with a view to constant use. Buckingham Palace is admirably adapted for outdoor entertaining on a great scale, and the King's watermen are not likely to find their pleasant post the sinecure it has long been.

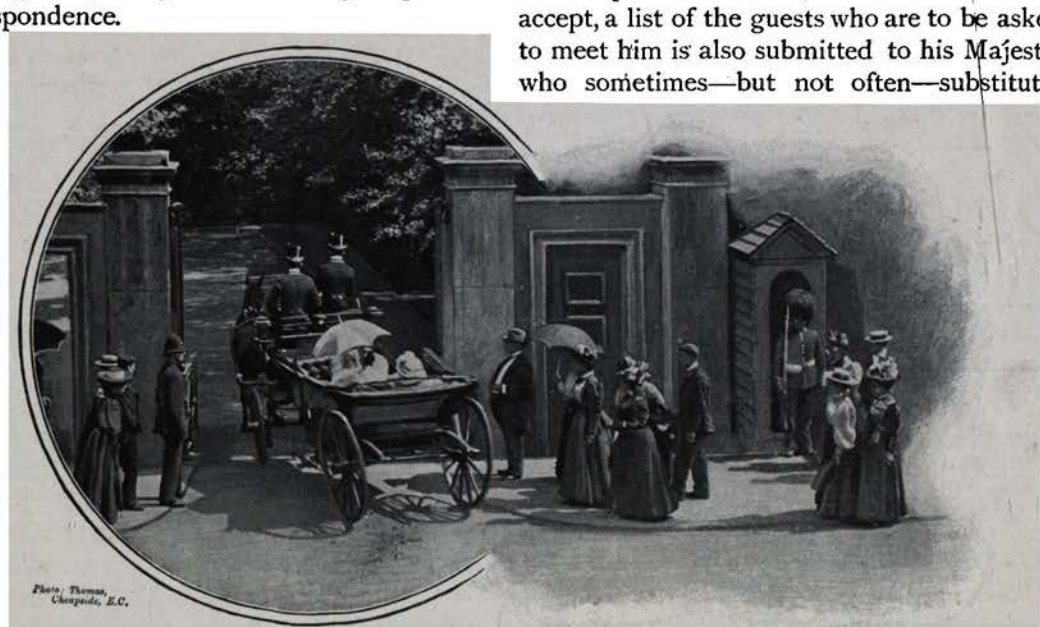
A considerable portion of the day is taken up by members of the Royal Family in correspondence. Each of Queen Victoria's children wrote to her daily, and Queen Alexandra is in almost as frequent communication with members of her own family; while her children, when separated from her, also make a point of giving her news of themselves with great regularity. Both their Majesties have highly competent private secretaries, but there are, of course, a certain number of letters which have to be opened and answered each day by themselves; and since his accession King Edward has had to spend at least two hours of every morning in opening and answering his private correspondence.

In this connection it may be stated that his Majesty still has the quaint, old-fashioned pedestal desk inherited by him from his father forty years ago. This desk, which can only be opened with a tiny golden key that never quits the King's person, is used for his private letters and papers.

Queen Victoria drew up certain very strict rules concerning what may be called London Royal etiquette, and it will be interesting to see if these rules become relaxed. To give an example: during the Victorian era no Princess of the Royal House, whatever her age, ever lunched or dined in a public restaurant. This sometimes proved seriously inconvenient to those members of the Royal Family coming up to town for the day, as in each case they had to arrange to take lunch with a friend or relative.

A Royal request is invariably considered by the recipient in the light of a command. When the King or Queen intends paying a call notification of the fact is sent beforehand, and the person so honoured must make careful arrangements that no other visitor shall either be present or be admitted during the Royal visit.

Those who desire to entertain the King to lunch or dinner do not simply send an invitation asking his Majesty to so honour them. The invitation is transmitted through a third person at Court, and should the King accept, a list of the guests who are to be asked to meet him is also submitted to his Majesty, who sometimes—but not often—substitutes



THEIR MAJESTIES' GRANDCHILDREN ENTERING MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

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one name for another. Even when taking a meal in the house of an intimate friend the King is always served by his own servants. In all these matters the Sovereign follows almost exactly the same procedure as when he was Prince of Wales.

Since the King's accession those about his Majesty are most particular to observe the rule which was so marked in the case of his venerated mother, namely, that the Sovereign should in every case open a conversation. But here it must be stated that, though the King is extremely particular as regards the due observance of his rank, no one is more kind and more thoroughly understands than does his Majesty the position of those who commit solecisms through ignorance.

Ostentation of any kind is very displeasing to our Royal Family, and the King and Queen, in the simplicity and order with which their households are conducted, set an example to even the humblest of their subjects. It has, indeed, been often pointed out that the Royal kitchens are managed on a much more sensible and economical plan than are those of most of our great nobility, every detail being supervised by the King's *chef*. Every item of the *menu*, whether designed for ten or a hundred guests, is prepared in the Royal kitchen, no outside assistance ever being required.

Nowhere, perhaps, was King Edward's influence as Prince of Wales more strikingly shown than in the modifications introduced during the last thirty years into what may be called the London art of dining. King Edward and Queen Alexandra both greatly disliked the long, wearisome banquets which were a feature of social life during the first half of the Victorian era; accordingly they made it a rule that every dinner served in their town house should be over in one hour. It need hardly be said that their example was quickly followed.

On fine spring and summer afternoons Londoners have an opportunity of seeing the Queen and her daughter driving out in more or less state. To a foreigner, and even a countryman, there is something very striking in the little scene that takes place when her Majesty is driving round the park. The cessation of all traffic, the lifted hats, the bows of those who have the honour of being numbered among the Queen's acquaintances and friends, and the keen interest in the proceedings displayed by even the most hardened Londoner—the whole forms a picture the like of which cannot be seen in any other capital in Europe. But when Queen Alexandra drives to an exhibition, to church, or to the house of a relative, her Majesty's carriage, though perfect in all its appointments, has little or nothing to distinguish it from that of any of her friends.

Busy as the King has been since his accession—often rising at five o'clock in the morning in order that he may get through the reading and signing of documents—he yet, when in town, finds time to see and hear everything worth seeing and hearing. The exhibition of a really fine or remarkable work of art is always made known to their Majesties, and the King keeps himself informed of even the flying visits to London made by those high Colonial and Indian officials who, though their names may not be known to newspaper fame, have so much to do with the building up and consolidating of the British Empire. Again and again it has happened that such an individual, modestly believing his name and position entirely unknown to the Court world, has been startled by a "command" to Marlborough House, where he has found his King not only well aware of who he is and of what he has achieved, but equally well posted concerning the portion of the Empire in which his visitor is interested, and where his life work has lain.

As Prince and Princess of Wales their Majesties not infrequently attended the weddings of friends of old standing, or those of great nobles and others. Now their places at such ceremonies are usually taken by their children and by their relations. Perhaps it should here be noted that King Edward and Queen Alexandra spend a large sum each year in wedding presents. These tokens of good-will are nearly always intrinsically valuable, and distinguished by the thought and care bestowed on the choice; while a few kindly words of congratulation and good wishes invariably accompany the wedding gifts presented by their Majesties.

The King was early compelled to make a rule never to attend the private funeral of a

Photo: Ralph, Dersingham.

DINING ROOM, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

H.M. KING EDWARD VII.

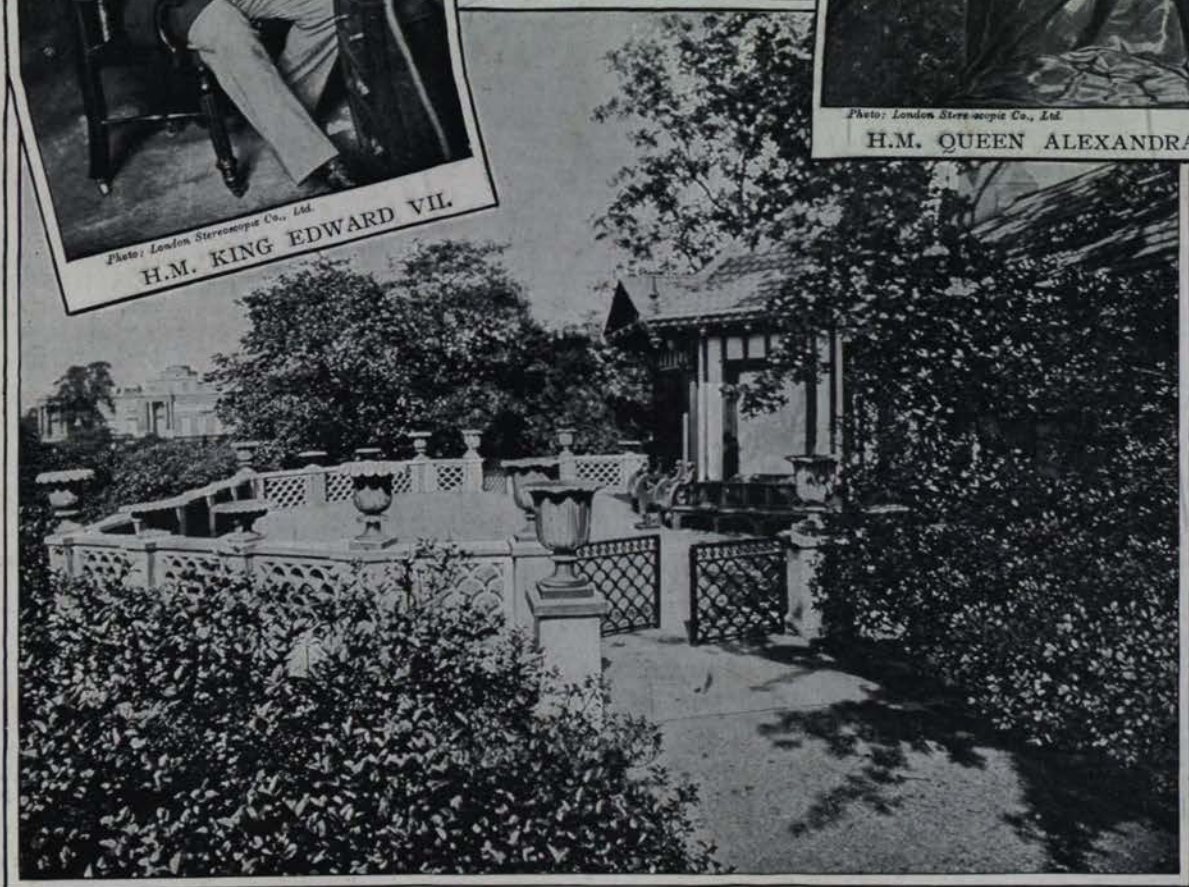


Photo: H. S. King, Shepherd's Bush, W

THE CHALET, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

friend or acquaintance. Only once did he break it—then in honour and remembrance of his own and the Queen's much-attached and faithful servant, Colonel Oliver Montagu. On the other hand, their Majesties are most punctilious in writing letters of condolence, and King Edward's epistles on such occasions are distinguished by deep feeling and simple eloquence of expression.

Christenings are frequently attended by their Majesties. The King is godfather and the Queen is godmother to many young people well known in society, and whenever it is possible that they can do so the Sovereign and his Consort act as sponsors in person, the christening in that case generally taking place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

AN ARBOUR IN MARLBOROUGH HOUSE GROUNDS.

It may be whispered that one of the most irksome duties connected with Royal life in London is that of being more or less constantly photographed. The portrait of a Royal personage is a valuable commercial asset, and this is more so than ever now that it has become the fashion in illustrated papers to reproduce portraits of distinguished people at different times of their lives. All the leading photographic firms have been honoured by receiving sittings from the Royal Family, for King Edward and Queen Alexandra are extremely kind in this matter, as are also their children. Queen Victoria preferred to be photographed in her own rooms; but, though there have been exceptions—as for instance those reproduced on p. 103—very few portraits have been published of King Edward and Queen Alexandra as they live and have their being in their London home.

Sunday is the one day of real rest enjoyed by Royal personages in London. King Edward and Queen Alexandra invariably attend Divine Service at least once, and often twice in the day; but though for obvious reasons they are more frequently seen at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, they occasionally attend other churches—indeed, at one time Queen Alexandra constantly attended the afternoon service at All Saints', Margaret Street, while when her children were young they often

accompanied their mother to St. Andrew's, Wells Street, going on thence to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, where they would spend an hour amusing and cheering the little patients, and distributing among them beautiful flowers and toys. When Royal personages visit an ordinary London church they do so in the strictest *incognito*, and much prefer that no notice of the fact be taken by either the clergyman or the congregation.

Only members of their own immediate family circle are entertained to lunch and dinner by Royal personages on Sunday. During the spring months King Edward is fond of driving or motoring down on Sunday afternoon to spend an hour with those of his relations who live within a short distance of town; and Kew Cottage, the suburban residence of the Duke of Cambridge, has often been honoured in this fashion.

Since King Edward's accession his only son and the latter's popular consort have found themselves in much the same position as were the then Prince and Princess of Wales during the many years which elapsed between their marriage in 1863 and the end of the nineteenth century. Their Royal Highnesses do all in their power to assist King Edward and Queen Alexandra in the ceremonial side of Royal London life.

The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is now supplied by the constant presence at great State ceremonies of their Majesties' grandchildren. Prince Edward, notwithstanding his tender years, is being early initiated in the duties of his future life; and up to the present time the two elder grandsons of King Edward seem to thoroughly enjoy the various pageants of which they unconsciously form a part. They have, however, remained quite childlike, as is shown by the collection of toys to be seen in the arbour at Marlborough House, where they spend much of their time when in London.

There is a group of Royal Londoners of

AT A PRIVATE CHRISTENING.

whom the man in the street knows little, and yet they certainly add an important quota to the commercial prosperity of the great city. The Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, though the former is a German Sovereign, spend much time and much money in the native land of the Duchess—the Duke of Cambridge's sister; and Mecklenburg House, a modest-looking mansion situated literally within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace, is an important Royal centre, which is constantly visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Gloucester House, the beautiful little palace fronting Piccadilly, which still bears the name of its former owner, Princess Mary of Gloucester, has been well known for many years as the town house of the Royal ex-Commander-in-Chief. There his Royal Highness has shown boundless hospitality, not only to his own immediate relations, but to a large circle of friends and old brother officers.

Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll have long occupied a charming suite of rooms in Kensington Palace, and they take great interest in all that concerns the Royal borough of Kensington. The Princess has a great dislike to being lionised or mobbed, and perhaps this is one reason why she has such a strong objection to a photograph of herself being taken for publication. She likes to walk about quite freely in the neighbourhood of her beautiful town home; and there are shops in Kensington constantly patronised by her Royal Highness where those who serve her little suspect that they are entertaining a Princess unawares.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have also elected to belong to the group of little-known Royal Londoners, their town house being one of the most unpretentious of the stately mansions lining Portman Square. The King's eldest daughter and her husband are exceedingly fortunate, inasmuch as they enjoy the privileges without any of the burdens of Royalty; nor is it difficult to imagine with what envy they must be sometimes regarded by such busy and really hard-worked personages as their Majesties and the Heir-Apparent and his wife.

IN THE PARK.

ARRIVAL OF BLACK MARIA AND WARDRESSES.

A TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE Old Bailey is the Central Criminal Court of London, and here the last scenes of most of the great criminal tragedies of the capital are enacted. In the close atmosphere of a small, inconvenient, and utterly inadequate chamber the most famous advocates of the past and of the present have contended for the life of a fellow-creature.

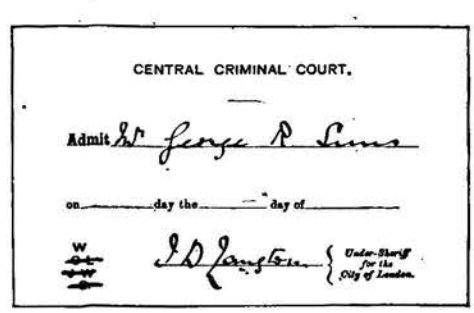
Passing the grim, forbidding prison of Newgate, with its allegorical chains, and its black memories of the days when a public execution brought together a ribald mob composed of the dregs of the populace, we find immediately adjoining it the Old Bailey. Outside a large crowd is already assembled, for this, it is anticipated, will be the last day of the trial of a young murderer, whose cool, calculating crime has sent a thrill of horror through the kingdom.

We are early, but if we attempt to enter at the principal doorway we shall have to return. For the trial at which we wish to assist every place has been allotted, and admission is by the Under-Sheriff's signed order only. To reach the Court comfortably we shall therefore enter by the side gate. We are provided with the necessary card, and, showing this, the police on duty step aside and permit us to pass.

We find ourselves in the courtyard. Here already stands the prison van known as "Black Maria." From it the prisoners who have been brought from another gaol are alighting to be led to the cells in which they will be detained until it is time for them to be placed in the dock.

In the covered yard, in which we wait until the officer at the foot of the stairs leading to the Court has time to inspect our card of admission, there is a wooden bench. On this are seated two pale-faced, nervous looking women, and an old, grey-haired man. One of the women, the younger, is the sweetheart of the man at whose trial we are to assist. The old gentleman is his grandfather. Close by, talking together in a low tone, are a group of witnesses.

Presently the Sheriff's servant in livery


CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

Admit Mr George R Sims

on ____ day the ____ day of ____

W

J D Langston { Under-Sheriff for the City of London.

THE UNDER-SHERIFF'S ADMISSION ORDER.

A TRIAL AT THE OLD BAILEY BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

comes to the top of the stairs, and we send our card to him. He reads it, and beckons us to follow him. We pass through a glass door at the top of the stairs, and find ourselves in a narrow passage filled with barristers and officials. A wooden barrier near the entrance of the Court is raised for us, and the door-keeper ushers us into a seat in the well. We have only time to glance round the crowded chamber when the cry of the Usher is heard, and everybody starts to his feet. Preceded by the City officials and the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chief Justice enters and takes his seat.

The prisoner comes up the stairs accompanied by two warders, and steps down to the front of the dock. One of the warders puts a chair for him, and he sits down. His face is pale, and though throughout the week the trial has lasted he has borne himself with considerable bravado, he shows nervousness to-day. For it is Saturday, and he has heard the Judge say that he will sit to any hour in order that the verdict may be reached without the intervention of a Sunday. To-day is, therefore, to seal the prisoner's fate, and he knows that before many hours are over he will leave the Court a free man or be taken to the condemned cell, there to wait until he is led out to die a shameful death.

The Counsel for the defence, before making his speech, which it is understood will be a short one, has promised to call a witness who was not able to be present before. In the course of the evidence it is necessary that a large photograph of the murdered woman should be handed to the witness and to the Jury. This photograph is held by the Counsel in such a way that the prisoner in the dock cannot help seeing it. He looks at it almost carelessly. There is not a soul in Court who doubts the man's guilt, and this careless look makes people turn to each other and whisper. How can a man standing in the shadow of death look upon the face of his victim without a flushing of the cheeks, without a tremor of the lips? A moment later, and the jacket that the poor woman wore on the night of the crime is held up. The prisoner looks at it for a moment, then glances out of the window, and becomes apparently interested in two sparrows who are chirruping on the wall. The nervousness he betrayed when he stepped into the dock he has apparently conquered.

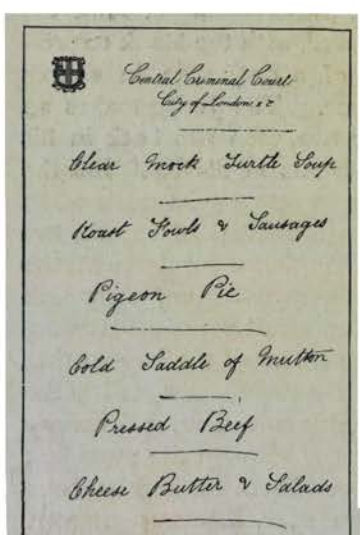
Counsel makes his speech. It is a clear, impassioned effort to belittle the evidence as purely circumstantial, and to build up a theory that the murder was committed by a man unknown who has been vaguely hinted at as having been seen in the neighbourhood of the crime. In the course of the speech there is a strong attack made upon the police who have had "the getting up of the case." The detectives to whom unpleasant reference is made are seated near the solicitors' table. One of them holds on his knee the black bag which contains the direct evidence that connects the prisoner with the deed. Counsel points a denunciatory finger at him, and refers to him in terms of withering scorn. But the detective sits unmoved, with the blank expression on his face of a deaf man in church during sermon time. The Judge makes an occasional note or two, then sits back in his seat and folds his hands in his lap. But the prisoner's face relaxes into a grim smile when the police who have hunted him down are abused, and in the glance he darts at the victim of his Counsel's scathing eloquence there is a world of malignity.

It is a brilliant speech, and the rumour that it is stirring and dramatic has spread to the other Courts. Barristers look in, and occupy a tightly packed space between the press box and the public seats. From the gallery above the spectators lean over, listening intently. On the bench a well-known peer, a famous general, and a clergyman have taken their places and are deeply interested. Packed tightly together in the limited space allotted to the public are politicians, literary men, dramatists, actors, men of fashion and of finance. The Jury listen attentively, but with impassive faces. The foreman, half turned towards the Counsel, leans his elbow on the edge of the jury box and rests his head upon his hand.

The speech as it progresses and becomes more and more dramatic and impassioned has a distinct effect upon the prisoner. It is raising his hopes. The same thought has come into his mind that has come into the minds of the large audience—Will the Jury seize the loophole offered them by the advocate and give the prisoner the benefit

of the doubt? The advocate finishes with a magnificent burst of eloquence. As he utters the last word and sinks into his seat one is almost tempted to applaud him. It seems a drop from the clouds to the earth when the Judge, glancing at the clock, says, "I think this will be a convenient time to adjourn."

Everybody rises. The Lord Mayor, the Aldermen and others on the bench, stand back as the Lord Chief Justice walks with quiet dignity to the door where Mr. Under-Sheriff is waiting to conduct him to the luncheon room. The warders turn to the prisoner, who rises, glances at the clock, and then goes down the little staircase that leads to the cell below, in which *his* mid-day meal will be served.


Central Criminal Court
City of London

Clear Green Turtle Soup

Roast Fowls & Sausages

Pigeon Pie

Cold Saddle of Mutton

Pressed Beef

Cheese Butter & Salads

The prisoner can order practically what he likes, with certain restrictions as regards liquor. His lunch is sent in from a neighbouring hostelry, and he eats it under fairly comfortable circumstances.

The Court now rapidly empties. The barristers go to their luncheon room, and the spectators file out into the street to take their refreshment. There is a luncheon bar at the public-house opposite the Old Bailey, and here the prospects of the verdict are eagerly discussed.

In response to the courteous invitation of the Under-Sheriff, we are privileged to be his guests. We find ourselves in a comfortable dining room in which a big table is laid for luncheon. The Lord Chief in his robes sits at the head of it. Here and there along the table are barristers and distinguished visitors to whom the Under-Sheriff has extended his hospitality. Liveried servants wait upon the guests, who speak together in a low tone. In the presence of the Lord Chief no reference is made aloud to the case that is being tried.

After luncheon the Lord Chief retires, and coffee is served in an adjoining apartment. Here one meets barristers and visitors who have been lunching in other rooms. Here is the clergyman who has been sitting quietly on the bench all the morning. It is only when we learn who he is that the significance of his presence is understood. He is the Sheriffs' Chaplain. In the event of the verdict being against the prisoner he will be called upon to take an active part in the later proceedings.

Suddenly there is a general murmur. The

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND COUNSEL AT LUNCHEON.

WITNESSES WAITING.

word has gone round that the Lord Chief is ready to resume. The Under-Sheriff is quickly in attendance, and precedes his Lordship to the Court. There is a moment's pause while barristers and spectators settle down, and then the prisoner is brought up and the trial proceeds.

The Counsel for the prosecution rises. He is about to reply on the whole case. The prisoner leans forward and listens attentively to the opening. Slowly, but with masterly precision, the eminent King's Counsel, who is acting for 'the Treasury,' sweeps away point after point made by the defence. With perfect fairness, but with deadly effect, he reweaves the evidence, twisting the separate strands into a hangman's rope. The prisoner shifts uneasily in his chair. He can no longer conceal his nervous apprehension. His lips twitch. There is a flushing of the neck and cheeks. Again and again he passes his handkerchief over his face. For the first time a warder has seated himself close behind him, and another warder has taken the vacant corner. As Counsel drives nail after nail into the coffin of a living man, the prisoner, whose head has been bending down, sways slightly, and the warder nearest him catches his arm. But for that grasp he would probably have fainted. He recovers himself, but the warders' shoulders now almost touch his.

For two hours Counsel for the Crown speaks, always in the same calm but convincing manner. When at last the speech is ended, there is but one opinion in Court. The prisoner is doomed. Only here and there men whisper to each other there is a rumour that one Juryman is against capital punishment. He may hold out and delay the verdict.

But the Lord Chief has yet to sum up. As he begins to speak the prisoner revives a little. For the summing up is to the speech of Counsel as a gentle, purling brook after the remorseless flood. The Judge brings before the Jury all that should weigh with them in the prisoner's favour, all that should tell against him. It is a quiet, almost a soothing summing up, but it disposes of all possible doubt in the minds of the audience. Nothing but an obstinate Juryman can save the prisoner now.

It is past six o'clock when the Judge withdraws, and the Clerk, giving the Jury into custody of the Usher, bids them retire and consider their verdict.

Again the Judge leaves the bench, and the prisoner is led below. The Jury file out, and the spectators eagerly scan their faces as they go. Which is the Juryman who is expected to be obstinate and to keep us all in a state of suspense for hours?

With the departure of the Jury a buzz of

conversation begins. Counsel come forward and chat with the spectators whom they know. Journalists who have to get their "special" accounts done for the Sunday papers look anxiously at their watches. It is past six—it may be eight before the Jury returns, it may be nine. Will there be time for dinner? Will it be safe to go to a restaurant? It is impossible to say. The Jury may agree in a few minutes if the verdict is to be guilty; they may remain deliberating for hours if only one of their number is in favour of an acquittal.

The atmosphere of the Court has become almost unbearable with the night. The gas jets have all been lighted long ago, and the air of the small chamber, which has been breathed for more than ten hours by a packed audience, has become heavy and vitiated. The faces of the audience are anxious and flushed. The excitement and suspense are intensified by the sense of the impending doom of a fellow-creature. Outside in the corridor they tell us that the young man's sweetheart is in a room waiting for the verdict. His father and mother have left the building, unable to bear the strain.

"AMEN!"

The clock ticks on—the Jury have been gone half an hour. Have they disagreed? Must we remain in this terrible Court to hear sentence pronounced at midnight, as happened years ago in the trial of two men and two women for the Penge murder?

Just as the spectators have made up their mind that the verdict may be delayed for hours, there is a sudden excitement near the door by which the Jury retired. The Usher has come to say they are agreed upon their verdict. Instantly a dead silence falls upon the Court. Everyone returns to his seat. Counsel take their places. The Judge enters slowly and solemnly.

Now for the first time we can see that the prisoner is in readiness. We catch sight of him half way up the steps that lead to the dock. There are two warders with him, and an officer in plain clothes stands behind him. The Judge takes his seat. A warder touches the prisoner on the shoulder, he mounts the remaining steps and comes down to the front of the dock. Two warders stand by him, one on each side.

The Jury re-enter. The Clerk calls out their names one by one, and they answer to them. Then he says to them:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The Foreman answers, "Yes."

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

There is a moment's hush, a general catching of the breath.

"Guilty."

The warders' hands almost join behind the prisoner's back.

But he has only given a little start. For a moment his jaw had fallen, but he closes it again with a snap and stands pale—almost defiant.

He is asked the usual question—Has he anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him?

In a husky voice he replies,

"Only that I am innocent, sir."

The Judge's Clerk has risen from his desk. He has something in his hand. It is a square piece of cloth. It is the Black Cap. He lays it on the Judge's wig, and then for the first time we realise that the clergyman who has

been present all day on the bench has put on a black gown and stands near the Judge.

The Lord Chief addresses the prisoner by name. Only a few words he speaks to him, saying that he will not harrow his feelings. Then he pronounces the dread sentence of the law. When he says "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul," over the solemn silence that follows rings the deep voice of the chaplain—

"Amen!"

No one moves for a second, everyone is watching the condemned man. He lingers for a second, his lips moving as though he wanted to speak. Then the warders take his arms. He turns, and, with a last look round the Court as though in search of someone, he disappears from view.

The Court rises. The spectators come into the corridors. There is a hum of conversation, a hurried exchange of good-nights, and we pour out into the welcome air of the street.

Outside there is a crowd. They heard the news some minutes ago. The Judge had barely passed the sentence when we caught a faint cheer. Now, as we get outside, where the police are busy keeping a pathway for us, we are questioned on all sides as to how the prisoner behaved at the finish.

Before we have reached the end of the street of doom the newsboys are rushing up. One of them stands in front of the Old Bailey with papers on his arm and a contents bill open in front of him. On it we see, in large letters,

VERDICT.

The boy begins to shout the news. The gates of the court-yard open and a four-wheeled cab comes slowly out.

In it are two women. One is lying with her head upon the other's shoulder. The fainting woman is the sweetheart of the man whose death sentence is being shouted almost in her ears as the cab passes down Newgate Street.

OUTSIDE THE COURT.

LONDON'S CLUBS FOR WOMEN.

By SHEILA E. BRAINE.

NOT very many years ago ladies' clubs were comparatively unknown; now-a-days, almost every up-to-date London woman belongs to one, butterfly of fashion and working bee alike. Dive into the back streets, or journey eastwards, and you will find that the same holds good of the toiling home-worker, the dress-maker, and the factory girl. But what, it may be asked, do the members do at their clubs? What goes on behind the portals of the magnificent Empress, the exclusive Green Park, as well as the humbler doors of a Working Girls' Institute? This is what we are about to investigate; we shall, in fact, follow some of the titled dames, the lecturers and journalists, the tailoresses, and chorus-girls into their citadels, and see what use they make of them.

A coroneted carriage turns into Dover Street, centre of feminine Club-land. Lady A. is going to her club; will it be the Empress, Sandringham, Sesame, Pioneer, or Green Park? They all lie within a stone's throw. The carriage stops at the Empress; Lady A. passes through the heavy swing doors, and is in the most luxurious ladies' club in London. In the hall she finds a visitor waiting for her, non-members being allowed no farther than this without their hostesses. Together they

LUNCHEON AT THE EMPRESS CLUB.

A DEBATE AT THE PIONEER CLUB.

pass on to the Lounge; the band is playing, and "*five-o'clocker*," as the French drolly style tea, going forward. Footmen with tea-trays move swiftly hither and thither; groups of fashionably attired men and women are standing or sitting about, chatting and listening to the music. The Empress is a favourite *rendezvous*, and on Sunday evening full to overflowing.

In one of the rooms, which might from its appearance be a *salon* at Versailles, more groups and more conversation. In another two or three ladies are writing letters, while others turn over papers and glance through magazines. Her visitor having departed, Lady A. joins a couple of acquaintances going upstairs to the corridor for a quiet cigarette. One of them is a country member staying at the club with her maid. This morning she interviewed a cook here; at one she had a small luncheon party, and to-night two relatives dine with her, and all go on to a ball afterwards. Note that the members of these smart West-End clubs belong mostly to that class of Society which is always going on somewhere else.

Lady A. and the second of her two companions met the previous afternoon at a Green Park concert, held in the French drawing-room. It was a "smart function," as the Society journals have it, for no lady can be a member of the Green Park or the Alexandra—where a man is never admitted—who may not make her curtsey to Royalty. There is a musical or dramatic entertainment at the Green Park every other Friday, during certain portions of the year.

Lady A. leaves the Empress before the evening toilettes begin to arrive, making the beautiful rooms look still more beautiful. There is a constant ebb and flow of colour which goes on for hours, since the club does not close until midnight. On her way home, Lady A. bethinks herself of an old school-fellow of hers, who promised to give her a lesson in "Bridge." She therefore calls at the Grosvenor Crescent Club, and is promptly taken off to the games room by her friend. "I suppose you know we have a billiard room, too," says the latter, "and a band plays twice a week in the dining room."

Back to Grafton Street once more. A lady, stylishly dressed, and with a certain business-like air about her, is entering a house. Mrs. B. is a member of the Pioneer Club, and has come to attend a committee meeting. It is early yet, so she takes the letters waiting for her in the pigeon-hole

bearing her number—every Pioneer has a number—and goes into the library. Two ladies are reading books from the library to which the club subscribes. A serious-looking girl in a *pince-nez* is consulting an encyclopædia; a frivolous-looking one borrowing a novel to take home with her, and putting twopence into a cash-box placed handy. Nobody speaks, for this is the "silence" room. If you want to talk you can go downstairs to the smoking room, or upstairs to the drawing room, where there are plenty of papers, magazines, and comfortable arm-chairs.

It is the first Tuesday in the month, and Mrs. B. has invited two friends to the musical "At Home," preceded by tea in the dining room. When there is a good Thursday evening debate, she never fails to be present. The Pioneers are earnest, and have the courage of their convictions, so that subjects get well thrashed out. Mrs. B. and her antagonist will dine amicably together at the club dinner before the debate. Embryo orators exercise their powers of speech at the "practice" debates; there is also a "Parliament." At distant intervals the Pioneers give an evening party; occasionally, a fancy-dress one. Mrs. B., an eminently clubable woman, belongs likewise to the Sesame, of which her husband is a member. The Sesame, Bath, and Albemarle open their doors alike to men and women.

Doctors, lecturers, teachers, women with diplomas and degrees, congregate at the University Club, while the journalist has her club—the Writers'—close to the Strand. Here she can drop in at any hour of the day, write up her "copy" in a quiet room, meet her friends, take a meal, or rest and read the papers. The members sometimes give an evening party, while every Friday afternoon they are "At Home" to their friends. These Friday teas are very popular, and when a well-known authoress presides a large attendance may be expected. For the rest, the Writers' is a useful, sociable little club, enabling birds of a feather to flock together at least once a week.

A FRIDAY "AT HOME" AT THE WRITERS' CLUB.

To turn to another view of the picture; what do the working women and factory girls do at their clubs? Apparently many things, both useful and agreeable; for most of the clubs endeavour to combine instruction with amusement. We say most, because the chief aim of the Rehearsal Club in Leicester Square is to provide weary "theatrical" girls with rooms to rest in and inexpensive meals.

But as to the others. Take a Jewish girl, for example. "Esther" is a tailoress by trade, and helps her father to make dress coats year in, year out. All day she works at the buttonholes and the felling; in the evening she goes to the Jewish Working Girls' Club in Soho. Perhaps she attends the drill in the big room on the ground floor; on Wednesday she learns lace-making, or takes cooking lessons. In the blue-papered class-room at the top of the house all sorts of classes go on, and there is a pretty library leading out of it. The girls learn dressmaking, millinery, reading, writing, singing, chip-carving, basket-making; there is even a class for Hebrew. Once in a way they hold a little exhibition, and sell their own productions.

A DANCE AT THE HONOR CLUB, FITZROY SQUARE.

In the matter of amusements, "Esther" does not fare badly. Friday evening is, of course, a sacred one with her people; the club festivities take place on Saturdays and Sundays. The girls dance, or perhaps there is a debate; sometimes a lady makes herself responsible for a concert, and brings her friends to help. Occasionally "Esther" and her mates get up a variety entertainment among themselves, and sing and recite in a most spirited manner. At Christmas they have a party for their little brothers and sisters. Our typical maiden is English-born, but among her companions you will find Germans, French, Poles, Russians, and Hungarians.

IN THE ST. MARY'S WORKING GIRLS' CLUB, STEPNEY.

The club just described is for girls over twelve, and girls only; at Bethnal Green there is one mainly composed of women members, most of them married. This sometimes necessitates Herr Baby accompanying his mother to her club, but as a rule the babies sleep through everything, even the club song chanted with enthusiasm.

Every other Wednesday Mrs. Smith—a good wide-spreading title—puts on her bonnet and steps down to the Board school, the largest room of which building is converted for the nonce into her club premises. Already a few early arrivals are playing dominoes at the centre

table. But we should mention that this is the Cadogan Club — so named from Lady Cadogan, its patroness. Sometimes her ladyship gives the members a tea, and yonder hangs her portrait on the wall. Mrs. Smith and her companions are mostly home-workers—tailoresses, boot machinists, umbrella coverers, box, shirt, slipper, and brush makers. One even, we are told, makes harness. "Saddles, isn't it, Lizzie?" "No, miss, horse collars." For sixteen years has this patient Lizzie done the two rows of stitching round these said collars! No wonder that she and her fellow Cadoganites need a little amusement once a fortnight!

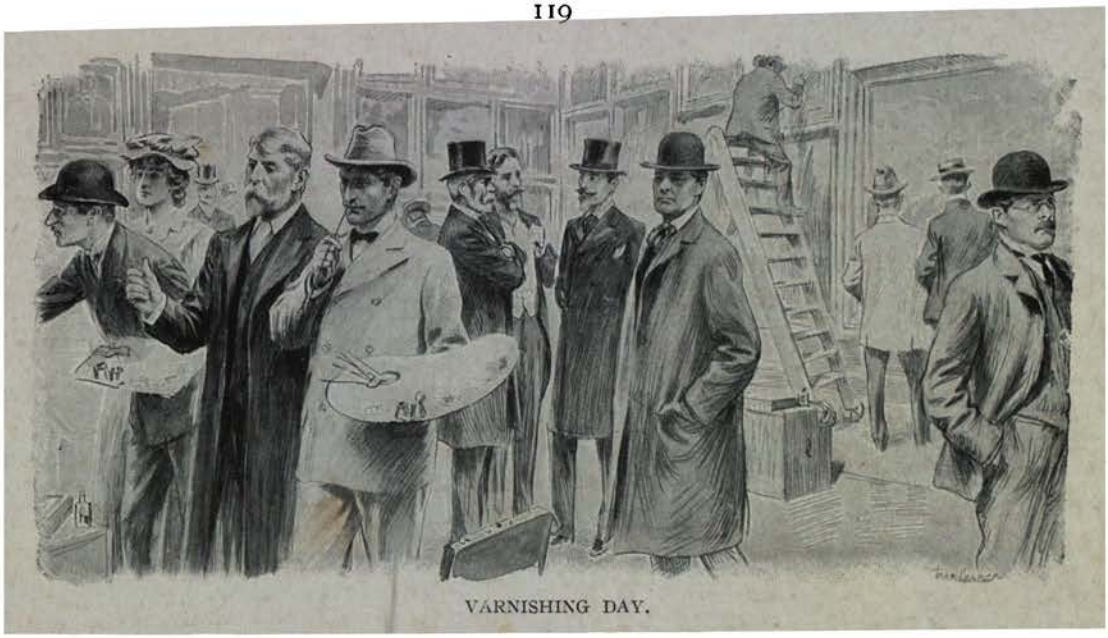
A lady visitor plays a valse, and the livelier members are soon whirling round the spacious room. Or a circle is formed, and songs and recitations are the order of the day. On some nights they debate, and Mrs. Smith and her fellow workers are quite *au fait* with all the questions affecting their special industries. They pass resolutions, and more than once have sent deputations to the Home Secretary.

The pretty Honor Club in Fitzroy Square gathers to itself the better-class working girls of the West-End. They dance, they sing, they have a lady doctor to attend them, a gymnasium, a refreshment-bar which they manage themselves, and a circulating library! The whole house is theirs, and a fresh lady visitor comes every night to superintend. Here is a new member, fourteen, and rather shy; she pays sixpence a month, and her sister, over seventeen, eightpence. Notice the tall girl wearing the Honor brooch, a sign that she has been in the club over three years. It is Monday night, which means that members pay their subscriptions, consult the doctor if necessary, take books out of the library, and dance. On Wednesday they play games, on Saturday they sing; Tuesday is "gym." night, and Thursday, oh wonderful Thursday, is devoted to embroidery, poetry, and the mandoline!

In the East, at Stepney, the St. Mary's Working Girls' Club is for girls employed in rope-work, tent-making, bottle-washing, etc., and with but little joy in their toilsome, stunted lives. But at their club they dance, and play games, besides learning sewing, an unknown art to many of them, Such clubs have a wonderfully humanising effect upon the East-End lasses.

How far feminine Club-land will spread in the vast future who shall say? For women, rich and poor, high and low, have learned what men found out long ages ago, namely, that union means not only power but economy, and that co-operation is a giant that can work wonders.

A CONCERT AT THE JEWISH WORKING GIRLS' CLUB, SOHO.



VARNISHING DAY.

ARTISTIC LONDON.

By GILBERT BURGESS.

DESPITE attack and abuse the Royal Academy, safely intrenched within the spacious walls of Burlington House in Piccadilly, remains to-day the fountain head of English art, the goal towards which all workers in artistic London turn their eyes.

Every year, in the last week of March, over twelve thousand or more pictures, statues, miniatures, and engravings are submitted by anxious suppliants to the ordeal of approval by the august members of the forty Royal Academicians who form the Selection Committee.

Of these twelve thousand works of art there is only space in the rooms of the exhibition for about fifteen hundred. Every Royal Academician has the right to have eight canvases exhibited, four of which are entitled to be hung upon the line—that is to say, the line taken exactly facing the eye of the spectator—and the Associates, of whom there are twenty-five, have a similar right as regards the position in which their pictures shall be placed upon the walls.

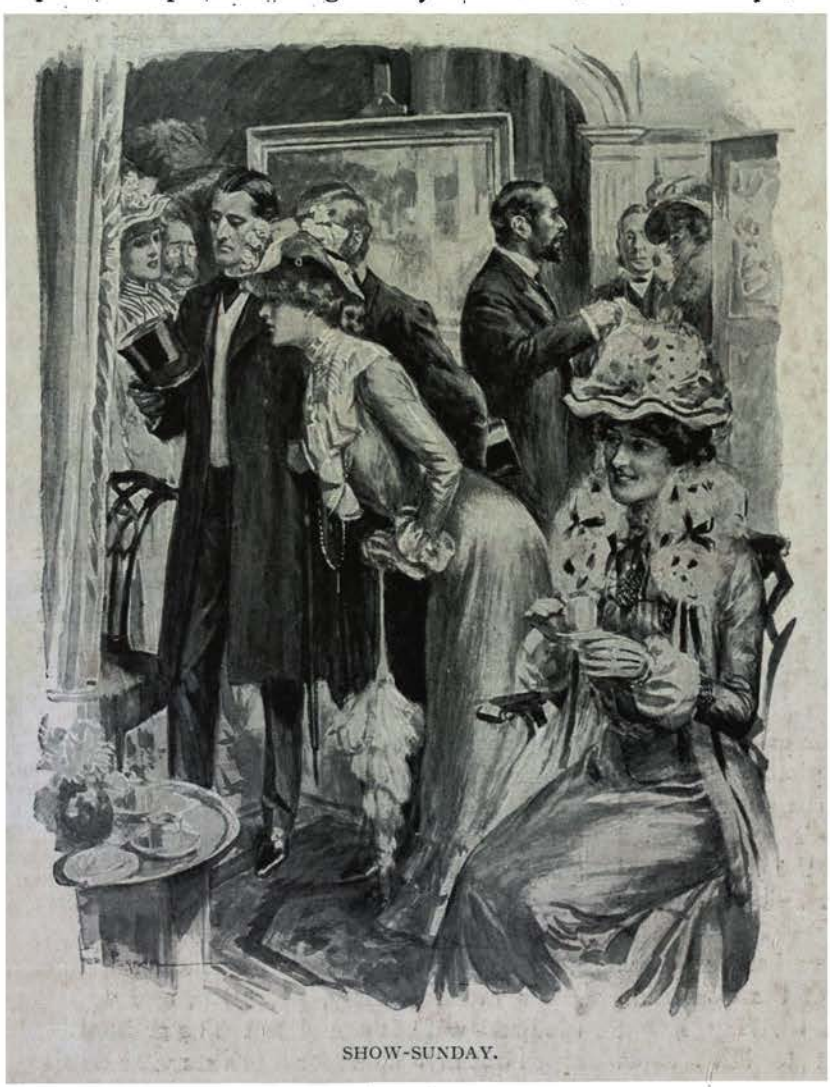
The history of a picture, from the time of its inception to that of its temporary repose upon the walls of the galleries of Burlington House, is far more full of details of incident than one would imagine. For an instance, let me take the case of an artist not a member of the Academy—an "outsider," as he is rather unkindly termed—who wishes to paint a subject picture which, he hopes, will make a hit and sell for a large sum when the Burlington House exhibition opens on the first Monday in May.

Our imaginary but typical friend purchases a large canvas at no slight expense. With sticks of charcoal he outlines his main idea; very frequently he makes separate studies on paper from nude models. And the model, nude or draped, obtains a very lucrative wage. After much anxiety, alteration, and travail the great work is completed. The artist's wife sends out invitations for a private view on the Sunday which immediately precedes the day upon which the picture has to be sent to Burlington House. Carriages drive up to the house in rapid succession; in the studio the artist stands beside his picture, nervously listening to congratulations upon the excellence of his work. These, he knows only too well, are worthless, and, if his picture should happen to be rejected, their memory will be an added bitterness.

The "sending-in" day comes; the picture

is delivered into the hands of the carrier—very frequently the artist's framemaker places his van at his disposal—and then there is suspense until a ticket, which admits the bearer to the "varnishing-day," sets the painter's mind at ease.

But in the meantime his would-be masterpiece has passed through many vicissitudes.



SHOW-SUNDAY.

It has been placed with several others upon a great lift and carried upstairs into the galleries. The Selecting Committee, worn and tired, swiftly give it an approving glance. If it is unusually clever it may gain a few hand-claps; possibly loud applause.

Once safely accepted, the potential masterpiece passes into the hands of a peculiarly expert band of carpenters, and is very quickly hoisted into the place which has been allotted to it by the Hanging Committee.

Two days are allotted to the accredited members of the Press who have to undertake the really exhausting task of passing the pictures in review. Then comes the Private View, so-called because it is supposed to be difficult to obtain tickets. These are difficult to obtain, but, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most public gatherings in the life of modern London. Everybody goes, and the traffic in Piccadilly is interfered with for several hours.

Most of the greater artists—the Royal Academicians, the fashionable portrait-painters, the men of the moment—have built for them magnificent studios wherein to work. The late Lord Leighton's house—now the property of the nation—was literally a small palace. But times are not what they were, and prices for modern pictures are woefully on the decline. Sensational prices are alone obtained at the sales of Old Masters in Christie's auction rooms in King Street, St. James's. Here thousands of pounds change hands in an afternoon, for there is no exact value which can be placed upon any picture by a man who lived a hundred years ago: fashions change, and the art public is extraordinarily fickle. Show them a fine Reynolds, Raeburn, or Gainsborough, and they will pay almost anything; they are certain that they are making a sure investment.

But in these days Mr. Edwin Long's "The Babylonian Slave Market" (to take a haphazard instance) would never sell for six thousand pounds as it did a little while ago. The painter must perforce live more frugally than he did during the 'sixties of the last century, and the spacious times of Vandyck and Lely are very remote from the London of art of to-day.

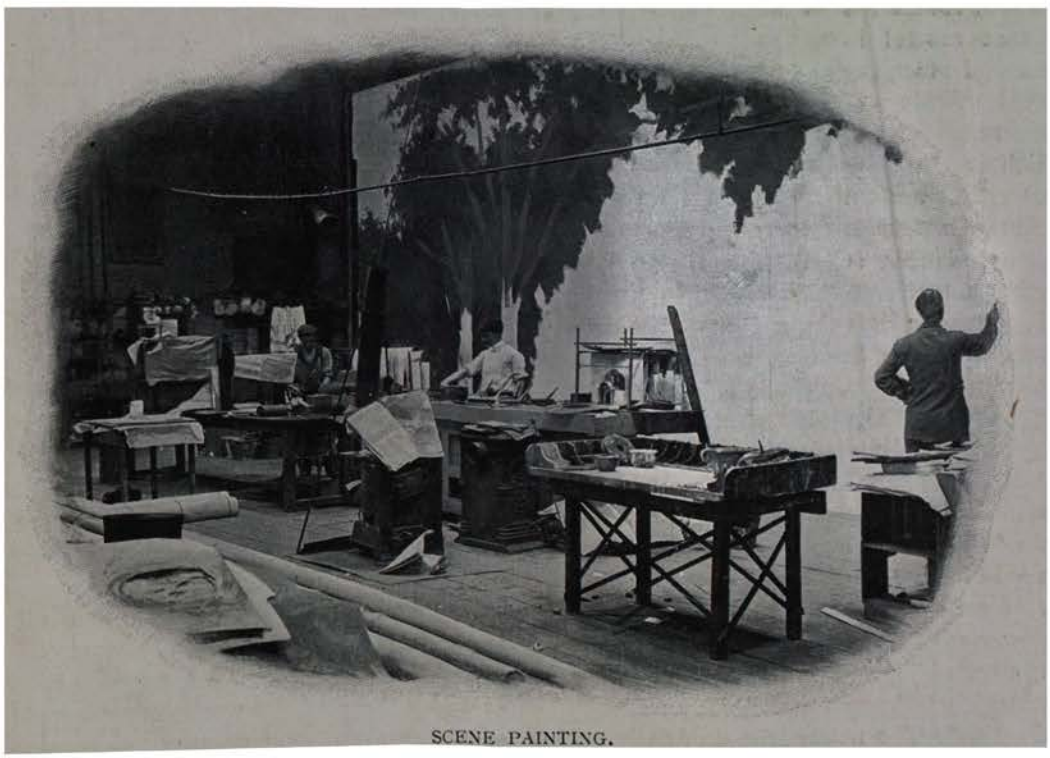
Apart from the Royal Academy, there are other institutions which make bids for public favour in various ways. Among the closer corporations are the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; the Royal Institute, in Piccadilly; the Royal Society of British Artists, in Suffolk Street; the New Gallery, in Regent Street, and many other smaller galleries which from time to time hold exhibitions. These are almost invariably interesting.

In the nature of things, the inevitable trend of human aspirations, sometimes an amateur who has the advantage, or, from the point of view of art, the disadvantage to possess more of this world's goods than his fellow artists, trumpets himself forth with what is known as a "one-man" show. Generally this is done for personal advertisement. There are, however, many artists who eschew the perils of public competition, and are content to display their work under their own conditions in the atmosphere and arrangement which suit their individual fancy.

Judging by the extremely inferior statues which are scattered about London, it might be naturally assumed that the English knew not the art of sculpture. There is, however, a younger school of sculptors which is very promising.

A LADY PAVEMENT ARTIST.

The initial expense of making a large piece of sculpture is heavy, and by the time it is complete there is rarely much profit for the sculptor. The cost of marble or bronze is considerable. There are the workmen to be paid—for, of course, the rough-hewing of the marble is not done by the sculptor



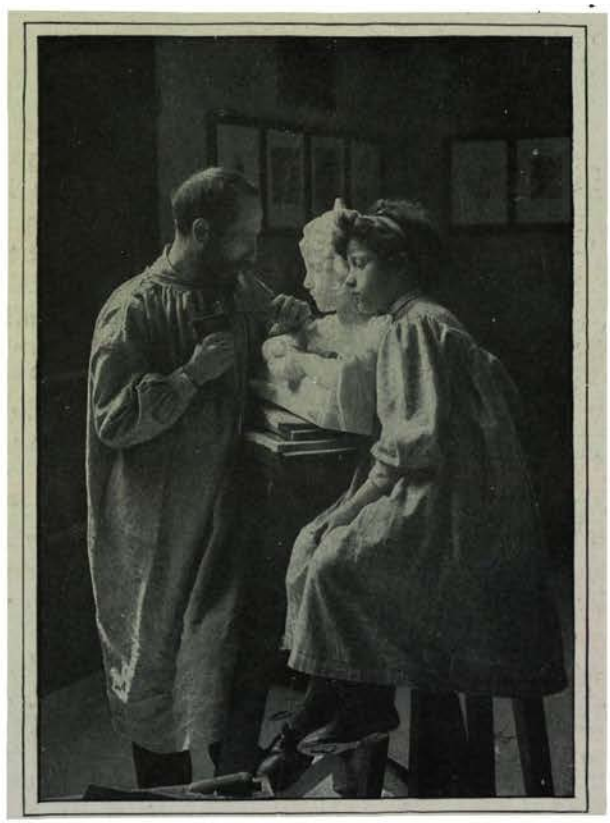
SCENE PAINTING.

himself. And he must have a very large studio.

A class by itself is that which is made up of those artists who work entirely at the painting of scenery for the stage. The London scene-painters are celebrated all over the world. The scene-painter is at the mercy of the author of a play; some dramatists, in the directions for the artists which they write at the beginning of an act of a play, simply say, "A Glade in a Forest." Others are particular about the colour of the walls of a room, and make such elaborate word-pictures of the scene which is to be painted that the artist is well nigh distraught.

Having received his instructions, the scene-painter makes a rough sketch; this he amplifies into a finished picture. Sometimes an exact model is made. In fact, the actual painting of the scene itself, which is done by the artist and a retinue of assistants and apprentices, is merely a mechanical process. But in a large theatre like Drury Lane, for instance, where the scenery is always most elaborate, it is most interesting to watch the artists at work. The simplicity of the means used by the scene-painters are almost ludicrous when one remembers the marvellous illusion and skilful make-believe they contrive to obtain through the aid of a few brushes and pots of paint.

A form of art which has become of vast importance of late years, owing to the growth of illustrated journalism in all its branches, is that which is known colloquially as "black-and-white." The newer school of daily paper requires artists who not only know how to draw well from a photograph, or how to arrange the "line-work" in a sketch so that it will make a good "block"; it is necessary in a sense that the artist should himself possess the journalistic instinct, in order that he may at once get at the kernel of a subject, and thereby make it instantly attractive. One inevitable result of the large increase in the number of cheap magazines and newspapers has been that the quality of "black-and-white" work—whether in line, wash, or medium—has infinitely deteriorated. But there is still a small band of conscientious workers who strive to avoid the slipshod and ill-drawn sketches with which the market is flooded; sketches which, being ill-drawn, are consequently ill-paid for. With few exceptions, however, the prices in London for black-and-white drawings are very low indeed.

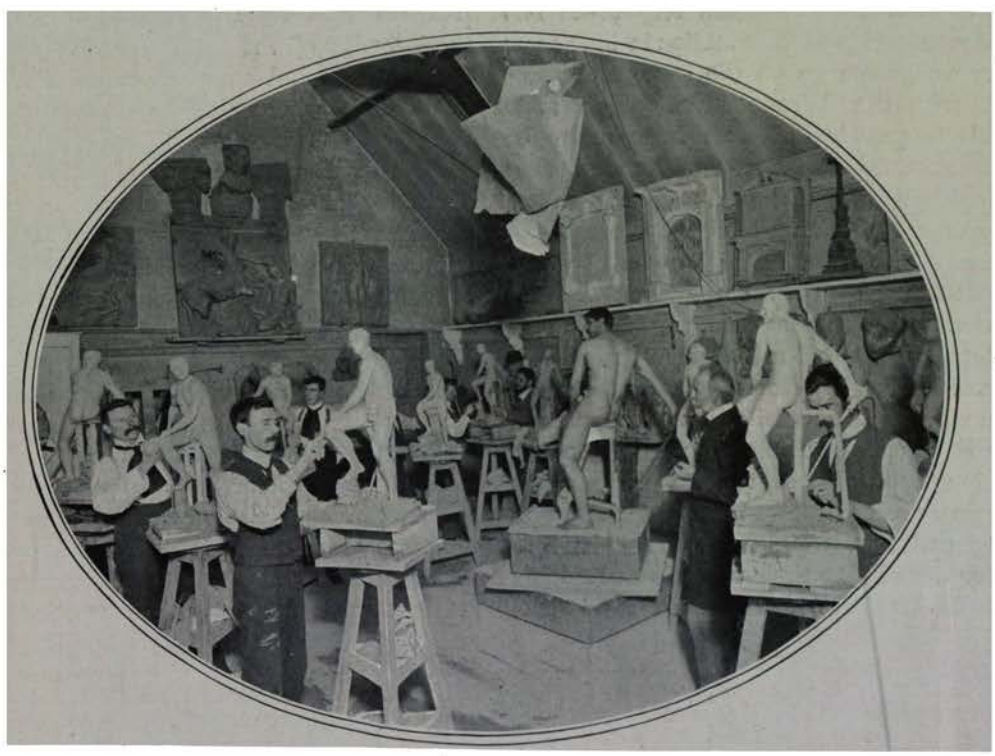


A SCULPTOR AT WORK.

The life of the London art student is very much more prosaic than that of his prototype at Paris or Munich. London has no students' quarter. The ambitious young men and maidens who flock daily from all parts of the capital to the Royal Academy Schools, to the school of Science and Art at South Kensington, and to dozens of smaller private institutions, have not much opportunity of meeting together during their playtime.

A life-class in full swing is a very interesting sight. On a raised platform stands the model. Around the daïs are groups of easels at which the students work busily—each one, of course, drawing or painting the same model

from different points of view. The professors walk round from easel to easel, praising here, pointing out a deficiency in drawing there, correcting a fault with a deft touch of the brush or pencil. At the Royal Academy schools—here the academicians take it in turn to pay visits of inspection—the students are encouraged to paint original pictures in their own homes. When these are complete an open competition is held. The prizes and medals are awarded to the successful students in the lecture room by the President, who, on this occasion, delivers an address upon the subject of one or other of the great principles of art.



STUDENTS' MODELLING CLASS.

Chief among the amusements of the art student is the "smoker." The "Artists'" corps of Volunteers from time to time give smoking concerts in their drill-hall. At these evenings, in addition to much amateur talent, you may listen to some of the best known actors and singers of the day. In a smaller way, there are several clubs in St. John's Wood and Bayswater where informal evenings are held. One student will bring his violin, another his banjo; one will be prepared to do a musical sketch at the piano, and his friend comes armed with large sheets of paper and some charcoal wherewith to draw lightning caricatures. Everybody will smoke.

The London art student does not lead the café-haunting, careless life that obtains in the Quartier-Latin, but he does not hâve such a very bad time all the same.

The theatrical posters, some of them drawn by very clever artists, are the picture galleries of the London streets. There is a rival to them in the form of the woe-begone figures who, from early morn to night, occupy themselves by drawing upon the pavement (at stated places where they are allowed to remain unmolested by the police) pictures of the hero of the moment, a storm at sea, a battle scene, or a slice of salmon. These studies of wondrous interest are worked out in the most vivid chalks. It is generally assumed that the artist is in need, for the upturned hat which is placed on the pavement at his side is eloquent in mute appeal for coppers. And very often he does very well for himself, financially speaking. There is also one lady who pursues this engaging profession. A little while ago there was a little fellow of about eight who had his "pitch" in Holborn. He made passable drawings in chalk on

cardboard, what time his mother went round among the crowd of spectators soliciting alms. The child once attracted the attention of the King when Prince of Wales; and he became the richer by a sovereign.

The professional model has a somewhat precarious existence. When at work he, or she, is well paid, but it is possible for a model to be unemployed for weeks at a time; it may so happen that no painter needs his particular type. The female models are mostly young girls who have commenced to pose as children. They are very much like other young girls of their station in life; some marry well, some go on the stage, and some meet with the Wrong Man. The male models frequently hail from Italy, or, to be more exact, from that part of London, near Saffron Hill, which harbours organ-grinders and worse of Italian birth.

Some of the older English models become very attached to their employers. On the occasions when a new associate or academician is elected a group of models hang round the doors of Burlington House. When the result is announced there is a wild rush to the successful artist's house or club, for, according to long tradition, whoso first brings the glad news to the painter receives immediately a sovereign.

The crafts as well as the arts have a Society devoted to their worship in London. The members are artists who hold that pictures or statues are not the only things which should tend to make every-day life more beautiful. In the Society are designers of furniture, wall-papers, and brass work. Also you will find cunning workmen who will make for you jewellery, enamels, or decorative panels—all in original shapes.

Painters of portraits in miniature abound; there are several societies who wish to restore the reputation which the English once had for their skill in this most delightful art. To paint miniatures on ivory requires infinite patience and delicacy of touch; consequently the practice of the art is peculiarly suitable for women. But we possess no miniaturist these days whose work can compare with that of a Cosway or a Plimer.

Artistic London has its pathetic side. There are, unfortunately, only too many men and women who follow art as a profession without there being the faintest probability of their ever succeeding. To these come the miseries of hack-work and disillusionment. Many a governess who cannot obtain a situation drags her weary self from shop to shop in the hope that she may be able to make a few shillings by the sale of a pitifully painted water-colour, or some foolish *menu* cards. She, possibly, started her career with the same hopes and ambitions as those which make men Royal Academicians. But *her* masterpiece is only a *menu* card.

AN ARTISTS' "SMOKER."

MIDNIGHT LONDON.

By BECKLES WILLSON.

THE theatres have long since been emptied of their throngs; the last lingering actor has departed by the stage door; and, from the St. James's in King Street to the Pavilion Theatre in Whitechapel, London's four-score temples of pleasure have been locked and barred for the night.

But the buzz and hum of the mighty city have not yet died away; and while we watch the swift passage and re-passage of cabs, like a weaver's shuttle weaving a pattern of Parisian pleasure upon our sombre native background, the thunderous clangour of "Big Ben," booming down the Thames from Chelsea reach to Greenwich, announces the hour of twelve. Of the six million citizens within the limits of the wider Metropolitan area, five and a-half millions are now tucked safely between sheets; but for many thousands these peals of midnight seem but a signal midway in the course of the night's toil or dissipation.

The scurrying hansoms and four-wheelers—where are they taking their occupants? Hundreds of them are speeding to and from the great hotels, cafés, and restaurants and clubs. At many of these twelve o'clock but indicates the high-water mark of the evening's festivities. It is certainly the busiest time for the waiters, who scramble over one another in their haste to serve their select patrons before the law steps in and places a rude embargo upon all further gastronomic or spirituous proceedings. They are mainly theatre-folk; but there are thousands of sojourners who habitually keep late hours; and for such as these that comparatively early hour, which sees the frugal burgher of Islington or Battersea sunk in dreamy slumbers, is far from suggesting Morpheus and his train.

But in order that we may unfold the aspect of London at the "witching hour of night," let us first bend our steps eastward. Surely, as we pass along the Strand there is here visible but little cessation of human activity. The suggestion is certainly not that of "churchyards" which "yawn," while "graves give up their dead." And yet it is not so many generations ago that curfew was observed here in the Strand, and London after midnight was a desolate wilderness!

Fleet Street, which has been called the "brains of London," is lit up bravely; but there is naught to tell of the giddy pleasure we have just passed. An odour of printers' ink is perceptible; one has a vague consciousness of electricity in the atmosphere, which may come from the busy wires overhead; and the movements of flying messenger boys and consequential commissionaires suggest affairs of import and moment.

From beneath the huge buildings one catches the sound of the giant presses, already busy with the country editions of their respective newspapers. At Ludgate Hill we pass the confines of newspaperdom. Here the stream of cabs and omnibuses is growing thinner, until soon the latter will vanish altogether, and twenty thousand horses will have a welcome surcease from the labours of the long day.

But the General Post Office is a veritable hive of industry at midnight, and busy hands are grappling with the millions of letters which many million correspondents are pouring in upon them from all parts of the

world. The G.P.O. has no respite while London sleeps.

At the Mansion House and the Bank there is a little crowd waiting for the last omnibuses westward; and a few flying figures in front of the Royal Exchange indicate that the last train of the Central London underground railway will shortly depart on its journey from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush. On all hands are dark vistas of streets, silent as the tomb; tall empty buildings, which a few brief hours ago were, and in a few hours more will be, thrilling with life and with the world's commerce.

A squad of City sewermen are flushing the thoroughfares which surround the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," turning the hose on the marks and débris of the 1,300,000 pairs of human footsteps and 100,000 vehicles which are said to enter the London square mile daily. Some of them have been sailors in their time, and as they work at their midnight task they sing in unison a song like that the mariners sing at the capstan bars. Of course, it might be "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum," and I wish for Mr. Stevenson's memory it were; but it sounds more like the latest music hall ditty chaunted *adagio*.

Sailors! Ah, that suggests that there are soldiers inside the Bank—a red-coated squad of them have marched from their western barracks just before sundown to guard the millions in specie and bullion which are enclosed within those massive, grey walls—more sombre and sepulchral now than ever they seemed by daylight.

As we tread the sombre City streets, not so hushed maybe as you might suppose, because nearly all night long they are traversed by heavy vans bound for the docks, goods stations, carrying depôts, or the markets, but yet, for all that, grim and gloomy enough compared with the daytime, one notes an occasional window lit by gas or electricity, which bespeaks some anxious merchant, cashier, or manager who, pen in hand, is trying to steal a few hours from inexorable Time.

Several of the watchmen may salute you in turn, as you pass along, with a "Fine night, sir!" or perhaps one of the 930 policemen who patrol the streets of the City and guard its empty buildings turns and regards your movements with something not distantly resembling suspicion.

"Time, gentlemen, please!"

With scornful and satirical comment do many of the patrons of the brilliantly-illuminated wine and spirit emporium in Shoreditch High Street hear the injunction, and express their disapproval of a statute which is observed as punctiliously in the West as in the East. But this disapproval is not shared by the two hard-working barmaids, who yawn in anticipation of well-earned repose. The proprietor rubs his hands and moves about inside the counters as on a pivot addressing the customers in the various compartments (for "class" is no less a factor in East-End publics than in those in the Strand and Piccadilly) with the time-honoured formula, "Time, gentlemen, please!"

It strikes a casual observer that the remark might better be directed to the ladies in the jug and bottle department, who seem much more strenuously inclined to question the gyrations of the ostentatious time-piece over the bar which advertises Blank and Co.'s whisky.

When the little troop of customers—artisans, day-labourers, soldiers, sailors, clerks, pugilists, and bookmakers—file out of the establishment, and the iron-railed gate is drawn before the front door, it is the female element in Whitechapel and Houndsditch which congregates before the premises and endeavours to impart an air of hilarity to the dim watches of the night by dancing a break-down to the tune of a mouth-organ, while two of the number commonly vary the proceedings by offering to black each the other's eye if she "will 'ave the kindness to step out into the middle of the road," a handsome offer which is withdrawn owing to the presence of a policeman, who conjures the group to "Move on, now, can't you? or I'll run you in!" And so the group melts away before each of the public-houses, articulate to the end. But they have not vanished when the proprietor, assisted by his wife, begins counting up the cash receipts for the day and to remove it to the safe or cash-box. It is indeed marvellous what a lot of cash-counting is going on all over the Metropolis at precisely 12.35 each night—or morning.

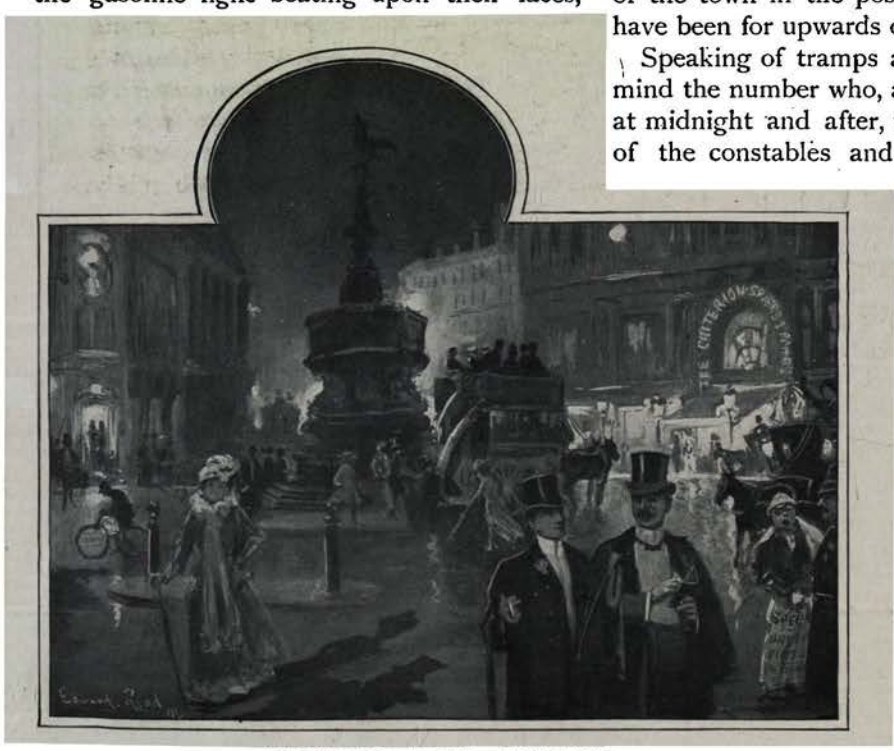
In the Mile End Road, or especially that

OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE: 1 A.M.

end of it which is known as High Street, Whitechapel, the pavements at midnight and until long after are lined by the barrows of the baked-potato merchant and the whelk and oyster-sellers. But these traders with their "All 'ot!" or their "'Ere y' are, fresh mussels, eyesters, and periwinkles!" are not to have it entirely their own way. For no sooner are the public-houses closed in accordance with the law than somewhere out of the recesses of side streets emerge the owners and managers of coffee-stalls. Here, in their sheds or boxes, they remain until morning dawns. Nor do they lack for customers, especially at the beginning and close of their tenure. Cabmen, bargemen, sailors, longshoremen, navvies, tramps — policemen even, and occasionally a loiterer of another class of society—are among their patrons, who frequently form an incongruous and ill-assorted group, as they stand, each cup in hand, with the gasoline light beating upon their faces, sipping the fragrant beverage which is retailed at a penny and a halfpenny the cup. The London coffee-stalls are indeed the most distinctive feature of the streets in all parts of the town in the post-midnight hours, and have been for upwards of a century.

"TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"

Speaking of tramps and outcasts brings to mind the number who, all over London, seek, at midnight and after, to elude the vigilance of the constables and ensconce themselves somewhere behind the railings of the parks and squares, and so snatch a fitful slumber until the traitor sun betrays them with his dawn. The feat is not easily done, but it is every night performed by some. Others seek temporary rest on the Thames Embankment seats, or try to hide in such railway stations as Liverpool Street, which, unlike Charing Cross and Victoria, remain open



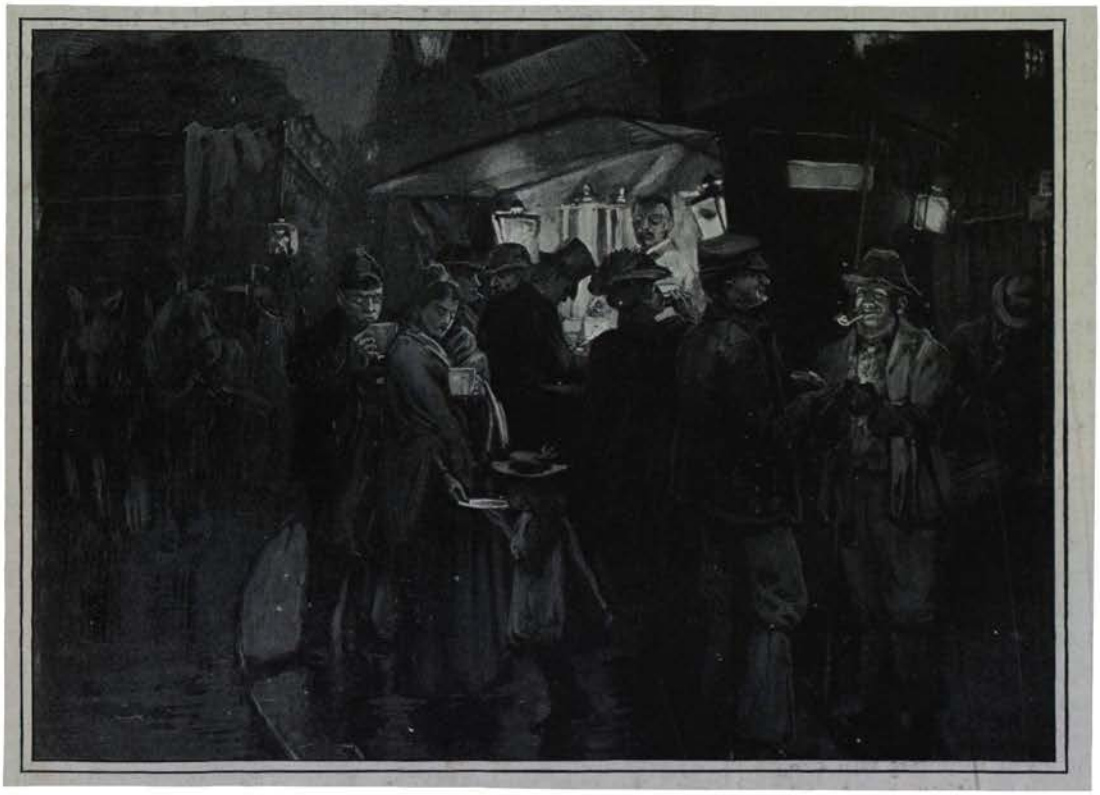
PICCADILLY CIRCUS: MIDNIGHT.

all night, on account of incoming trains; and there in the guise of passengers, waiting relatives and friends, endeavour to woo slumber. But their efforts are not always successful.

"There ain't no place for a weary 'ead," sighed one of these vagrants to the porter who routed him out from a bench in the waiting room at King's Cross. "London's down on the chap that wants an honest sleep." And so he started perambulating the deserted avenues, envying the somnambulist, who can so happily combine sleep and exercise.

A police authority has asserted that every night, between the hours of twelve and two, London is traversed by an army of provincial tramps numbering some hundreds—singly, of course, not in battalions. These hail from all over the kingdom and are on their way east, west, north or south, preferring for many reasons to cross the Great City at a time when observation is less fruitful of risks. Many a country wastrel has made his way from or to Southampton or Portsmouth, *viâ* London, at dead of night.

By one o'clock the East-End is wrapped in silence, save for the aforesaid vans and the noise made by the workmen repairing the streets, of which operations there are always plenty going on throughout the night; and if you stand at the top of Threadneedle Street, where it debouches into Bishopsgate Street, you can hear the rumble of the very last omnibus as it turns the corner of Princes Street towards the Mansion House. It is a "pirate" and the fares are doubled—but who dare grumble at such an hour?



ROUND A COFFEE STALL.

If London is the centre of the world's civilisation, as it is the capital of the British Empire, then Piccadilly Circus (or, to give it its more formal title, "Regent Circus, Piccadilly") is the centre of London, notwithstanding the claim of King Charles I.'s statue to that distinction. At no hour during the day does the Omphalos of Town (as Lord Lytton called it) seem so nervous, so instinct with life and magic, so febrile, as at that moment when the clock marks twelve.

Within the cafés, the cigar divans, the refreshment bars, people of at least twenty

different nationalities sup, or sip, or smoke, while a procession of showily-dressed persons of both sexes move in and out of the leading resorts as if it were high noon. The sound of the traffic is now intermingled with the raucous cries of the 'bus conductors and the shrill directions given by cab patrons:

"All the way to the R'yal Oak—penny to the Marble Arch!"

"Drive me to the Panto Club, cabby!"

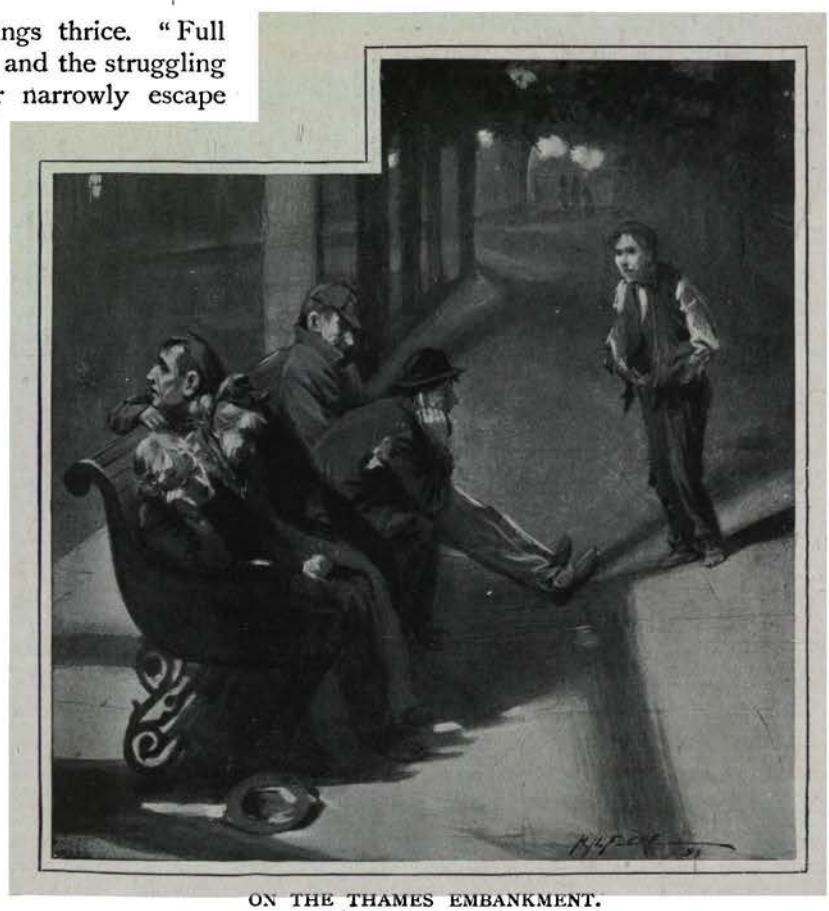
"Euston, King's Cross, an' th' Angel! Bank 'n' Liverpool Street!"

Through the throng of exquisites and loiterers, a perspiring woman, with child in arms and another small morsel of humanity perhaps tugging at her skirts, pushes her way, clutching the brass railing of the moving omnibus half frantically, as if fearful that the crowd will surge past her. A younger woman, comely and soberly dressed, who doesn't in the least resemble a *coryphée* in an Alhambra ballet, but who is one for all that, tries to keep back the hustling throng and give the unhappy matron a chance to mount.

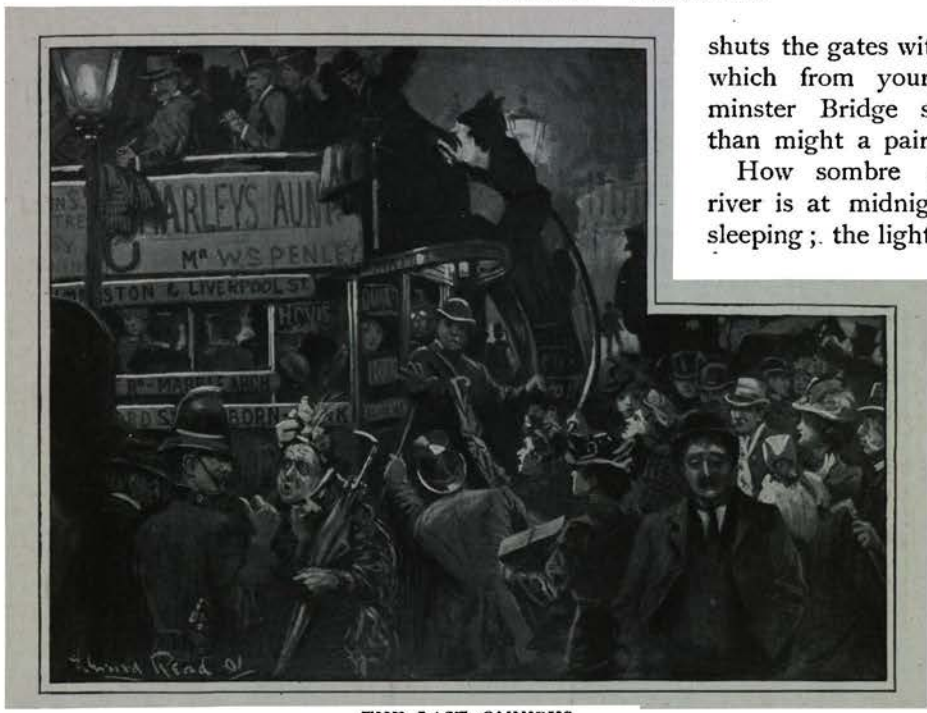
Too late! The bell rings thrice. "Full up!" bawls the conductor, and the struggling female and her protector narrowly escape the heads and heels of the horses attached to the next omnibus behind. There are two score waiting at the corner here, and two score more in Piccadilly, dreading that the fatal moment will arrive when the "very last" 'bus appears and disappears without carrying them to their destination, and they are still standing there on the pavement miles from home. Many a sad-faced chorister, ballet dancer, supernumerary, or scene-shifter may be seen nightly at Charing Cross and Piccadilly in this predicament, which means for them either a cab—which they can ill afford—or a long tramp to Islington, Pentonville, Kilburn, Chelsea, or Hammersmith.

In Club-land, supper, billiards, whist, and bridge rule at midnight; and the smoking room is filled by men in evening dress who have dropped in after opera, reception, or dance. From St. James's Street and Pall Mall one takes one's way into the adjacent Park, which is silent and deserted, although twinkling feebly with lights. In Downing Street a strongly-illuminated window betrays the fact that the First Lord of the Treasury is keeping late hours. And so into Whitehall, whose smooth asphalt pavement resounds with the ultimate omnibuses, and a few, a very few, cabs.

One moment, as you look aloft, the light in the Clock Tower is visible, the next instant you rub your eyes in surprise, for it has disappeared and all is in blackness. Simultaneously a sudden pandemonium arises in Palace Yard; cabs, broughams, and private hansoms which have apparently been lurking in the darkness burst forth into



ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



THE LAST OMNIBUS.

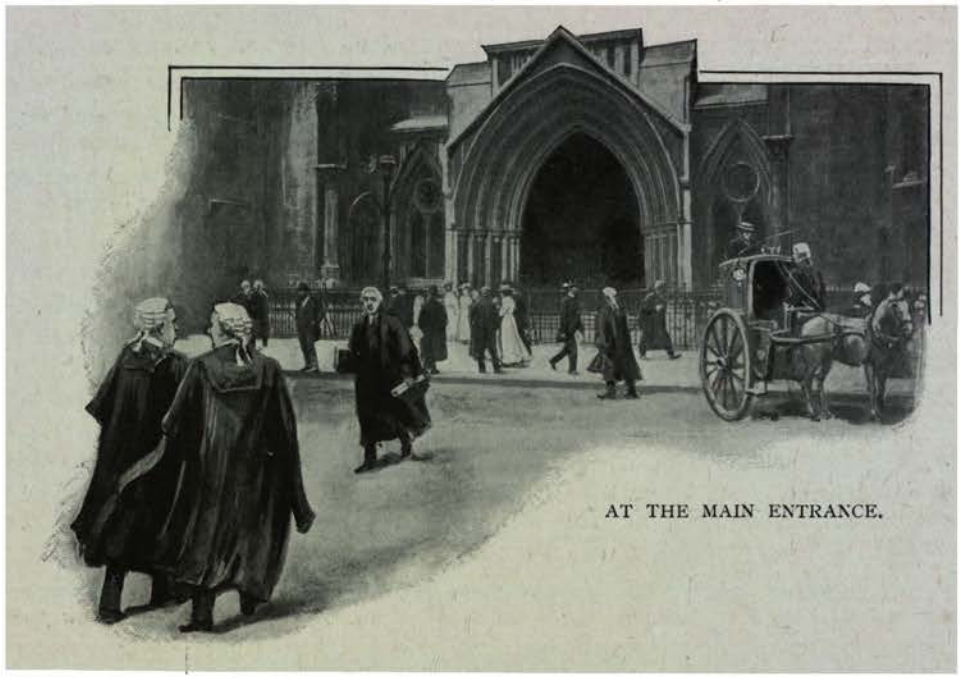
view; whistles rend the air in all directions, policemen begin strutting about vociferously, and the pedestrian and vehicular exodus from St. Stephen's commences. Parliament is in session, and the House of Commons is adjourning after a great debate. Members stream out, still discussing the issue that has been fought until far beyond the senatorial precincts, although many halt at the St. Stephen's Club opposite, while others of a different shade of political opinion continue on to the National Liberal or the Reform. The newspaper reporters and lobbyists leave in groups, to separate only in Fleet Street, where the leading articles have yet to be written on that night's events.

For five minutes, perhaps ten, all is life and confusion. Even a belated newsmonger seeks to add to the occasion by shrilly announcing his unsold wares, "*Evening News, Star*, an' *Echo*," in the hope, perhaps, of seducing a halfpenny from a Cabinet Minister. Then the rumbling of chariots and the voices and laughter are heard no more; the nation's representatives have repaired to home or club. A tall constable shuts the gates with a resonant click, which from your stand on Westminster Bridge sounds no louder than might a pair of handcuffs.

How sombre and majestic the river is at midnight! But it is not sleeping; the lights still twinkle from the shores and bridges, while far beneath on its surface some barge, skiff, or wherry makes its way silently and swiftly down stream to St. Paul's.

Such, then, is Midnight London. In all the world's capitals is dissipation found under the name of pleasure; Britain's Metropolis is no exception. The gaudy and glittering throngs swarm over the pavements; and to the midnight sightseer there is a novelty in the spectacle of brilliant toilettes and ravishing complexions now visible at the tables of the brilliantly-lighted salons, which are crowded to the doors by Pleasure's laughing votaries. To such as these mid-day London has no attractions—is dull, tame, stupid. It is not until the mighty electric flare which distinguishes modern London bursts upon the city that they feel, with Edgar Allan Poe, that "the sun mars the ecstasy of the soul"; their pulse beats quicker by gas-light, if they do not hold that "Life is diviner in the dark." London in the twentieth century, however, is never dark, and the interval seems to be growing shorter and shorter when it is ever quiet.

But even in Piccadilly there comes at length a throb, in which seem mingled both tears and laughter, and then, to the music of "Big Ben's" deep-toned carillon, the heart of mighty London is stilled until dawn.



AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

THE LONDON LAW COURTS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON has been at work for certainly the best part of an hour when the Law Courts shake themselves up from their belated slumbers, and consider the programme of the day. The great mind of the Law is unequal to the strain of an ordinary working day, and thus it happens that five and a half hours, with an allowance of three-quarters of an hour for lunch, is the rule from which there is no deviation. Bowl along the eastern extremity of the Strand at nine a.m. in one of the hundreds of omnibuses which are taking the thousands of business men and women into the City, and the grim, grey Law Courts are as dull and lifeless as if the two and a quarter millions' worth of land and material were there but by way of satirical ornament.

Sometimes there is a little knot of men and women in the precincts who are much less at their ease and much less lazily cheerful in this fresh hour of morning than are the policemen at the entrances. They idle nervously near the iron rails as they await the arrival of Mr. Bigfee, the City solicitor, and now and again stroll up to the glass-protected Cause List on the wall, where the announcement that the case of Roberts *v.* Robinson will be taken at half-past ten is a fateful one for them. These are clients, and are the most insignificant people who ever have anything to do with the Law Courts.

A few minutes before half-past ten the scene suddenly wakes into life. Solicitors with big bags hurry through the gates, counsel amble more leisurely across the road with clean briefs tied up with a little red tape, and away at the back of the Courts, at a little insignificant door in Carey Street, his Majesty's judges one by one arrive. "M'lud" for the most part arrives in his carriage, and steps out from it in a fashion so lively and brisk as to suggest that to-day we shall do a good, hard day's work in the Courts.

It is a trespass, an intrusion into a holy of holies which upon all occasions is denied to the common man; but, this once, when the judge passes through the private door we will pass through with him. We are suddenly transported into the Walhalla of the law. There is a long corridor with doors all the way on the left hand side. Each is the portal of a judge's den, and each has his name outside. First you pass along an

avenue reserved for Lords Justices, the chief dignitaries who preside over the Court of Appeal, and in these cases a room is reserved next to that of each judge for his clerk. Turning sharply to the left at the end of this avenue you come suddenly and nervously upon the most hallowed spot in the whole of legal England. Here, in this rectangle reserved, are a couple of rooms, and the inscription in red and black outside the door of one is simply "The Lord Chief Justice of England," whilst the other belongs to his clerk. Peep inside, and there you may see his lordship at a desk in the centre of a large apartment, all his judge's trappings ready to be donned. Round the walls are hundreds of solid books of law; legal evidences of one kind or another are spread everywhere; but the room is well carpeted and there are plenty of real "comforts." These sometimes are indeed distinctly pleasant. Round the corner again begins another series of judges' rooms.

On the opposite side of the long corridor are doors at intervals leading to the different Courts, straight on to the Benches, so now you see where the judges go, as you have often wondered, when the curtains are pulled back and they disappear from the Courts. Presently we shall see how joyful is his lordship when he is thus able for a brief interval to cast aside his judicial dignity and roam about in these corridors, where only judges and those who have intimate knowledge of them are to be met.

In the meantime a living stream has been flowing down the great and magnificent Hall, which twice a year—at the beginning of term in October, and on Lord Mayor's Day—is used for processional purposes. By the time it has run its course to the staircase at the end, this stream of barristers, solicitors, and "common people," it has been much reduced, for little rivulets have run from it on either side and have found outlets up other sequestered stone stairs, at the foot of which is the legend, "Witnesses to King's Bench Courts V. and VI.," or something similar. Counsel for the most part have paid a preliminary visit to one or other of the robing rooms, of which there are two at the main entrance to the Courts in the Strand, and one at the Carey Street entrance.

In these days the Bar robes itself in peace and comfort and in great good spirits, at a cost of nothing—and this last is a little detail which some impecunious budding lawyers appreciate, for, in the old days, when the headquarters of the Law were at Westminster, there were a few exalted robing officials, who charged all counsel, including the briefless, the sum of two guineas a year for robing them. It was an imposition, of course, and is believed to have been a curious survival of the prehistoric idea that the Law is all fees. The best modern authorities maintain more and more that from this praiseworthy principle counsel are exempt, and this, though almost imperceptibly, is the tendency of the Courts.

It is not the usual exaggeration to describe the upstairs department of this noble Palace of Justice, where all the Courts actually are, as a perfect maze, for the country visitor has been known to have arrived in King's Bench VI., gone out for a moment, and not been able to find his way back, even by paying careful attention to the painted directions on the wall. The plan of the Courts may be, and probably is, as simple as the first principles of Roman law; but somehow the different corridors are so very much alike, so equally suggestive of the gloomy lower passages of a monastery, that each policeman, who is the Cerberus at the entrance

READING THE CAUSE LIST.

of each particular Court, begins a few minutes before half-past ten to reply to the topographical questions of the multitude, and ceases only when the multitude has gone for the day. Good-natured policemen are these, and by their universally robust proportions a popular testimonial to the wholesomeness of the Law.

The Courts are sprinkled up and down the corridors in rows, not necessarily in order. The long series of eight belonging to the King's Bench Division are not side by side, and if Appeal Court No. I., close to the Lord Chief's Court, is easy to discover, No. II. of the same sort is a poser, though you find at the finish, after searching throughout the building, that it is in an obvious position near a front door. Each Court has two sets of glass-panelled doors, beyond each set is a heavy curtain, and the shade of the corridor first, and of this little lobby, as it were, afterwards, is such a trial to the eyes and senses, that one is sometimes momentarily blinded on stepping beyond into the full light of the open Court.

There you see the Court, however, all awe-inspiring—and all the Courts really *are* awe-inspiring, in spite of the cynics who scoff at forms. They are solid and heavy with the richness of oak and the dignity of unpapered, unpainted walls. And yet, when in working order, one might almost call them cosy; certainly very picturesque. The judge is on the Bench, opposite the doors; below him are the clerk and ushers; in "pews" on the one side are the jury—if there is a jury; and facing them are the Press, three or four representatives at least to every Court that is at all "popular," and a dozen on a big day. Then, in the body of the Court, rising one above the other, are tiers and tiers of robed and wigged counsel. In the front are the grizzled veterans, heroes of a hundred *causes célèbres*, and at the back are the boy barristers waiting patiently for the briefs that will come some day surely, and in the meantime picking up the crumbs of knowledge that fall from the Bench and the briefs of the King's Counsel. The latter have the front row of seats reserved for them. The front row is the Inner Bar, as it is called, and though it is the same as all others, save for a special piece of red carpet laid down for the feet of the K.C. to tread upon, no counsel, however great, unless he has "taken silk," may seat himself there with the mighty. Beyond this, and the fact that a King's Counsel sometimes has the assurance to talk to his lordship whilst sitting down, there is little to distinguish the K.C. in the public eye—though there are other differences of course—from the rank and file of counsel. A kind of *camaraderie* seems to exist between the Bench and the Inner Bar, so that if his lordship is at all inclined to humour he will soon crack one of his best jokes with Mr. Sage, K.C., in the front, who comes nearest of all to the judicial throne. Then the young legal bloods on the back benches may laugh; but they may not joke on their own account, for between them and his lordship on the Bench there is a great and usually impassable gulf fixed.

Solicitors, and clients with worn and anxious faces, crowd round the little tables between the clerk and counsel, and, perched in the gallery above, with chins resting on the rails, are the general public. The extent to which the G.P. is there depends upon the Court. In some of the dry-as-dust Chancery Courts, where judges and counsel are constantly engaged in tying themselves in legal knots, the gallery section is wholly absent. The public has been taught to avoid Chancery. King's Bench V. and VI. are popular and usually ripe for a little good entertainment, for here the libel actions, the suits for slander, and the "human" cases of the second degree, usually find their way. The human cases of the first degree are of course those to be heard in the Divorce Court, which is the most popular of all, and which is besieged on one of its best days more than any playhouse on the occasion of a first night. Then, indeed, it is a great scene of pent-up excitement and interest. The gallery is crowded, and, in the body of the Court, ladies—ladies of fashion sometimes—in bright, vari-coloured dresses, lean forward, with an ear right about, to catch each gem of evidence as it falls from the witness's lips. One Court is very much like another, but in various respects the Divorce Court seems to lean more to the side of humanity than the rest. It looks cosier, and there is Sir Francis Jeune in solemn and yet kindly presidency over it, wearing above all things a beard, a big beard, such as no judge

A TRIAL IN THE DIVORCE COURT: CROSS-EXAMINING A WITNESS.

is ever supposed to do. The Divorce Court has to some extent its own counsel too, and the leaders in the Division are for the most part the counsel who "draw" the public, if such an expression may in any way be permitted.

To the Courts which have been named, that of the Lord Chief Justice must, of course, be added as one of the most popular, and that for no other reason than the personal one; for, truth to tell, Lord Alverstone's cases are seldom exciting and very often dull. But his Court is the largest of all, so large indeed that it boasts what in Parliament would be called a gangway running down the middle of the seats for counsel, and at the back is such a library of legal literature, all clothed in the customary calf, as is not to be found in King's Bench or Chancery. Mere sightseers peep in here just for a moment to catch a glimpse of "the Chief," on whose kindly face there is usually an anxious look. The features relax into a smile sometimes, but the Lord Chief Justice never jokes as do some brother judges, and never plays with a caustic wit as do nearly all at times, notably Mr. Justice Darling, who makes more "points" in this way in one week than are made in other Courts in a whole term.

Spend one day in the Courts and you derive a new and literal meaning of the old term, "the machine of the Law," which you had never suspected. Everything seems to work automatically and without interference. At half-past ten the day's work is begun, and is in full swing in a moment; and if some general manager regulated all the twenty odd Courts with one electric button the stop for lunch at half-past one could not be more uniform or more sudden. Nobody quite knows how it is done: often enough a word is not spoken; but when counsel is in the middle of an argument—sometimes even in the middle of a sentence—there is a sudden hush, his lordship rises, counsel scrape their papers together, and everybody rushes out into the corridors. A forty-five minutes' armistice is declared, and now is the time for studying humanity.

First look beyond that door through which

IN THE PUBLIC LUNCHEON ROOM.

his lordship passed into the private avenue mentioned at the outset, and see him off the bench. A very different person is his lordship now, and, often enough, he bears a strong resemblance to the schoolboy enjoying his midday freedom. Along comes another judge, and another, and the three link themselves arm in arm and tramp their way, making the corridors resound with their footsteps, to one of their lordships' private rooms, where there is a little judicial luncheon party, and "points" are discussed. Each judge usually lunches alone in his rooms; but this high variety of the human being is a very gregarious one, and often, after Mr. Justice Chancery has sought his meal in solitude and sported his oak, the door handle is turned again, and his lordship wanders down the corridor till he finds the hospitable brother he wants. Such is the mutual help afforded at these informal gatherings that frequently when a knotty point has been argued before him the whole morning his lordship settles it in a few minutes on his return to Court.

CORRIDOR CONSULTATIONS.

If the clients, now tormenting themselves in the public corridors, only knew how their fate was sometimes sealed over a chop and a glass of claret in this way when the Courts are empty! In the meantime, seated in the recesses of the windows with their solicitors, or in the public luncheon room, they are arguing the morning's arguments over again, and a thousand times they speculate upon possible and probable verdicts. There are comedies and tragedies of life here. On the faces and in the speech of frail women and strong men alike is told the tendency of the cases. Here a little woman with glistening eyes is the centre of a sympathetic group, and a little distance away is a party of men laughing and joking and betting a five-pound note that the damages they get will be a hundred pounds if a cent. People of every class, people of every appearance, and people of every mood, mingle in the Law Courts luncheon crowd, and wonder, and doubt, and speculate, and yearn for an ending of the suspense. And at this time counsel are lunching in their own counsels' room, some perhaps in the coffee room, where there is a table reserved for K.C.'s, chatting away on a score of subjects which have nothing to do with law or lawyers.

The afternoon is more wearying than the morning was. The edge seems taken off all round, and when the Court automatically resumes at a quarter-past two there is a general anticipation of four o'clock, when there is another automatic rising. Everybody seems

tired, and it is really wonderful what a tiring thing the Law is. Even the *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court has not the interest that it had in the morning. But the close of the last speech of counsel, or the retirement of the jury—when there is a jury—wakes the Court up again into a new life. The clients at the solicitors' tables nervously clasp their hands and unclasp them again, walk out into the corridor for no particular reason, and return, and betray their painful self-consciousness in a hundred ways.

When at length the verdict comes it seems somehow to be the least exciting, the least interesting part of the whole business. It is so often anticipated that it falls flat, and the only stir seems to be in one corner of the Court, where the reporters are, and who, upon the second, despatch result messages to Fleet Street. Counsel scribbles a few words on his brief, and the client, elated or dejected, but glad in either case that it is all over, walks to the telegraph office inside the Courts and sends off a few verdict telegrams. It does a big business in verdict telegrams does this office.

And at four o'clock the legal machinery suddenly stops. His lordship beats a hurried retreat, and everybody else troops out into the corridors. For a time there is again a buzz of talk; but now the prevailing sentiment is that it is no use to cry over the spilt milk, and there is a yearning for the street, for home, for anywhere but the Palace of Justice, even though it may have been kind. The corridors empty, the procession through the great Hall to the door becomes thinner, and soon the Courts are wrapped in a stillness which is broken only by the cleaners' brushes.

The day's law is at an end. Thousands upon thousands of pounds have changed hands. Fortunes have been won and lost. Homes have been broken up by law for ever. Justice has been meted out. His lordship has earned another day's portion of five thousand pounds a year. And the lawyers to-day have earned five thousand pounds or thereabouts from the public. Counsel in high feather goes to dinner and to the play: the client goes home to think.

ARRIVAL OF A JUDGE (CAREY STREET).

HYDE PARK: EARLY MORNING BATHERS.

IN THE LONDON PARKS.

By CICELY McDONELL.

ONCE upon a time, as the story books say, this great city of London was nothing more than a small collection of mud hovels. Now it stretches so far North, South, East, and West, that, were it not for its open spaces, its inhabitants would find it difficult to believe that where magnificent houses, huge shops, busy offices, and crowded streets are to be seen grass used to blow, flowers to grow, and trees to flourish.

Fortunately for everyone, for Londoners and those who visit London, the splendid parks, Royal and Municipal, prevent the best intentions of the universal builder, and are firmly secured—for the enjoyment of rich and poor alike. Hyde Park is, perhaps, the most interesting to the tourist or chance visitor, for here can be seen from day to day the outdoor life of the Prince or the tramp, who has each his own ideas when visiting the park.

The interest begins early in the day, when a valiant and enthusiastic band of bathers disturb the placid waters of the Serpentine with their early plunge. Seasons make little difference to them. It is a well-known fact that during winter the ice has been broken and the cold swim taken with as much enjoyment as that of the little ragged urchin who, on a hot day, paddles on the shallow brim, and exclaims, "Oh, I say, ain't it nice?"

The Serpentine is, to many, the most fascinating feature in Hyde Park. In summer the garden seats on its paths are filled with those who find continual interest in its ever-changing surface. Someone is feeding the water fowl, and immediately a little crowd assembles, continually augmented, by nurses and children rich, by elder sisters and children poor, each bringing a contribution to the meal. Or the owner of model yachts is matching his tiny vessels against rival competitors, and watching his certainties complacently. Pet dogs are taking their daily bath, carefully guarded by maids or men.

Later in the day there's a stir about the boat-house, and the genial proprietor, who has seen little boys grow big and big ones get middle-aged, is hardly able to control the eager crowd of young men and women who, in their eagerness to engage a skiff, forget the worries of the office desk or shop-counter, and take their watery pleasure under the careful eyes of the Royal Humane Society men. All around under the

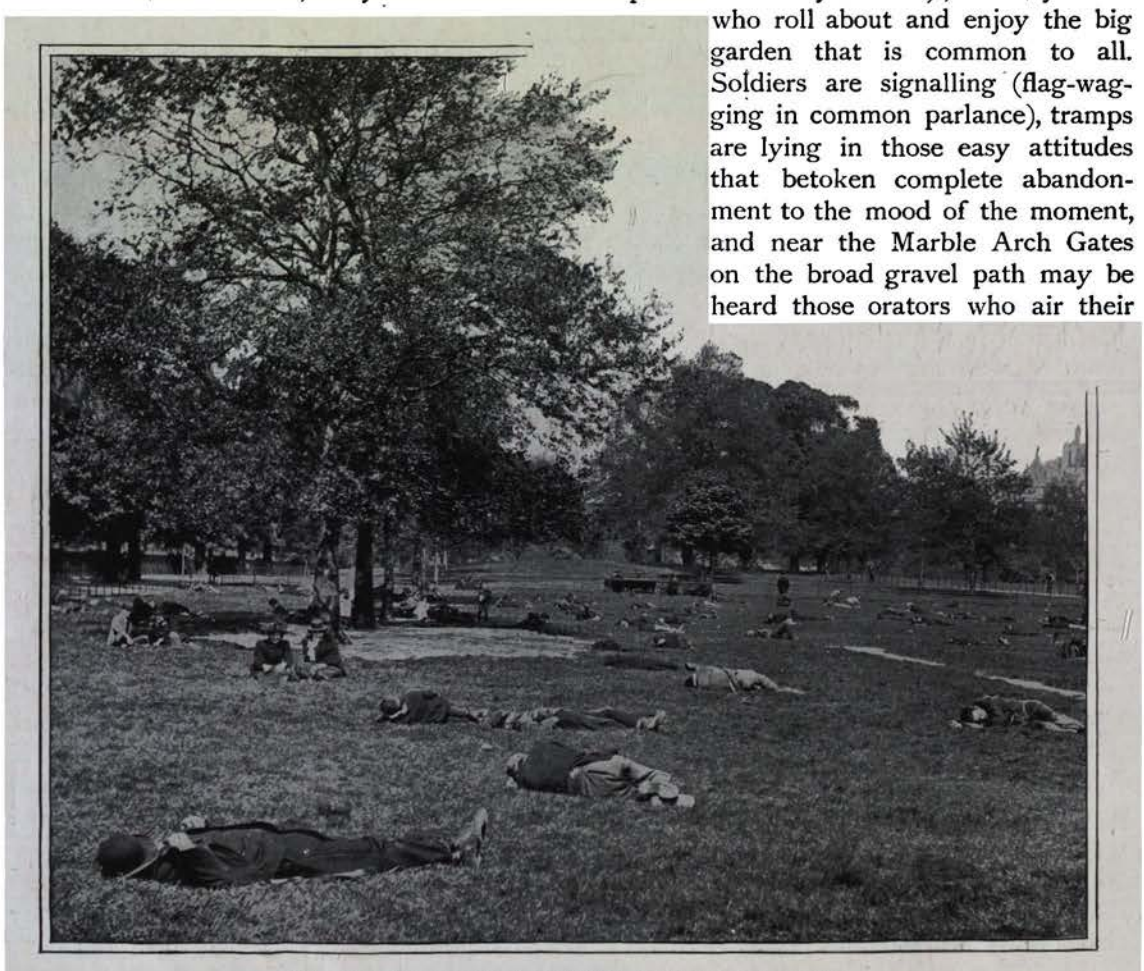
spreading trees are chairs; two and two. Well do the park officials recognise the truth of the old proverb. Early in the day they are all untenanted; but towards evening Tommy Atkins, in his smart red tunic, is no infrequent occupier of these penny trifles —it is needless to say, not alone!

The Ladies' Mile in the morning is chiefly the haunt of smart, white-robed nurses who, proud enough, no doubt, of their lovely little charges, preserve an air of studied hauteur, and slowly push along the wheeled bassinette that has superseded the less sensible perambulator. Elderly ladies drive to and fro in decorous equipages. Sometimes Thomas descends from his box with an immense amount of condescension, and exercises my lady's lap-dog.

In Rotten Row fair women and girls are taking their morning canter; no longer compelled by etiquette to don the severe cloth habit and stiff silk hat, they revel in the cotton shirt and sailor "straw" which, if less conventional, have equal merits. Towards five o'clock a difference is observed. All along the iron railings facing the arch at Hyde Park Corner an eager crowd awaits the coming of Queen Alexandra, who usually drives at this hour. Splendid carriages of all descriptions are drawn up, occupied by distinguished leaders of society, ready to respectfully greet one who, ever since she came to London so many years ago, has reigned in the hearts of all.

Along the promenade, under the shady trees, are beautiful women with their attendant swains; the chairs round the Achilles Statue are filled, and a general air of fashion prevails.

As we walk across the grass towards the Marble Arch different types are seen. There are the school children, girls and boys, who play their simple games (cricket is not permitted in Hyde Park); the tiny mites who roll about and enjoy the big garden that is common to all. Soldiers are signalling (flag-wagging in common parlance), tramps are lying in those easy attitudes that betoken complete abandonment to the mood of the moment, and near the Marble Arch Gates on the broad gravel path may be heard those orators who air their



ST. JAMES'S PARK: A SUMMER AFTERNOON SCENE.

REGENT'S PARK: BOATING ON THE ORNAMENTAL WATER.

favourite grievances to ever-changing and impassive listeners.

Hyde Park is also the scene of many a Volunteer Inspection. The Coaching Club has its meets near the Powder Magazine, and even Sundays are rendered unconventional by the trade "demonstrations" that work out their own salvation. Almost facing the Bayswater Road is a pathetic little spot, the Dogs' Cemetery, where the grave of many a four-footed pet may be found carefully tended and bedecked with sweet flowers. Though dead, they are not forgotten; and anyone visiting the spot is almost sure to see some fair woman sparing a few moments from a busy, fashionable life in order to see that the last resting-place of her faithful little friend is not neglected.

St. James's Park and the Green Park come next in importance, being associated with so many Royal comings and goings. The natural features are much the same as those of Hyde Park, but socially and incidentally there is not the same air of life and movement. On fine days the ornamental water in St. James's Park—shallower than the Serpentine—offers a special attraction to those who love canoeing. The usual urchins are not missing, and seem to find their greatest pleasure in frequenting the bridge that spans the lake, hurling from their coign of vantage chaff and missiles at the unoffending occupants of the pleasure boats that must pass beneath.

Gentle maiden ladies of uncertain age pace slowly along the walks leading their pet dogs. Nurses with their charges bring bags of cake and bread wherewith to feed the swans and water fowl. Clerks, in their dinner hour (from the offices near by), snatch a breath of London air; and all about on the ever-convenient seats are workgirls from the dressmaking ateliers reading cheap love-stories and bolting a hasty and indigestible meal. Now and then a bugle call is heard from Wellington Barracks. Sometimes the King's Guard rides proudly through the Mall on its way to Marlborough House or St. James's Palace; or the colour company is returning with its band from the changing of the Guard.

On the patches allotted to their enjoyment boys are playing cricket. Little girls loll about on the grass; and tramps, those ubiquitous wayfarers choosing a less conventional posture, lie on their backs gazing at the blue sky that belongs equally to us all, and pass the day thinking, apparently, of nothing. That they are mostly loafers is apparent to the most casual observer; and yet their prone, almost formless attitudes, suggest the aftermath of an encounter in war. Indeed this space has been not inaptly described as the "out-of-works' battlefield." Of course, there are occasions when the normal conditions of peace and quietness are perforce altered, when ceremonies at Buckingham Palace cause crowds to line the Mall, and when the

REGENT'S PARK: THE LITTLE MOTHER.

brilliant summer sun brings out a typical Sunday gathering of those who prefer to avoid the larger parks.

Tastes differ, however, and for such reasons the masses prefer Regent's Park, where, although the keepers are very much in evidence, a greater freedom seems to prevail, and where the grassy slopes and playing fields appear to be designed to form the special rendezvous of the children of the poorer classes.

Regent's Park has many unique attractions. To some the name conveys chiefly the locality of the famous Zoological Gardens; to others the charms of the Botanical fêtes, a special feature of the London season. Bicycle riders at one time thronged the inner circle, but now the motor-car is ousting the simpler method, and wheel-riders are finding their distraction elsewhere.

To sit in the broad walk on a summer day is an amusing education. On all sides are children and nurses, or children in charge of other children. Methods of management are, of course, much alike. The nurse seats herself comfortably in the shade of a tree, secures the perambulator wheel with her foot, tells the little ones to play by her side, and immediately settles down to the enjoyment of a weekly paper. Suddenly she remembers her duties, tucks the paper under her arm, shakes the poor baby in the "pram," looks round for the other mites, jerks them violently by the arm, and, having made all cry, returns to her reading. Her humbler type, in charge of a wooden-box on wheels and the members of her family (they are all under eight), has a noisier method, and delivers her injunctions in a high-pitched voice but not unkindly,

HYDE PARK: A MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB.

generally ending up with, "See if I don't tell yer mother!" To these children of the poor working-class Regent's Park is a positive boon. Large spaces are quite available where all-day picnics go on, bread-and-butter and a bottle of milk being the wholesome if insufficient menu. The boys can play cricket or rounders on their patches and pitches, without interfering with the cricketers who practise and play matches; or they betake themselves to the ornamental water, and watch the boating there.

The beautifully-kept flower beds are a special feature of the park; and an interesting sight is the distribution, at the end of the summer season, of the hardy bedding-out plants to poor people, adults and children, with the view of encouraging window gardening in London's poorer districts.

Though this park, like the others, is more or less deserted in the winter, yet, should severe frost set in and the ice on the lake bear, devotees of skating hasten to the spot, for the shallowness of the ornamental water gives confidence to those who are enjoying the unwonted pastime, and many a merry rendezvous is made for "to-morrow"; a to-morrow that may be a day of thaw and disappointment. In Regent's Park it is possible to get tea in the open, and outside the refreshment house are many little tables always surrounded by those to whom any outing is insupportable unless accompanied by eating and drinking.

Of the Municipal Parks the most important is Battersea; and the special advantage of a London County Council Park is that the casual visitor has no excuse whatever for doing what he ought not. At each entrance are notice boards which he who runs naturally does not read, so relies on the smaller boards in all directions which insufficiently deal with his conscience.

"Tell me what you saw at Battersea Park?" asked a schoolmistress of her boy and girl class one day. "Please, teacher, lots of railings!" was the unexpected reply: "Lots of railings" exactly represents a very special feature thereof. Suburban and lower middle class visitors form the chief types that

BATTERSEA PARK: A POACHER CAUGHT.

HYDE PARK: AN AL FRESCO LECTURE.

VICTORIA PARK: THE SAND-PIT.

daily visit this really beautiful park. There are special pitches for cricket matches; and tennis courts that young men may engage (at a trivial cost for the season), and where their maidens can play with them, their bearing under success or failure useful as an illustration of that which may attend the joys and exigencies of a dual existence lasting rather longer than the ordinary "sett."

"Battersea's a grand park," says a uniformed patroller. "It's so safe! In 'Yde Park you might be robbed and murdered by any of them nasty tramps. 'Ere, it's quite different." Meritorious as the difference may be, there is, at all events, the advantage of western possibilities which, apparently, find their appreciation in the greater number of those who frequent the greater park.

Battersea Park has its lake, too, and the lake its little fishes. Occasionally a youngster, whose passion for angling is greater than his discretion, is caught in the act and promptly marched off to receive the punishment incurred. It is a quaint procession—keeper, boy, fish (the tiny and valueless spoil dangling from the young angler's hand), escorted by sympathising girls and boys who emphatically declare that "It's a shame—yes, it is!"

At the beginning of the bicycle craze Battersea Park had quite a vogue. Smart instructors were ready to initiate the fashionable pupil into the secrets of success; and bicycle breakfasts, bicycle society, and bicycle eventualities were made famous in the romance of an autumn melodrama at Drury Lane.

Farther afield—and to realise how vast London is, it must also be realised that an omnibus ride from Charing Cross will set you down at Victoria Park just between "No. 1" and "No. 2" (as the divisions are registered)—the student of park life finds to his relief that here there is almost only one type, and that not of the most romantic. The dispositions of the park resemble other L.C.C. properties. Mothers with their families take the air, sit about, and enjoy a blessed rest, and men are just as inclined here as elsewhere to lie on their backs and look at the sun. A speciality of Victoria Park is the "sand-pit"—practically a sand-heap where happy children dig with spades, or with their hands as substitutes, take off shoes and stockings, and imagine that they are far away at the seaside. Close by is the children's gymnasium, with swings and giant-strides, to which only those under a certain age are admitted—a very wise restriction. Here the puny, weak-framed girls and boys can stretch their immature muscles and strengthen their nerves. Every precaution, too, is provided against dangerous risk; and accidents are few and far between. It is almost unnecessary to say that the lake devoted to would-be bathers is a popular resort in hot weather.

Victoria Park is indeed a boon to the dwellers near by, and equally valuable to its own frequenters is Finsbury Park, easily reached by omnibus either from Victoria or Moorgate Street. Its situation is perhaps the more favourable, being higher ground. Specially attractive is it to the children in Dr. Barnardo's Cottage Homes near by, and often may groups of girls, in their neat dress, be seen wandering happily about, or playing games on the grass-plots. After school hours the park is the resort of boys of every age and of little mothers with their baby charges. Many seats are provided, a band plays in the summer, and tired parents find a restful change from work and worries.

The lake, here as elsewhere, seems to be the centre of attraction. Boats in plenty are for hire; and a wise purveyor has set up a notice reading thus: "Trip round lake, children and adults, 1d. each." Needless to say, his ferry boat is always full, and to sit and watch its arrival and departure is a continual source of amusement.

In these days of haste and hurry, rest and change are necessary to everyone. Within easy reach of all are spots so beautiful and rural that there is no need to seek fresh woods and pastures new; while, if there be any truth in the axiom that the proper study of mankind is man, there is no better opportunity than that afforded in London's parks, where high, low, rich and poor, great and small continuously pass and re-pass before our eyes.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

LONDON'S FIRE BRIGADE.

By WALTER P. WRIGHT.

WHEN the red-hot rush of the fire engine whirls down the narrow streets of the crowded city, when a rattle of hoofs, and a truculent gong, and a "yi yi" from excited cabmen, awaken discordance, when the sun sparkles on keen axe and burnished helmet—then London lives!

It is only for a moment, maybe—a flash, a fierce, kaleidoscopic dash across the cockney clerk's retina, but in that moment he has crowded a thousand sensations into the time which is normally occupied by one; his pulse has been quickened, his breast has been thrilled, his emotions have been torn up and flung into a magic melting-pot—in a word, he has *lived*.

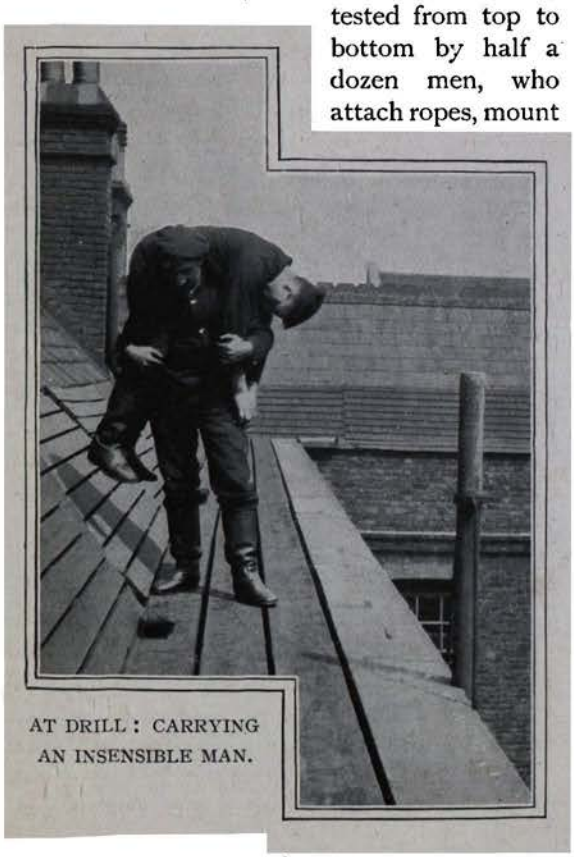
No one can fight against the fascination of the fire brigade, no one in his senses will try. It is good to feel the grip of it, to be torn out of the deadly monotone of everyday existence, to have a feeling of exultation which you don't know how to express, to have an impulse to cheer (and better still to obey it), to know that you have a circulation, and feel it throbbing through you—all these things spring into vigorous, palpitating life when the engine goes by.

The fire brigade got hold of me years ago: it has never let me go; it never will. The gate of human life for me—seething, bubbling life, none of your hearse-like crawls, with cold blood and stagnant nerves—is old Southwark Bridge. It smiles seductively, does that dirty, dusty, wind-swept approach, and puts on tender, inviting airs, for all the world as though it led to hawthorn lanes, and lilac thickets, and gardens, and green fields. Perhaps it would show you a bit of Nature in the shape of a cactus, that never blooms, in a lobster tin over an area, if you followed it far enough, but if you did we should part company, for here, in Southwark Bridge Road, are the tall, glass-panelled doors, and the red tenders, and the sturdy firemen, doing nothing as it seems, but watching and listening always.

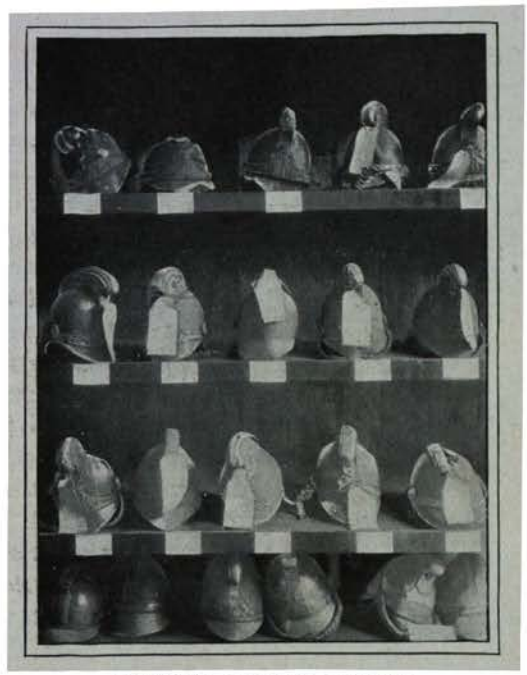
The Londoner is the most emotional

creature that this earth knows, although no one is aware of it, least of all himself. That is why he is so wrapped up in his fire brigade. It is not the noise and racket as the engine ploughs through the streets which gets hold of him, it is the intense humanity that throbs through all its work. He can hear a mother's shriek, a babe's cry, through all the hideous din. There is sweet life crying for salvation, and the call rings true to his heart. The same voices are in his ears as he walks through the courtyard at headquarters, and be the fireman at work or at play, the grim note of earnestness sounds over everything.

It is a quiet morning, and in the quadrangle recruits are being drilled. They are sturdy fellows, well-knit as a rule, and lissome, as befits men who have followed the sea. Most of them have the stamp of the Royal Navy, but some have come from the mercantile marine. In the instruction room they have been shown sections of valves and boilers, and taught the theory of them; now a group are swarming over a real, live engine, and learning all about her. Not far away a new escape is being tested from top to bottom by half a dozen men, who attach ropes, mount the wheels, and spring off in a body, so as to put a sudden and heavy strain on each part. Keen and severe is the testing system. Every helmet in the great store rooms is scrutinised, every axe is tried on bar iron, every ladder, every wheel, every spring, runs the gauntlet. There is human life at stake, do you see!



AT DRILL: CARRYING AN INSENSIBLE MAN.



HELMETS OF DEAD HEROES.

The men have a spell of rest now, and go to the gymnasium or the recreation room. They have everything for comfort and amusement which thoughtfulness can provide. And while they beguile their leisure, the visitor will bring himself back to the stern realities of fire brigade life by inspecting two grim and silent records of danger and death—the Roll of Honour in the offices, and the museum in the instruction room, where rest the torn and battered helmets of firemen who died at duty's call. There are names of heroes on the Roll—Barrett, who hung over a burning cellar, where oil from burst barrels boiled on the surface of the water, fell in, and was dragged out to die. Jacobs, who, with a comrade beside him, reached a small window in a tall Wandsworth factory when the floors had fallen in, hung on to the frame and thrust his comrade through, himself to fall back, his chest too large for the small opening. Ford, who dragged six hapless wretches out

FIRE AND LIFE-SAVING DRILL.

of the very jaws of death, saved them all, was trapped on the escape in the hour of victory, and perished at the portals of safety.

Back again in the quadrangle. It is three o'clock, and drill time. Drill it is, too; no baby play, mind you. Some features of the drill at headquarters are too much like the real thing to suit weak nerves.

The man swinging on a rope between two buildings is being lowered from a supposed burning room, this method of rescue being adopted when the escape cannot be used—a breath-catching sight for the spectator.

There is a tinge of grey on the cheek of a tall, auburn-headed recruit. He has acquitted himself well on the escape, and ten to one he would rush in like a seasoned hero if there was life to save, but he has to let himself be slung on to another man's shoulder like a sack, and carried along a narrow ridge at a dizzy height from the ground. Not altogether nice, is it?

Here is the jumping sheet rigged up. It looks pretty large to us who are standing beside it, but very likely it seems no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief to the recruit perched up on a ledge high above it. He is a plucky chap, but there is a foolish chill trying to creep round the corners of his heart now that he has to jump. I know, because a provincial officer once lured me on to a ledge like that, and tried to persuade me that sheet jumping was the most joyous thing in life. He didn't.

The scene changes now; there is a slight stir between the two men seated at the telephone table, and one rises.

Mr. Secondfloorback, who lives Walworth way, is out of luck to-day, but we are in it. His wife has left a wet cloth hanging over a fire-guard, and gone to escort a neighbour with bad eyes down to the hospital not far from the Elephant and Castle. Secondfloorback minor, truant from school, has come in for a crust in her absence. It is great sport chasing the cat round the room with that cloth, but the rag is put back still nearer to the fire when the gentle boy goes out in search of fresh amusement, and the cat goes down the stairs nine at a time as Mrs. Thirdfloorfront raises a screech.

It is the most wonderful transformation scene in London which now takes place at headquarters. The horses have been yoked up, and the engines wheeled to their places. The auburn-headed man has not been killed by a fall from the parapet, and is sitting down to draughts with the recruit who grinned so foolishly when he looked down at the sheet, and after all made such a

splendid leap of it. There is peace, there is repose, in the fire station. But a bell goes, and a whistle is blown, and a sharp word rings through the quadrangle. There is a rush of flying feet. A man darts to a horse's head, and touches a spring close to its bit. That one little act releases the cords which secure it to the stall, drops the collar on its neck, and snatches the rug from its back. The horse is out, along with another.

The fire is roaring under the boiler already, and men have thrust their legs into long boots and their heads into helmets. They have axes in their belts and stand ready, saluting the chief and the second officer.

Everything goes on at express speed, but there is not an excited man in the whole lot. The great doors fly open automatically, and the engine is ready. A breathless minute has passed—one brief, hard-drawn minute.

A message has come down from the watch tower, and you have heard it, and while that swift minute was flying you have run your eye over the great map on the wall, where you get a bird's eye view of London marked out in districts under letters. Of course your little move is plain enough: you are going to follow the firemen, and see the thing through. But what's this? A lift on the engine? Well, well! We do have our lucky days sometimes, and we really don't know as yet about Mrs. Thirdfloorfront having a sick mother in bed. A kindly fortune has provided this fire; let us bless it!

Hum! a seat a little further from the chimney would have suited better. Grit and dust are flying out at the rate of several pounds a minute, and our nostrils are only two inches away from it. But it is a grand rush, for all that, and the next time we come the motor engine, already on trial, may be running, and all the smells will be left for the people in the street.

We are there inside eight minutes, and the water is on. The place is burning fast, but apparently there is no one in it now: all the people have followed the cat. They tell us how they got out—volubly, hysterically. It is a sweet story to them—one to be oft re-told. They are at it still when the men with the escape appear, and the sight of the tall ladder reminds Secondfloorback minor's aunt about Mrs. Thirdfloorfront and her sick mother. It is the old tale—everybody out, and somebody in all the time!

Two men are up that escape like a flash, and one of them disappears in the room. He shows himself again with a bundle of

CALLED OUT: LEAVING HEADQUARTERS.

something, and passes it out to his waiting comrade. The yell of the day follows—no! it is eclipsed, for here is Mrs. Third-floorfront herself. She has stuck to her post with splendid pluck and devotion, but now that the bundle is safe in the street she goes nearly frantic with terror, though herself no longer in peril. It is woman's way, as we hear when we smoke a pipe with the salvage man at the door of the burnt-out place next day; and as the officer in charge of the floating station tells us when we make our call there. Both of them have seen that sort of thing before.

The floating station is a strange contrast to headquarters. No stables, no stores, no escapes, no breakneck drill. We are at Charing Cross, perhaps, or Cherry Gardens, and we see a float sustaining an engine powerful enough to pump 1,500 gallons of water a minute. The float is no ocean greyhound, but it has a fierce and truculent tug of its own, and when the tug gets on the war path with a big wharf blazing in front of it, woe to anything that gets in the way.

There are awkward moments on the fire floats. The Crane's Wharf fire some years ago brought one, for the float was under a huge building when the wall collapsed, and tons of fiery brickwork came hurtling down. A man safe on a bridge half a mile away had a brilliant inspiration: he yelled "run." It did not matter to him that there was only the river to run into: it did to the firemen. They leaped as one man into the tideway. The water, reflecting the lurid glare of the great blaze, looked like a mass of molten fire, and red fragments hissed down amongst the men as they swam for dear life. But they were all saved.

A SALVAGE MAN IN CHARGE.

SAVED!

There was a bewildering moment for a chemist, whose waterside store in a cellar had got on fire. He arrived when all was over. "No men down, I hope," he cried. "One's been," was the reply, "but he's up again." Amazement and consternation commingled on the face of that chemist. "But

there's enough chloroform to kill off the whole brigade!" "Can't help it—he's alive; come to think of it, though, he did say he noticed a bit of a smell!"

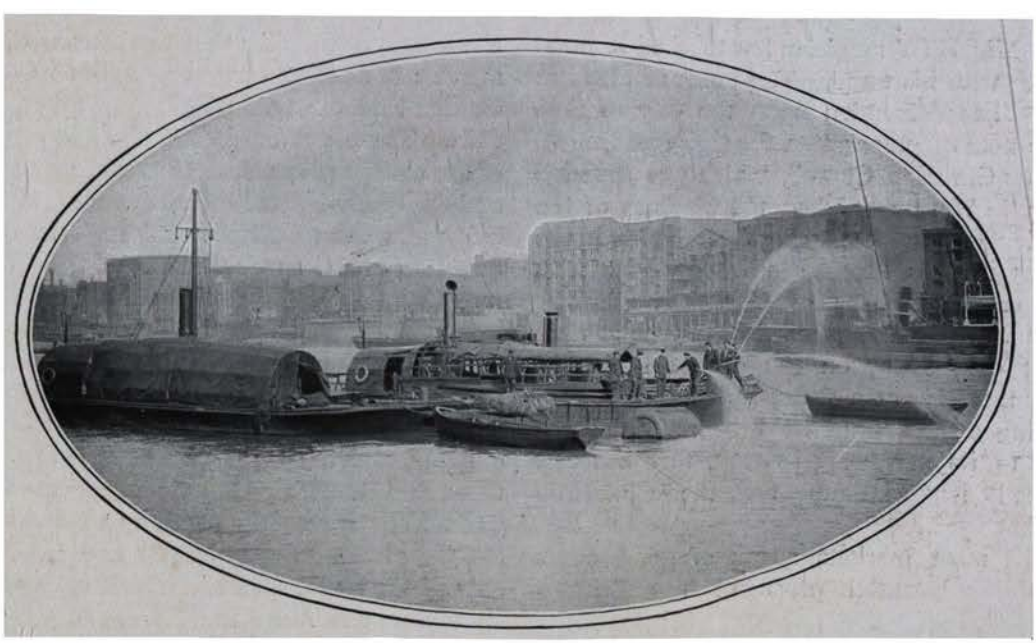
The fireman had saved himself from death by lying flat on his face, but no such artifice availed one of his comrades in a certain dilemma. He was fresh from a wharf fire which had broken out in a cellar stacked with barrels of oil. Now, entrance could only be effected by means of a small trap-door, and as it was certain that the cellar would be flooded with liquid death through the bursting of the barrels the moment the fire caught them, the task of penetrating through the trap-door was fraught with hideous danger. The fireman went through unhesitatingly, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames in time, nor did this daring feat seem to strike him as noteworthy.

What did, however, bring a cloud to his brow was the mention by a grinning mate of a particular shop fire. The hero of the cellar blaze had to mount to the first floor to save an old lady, and directly he entered the room she flung her arms hysterically round his neck, and refused either to go with him or to let him go. She weighed sixteen stones, and he tugged and hauled to no purpose. They were both on the brink of destruction when he at length succeeded in getting her away.

His mates declare to this day that the device by which he succeeded was to promise her marriage!

They like their bit of fun, do the firemen. Go and see them when they are drilling for a show day at the Agricultural Hall; go to the annual fête. They know how to devise side-splitting "business." They know how to enjoy themselves; they have not been in the Navy for nothing. Oh, yes! this means a lot. If there is anything funnier than their burlesque rescue scene I want to hear about it very badly. Here is the maiden fair who has to be saved from a terrible death. She is a weird figure—old canvas, I suppose, stuffed with straw. Her eyes are goggles, her hair is tow. This beauteous object is taken up to the supposed burning room. The supers who play the crowd in the quadrangle of the fire station cheer frantically when a fireman appears at the window above, carrying it tenderly in his arms. When he brings it down distracted relatives rush forward and embrace it fondly. Then it is tossed neck and crop into a corner, and another act is entered upon.

The London Fire Brigade watches over us day and night. It never tires, it never sleeps. Led by Commander Wells, a gallant and distinguished officer, it battles unceasingly with death and destruction. Picturesque, and yet practical, it is one of the great, live, human forces of London.



A FLOATING FIRE ENGINE.

IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

CHRISTMAS LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

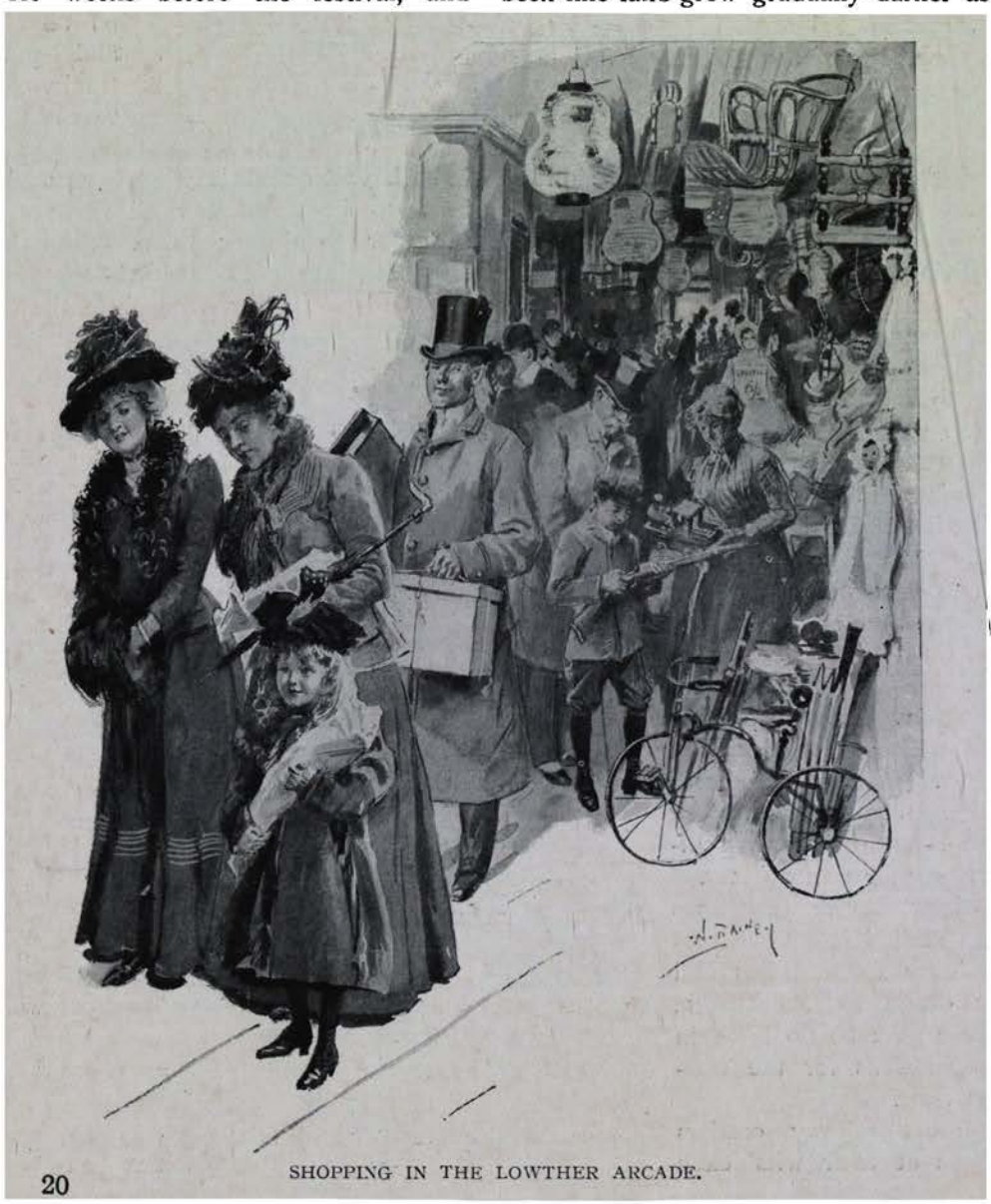
A MIGHTY magician has touched London with his wand. The spirit of altruism has descended upon the City of Self. The note of preparation for the great festival of the Christian Church, which was sounded early in November when the windows of the stationers, the booksellers' shops, and the railway stalls became suddenly gay with the coloured plates of Christmas numbers innumerable, has increased in volume as time went on. Now, on the eve of the great day, there is not a street in the capital containing a shop, from its broadest thoroughfare to its narrowest by-way, that has not decked its windows for the Christmas market.

The meat markets speak of good cheer in the substantial prose of the Briton's national beef; the poultry markets strike a more romantic note with the turkeys and the geese that lift the Christmas dinner above the Sunday level, but it is at Covent Garden that the true poetic atmosphere prevails. There not only does the yellow glow of the orange give colour to the foggy arcades and the dimly-lighted central avenue, but the holly and the mistletoe piled high in every direction speak to our hearts of the Christmas that Charles Dickens entwined with the love and sympathy of family reunion. The scarlet berry and the white gleam out from the masses of green, the fir-trees spread inviting branches that suggest a hundred delights, and the most jaded citizen, passing through Covent Garden on the eve of the great festival, sees the shadows of life lifted in the glow of the yule log, and amid the roar of the traffic and the hoarse cries of the street hawkers hears the merry laughter of little children happy in their English homes.

In the busy streets the market is at its height. The grocers are so gay with good things that grown-up men and women stop in front of them as fascinated as were Hansel and Gretel by the witch's cottage made to eat. The sweetmeat shops are so cunningly set out that even the aged dyspeptic feels his loose change burning a hole in his pocket. The stationers' shops are packed from morning till night with men, women, and children who are purchasing pictorial Christmas greetings that will tax the capacity of his Majesty's post office almost to the point of the last straw.

"Post early," the Postmaster cries beseechingly for weeks before the festival, and the great public obeys. From the twentieth of December it begins to crowd into the post offices with hands full of envelopes and arms full of parcels, and the post office assistants, male and female, seem to become machines. They sacrifice themselves nobly to a grand cause. The flower girl has cried aloud in her weariness that she "hates the smell of the roses," but the loyal army that serves under the banner of the Postmaster-General has not yet given us one weakling to cry aloud that he (or she) hates Christmas.

Presently the bustle and the tumult, the crowding and confusion, are over, the streets that all through Christmas Eve have been like fairs grow gradually darker as the



20 SHOPPING IN THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

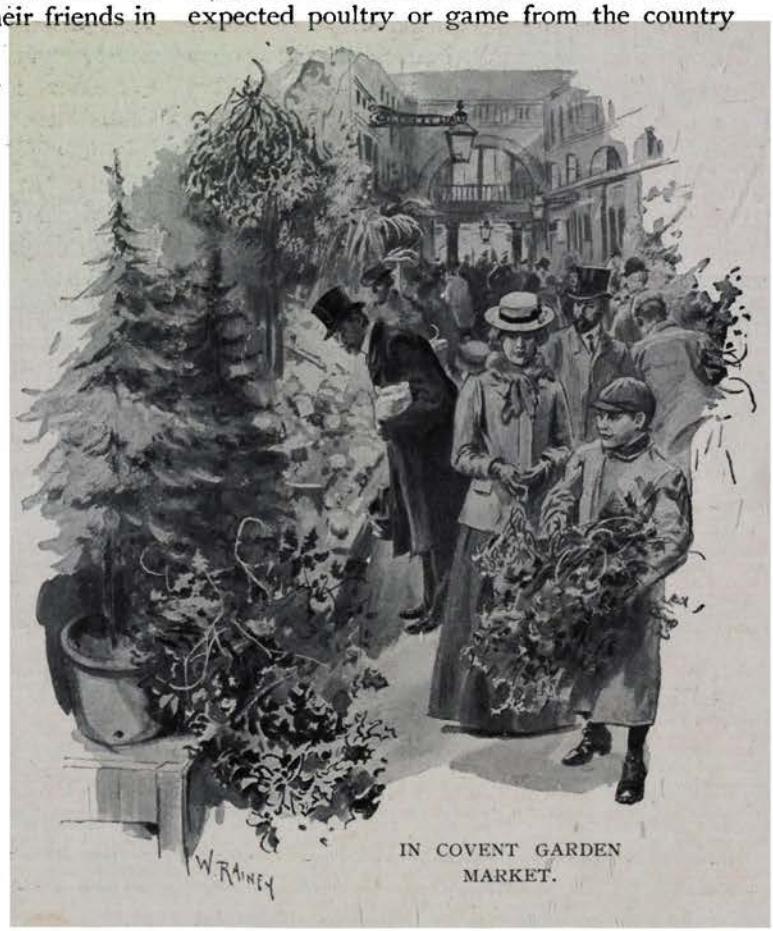
CHRISTMAS EVE: A SUBURBAN SCENE.

flickering lights go down and the shutters go up.

Thousands of men and women who earn their living in London have crowded the railway termini, and gone to their friends in the far-away towns. Londoners themselves have always the home feeling strongly upon them on Christmas Eve. It is a night to spend with the wife and bairns in happy, eager anticipation of the morrow. So the theatres are mostly closed, the music-halls are half empty, and even the street market grows deserted towards ten o'clock. Midnight finds the great thoroughfares given up to the policemen and a few stragglers. The great home festival has commenced. All London is under its own roof-tree waiting for Santa Claus.

But long before Christmas Eve has melted into Christmas Day mighty London has had mighty deeds to accomplish, that there may be no hitch in the preparations for the Gargantuan feast.

The great railway carriers have been at their wits' ends to deliver the parcels, the packages, the hampers, the cases of gifts and good things that have been entrusted to them. On hundreds of hampers the word "Perishable" stares the officials in the face. But trains are late owing to the increase of the goods and passenger traffic. And the "perishable" hampers arrive in such vast quantities that horses and men have to be kept at work night and day in order to deliver them. Sometimes it happens—it cannot be helped—that the long-expected poultry or game from the country



IN COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

that was to have been the Christmas fare is delivered to the disappointed householder just as the family are sitting down to something else purchased in despair at the last moment.

The theatres are mostly closed on Christmas Eve, but do not imagine that they are deserted. In some of them the preparations for the gorgeous Christmas pantomime which is to delight the children, young and old, on Boxing Day are in full swing. It is the dress rehearsal.

We pass the public-houses which are still open, but which are not thronged as usual. Here and there we come upon men carefully carrying the goose that they have secured in the goose club, and others who are carrying home the hamper of spirits and wine that Boniface has presented them with in return for their weekly subscription. But there is little noise, and there is a marked absence of the old riotous excess. London at Christmas time to-day is a great improvement on the Christmas London of the past.

CHRISTMAS IN AN OMNIBUS.

Time creeps on, and the quiet hours have come. Now and again the old tunes float out on the silence of the night. "The Mistletoe Bough" is rendered more melancholy than even the composer intended it to be by a cornet with a cold. The waits have had their day, but still in some parts of London they wake the sleeper from his pleasant dreams, and call for a Christmas-box in the morning. And the carollers still remain with us to sing the old world words that bear us back to the days of the yule log, the masquers, the mummers, the squire, the stage coach, and the snow-clad earth of the Christmas of our forefathers.

* * *

It is Christmas morning. London does not rise so early as usual to-day, and it is well on towards ten o'clock before there is any considerable movement. Then people, who are going to spend the day with friends in the suburbs or at some little distance, begin to make their way to the railway stations. Here are youths and maidens hastening by themselves, here an aged man and woman making their way slowly, here are family parties, papa, mamma, and olive branches innumerable. Almost without exception each bears a brown-paper parcel. It is the Christmas gift, the little present that is usually taken to the hosts by the visitors—to uncle John, to aunt Mary, to the cousins, to grandmamma and grandpapa.

All the morning long the little stream of parcel bearers going out to spend the day with relatives and friends continues, but towards eleven it is joined by another crowd, a crowd that carries a church service instead of a paper parcel, a crowd that is spending Christmas in its own homes. The church bells are ringing merrily. When they cease there is a noticeable thinning of the stream of pedestrians. The trains on the local lines

AFTER THE PUDDING.

have ceased running until after Divine service, and now there are only the travellers who are taking 'bus and tram and cab to their destinations. The private carriages, the hired broughams, will not start with the little family parties outward bound until later in the day.

Up till half-past one there are always people in the streets taking the Christmas walk which is to prepare the appetite for dinner, a lengthy meal that taxes the digestive powers of most of us, and the parks and open spaces are fairly filled if the weather is fine. But after half-past one quiet reigns once more. London is indoors again. The richer folk are at lunch—the poorer folk are at dinner.

This is the hour to walk abroad observently and take an unobtrusive peep at the windows as you pass. Everywhere you see that it is Christmas Day. At many a window you can see the little ones happy with the gifts that Santa Claus has brought them. Little boys are already testing the strength of their playthings. Little girls are enjoying the first sweets of motherhood in their tender attentions to the new doll. The studious children and the romantic children are absorbed in the pages of the new story books.

Over the children's heads at the windows you have a glimpse of the table spread and waiting for the feast that is being dished up in the regions below. The fire light flickers and dances on the walls, and catches the bunch of holly over the mantelpiece and the evergreens twined in the gasalier. And up through the area railings there comes a fragrant odour that makes you look at your watch and remember your own luncheon hour.

From one to half-past there is a little stream of visitors to the workhouses and certain charitable institutions, where Christmas is being celebrated by a dinner to the inmates. Fashionable philanthropy which has contributed to the good cheer passes a pleasant half-hour on Christmas Day in assisting the poor, the lonely, and the afflicted to share in the common joy. Even in the great palaces of pain, where suffering is ever present and death rarely absent, the doctors, the nurses, and the students do their best to bring a little of the world's happiness to the bedside of the patient. For the children there are toys and Christmas trees, for the grown-up folk such fare and amusement as they can appreciate.

There are people, of course, who have nothing on Christmas Day, but they are

few. Some by nature of their work have to make shift and take their Christmas dinner where they can. The 'bus driver may have to take his in the 'bus, but in his way he manages to make up a little family party. His wife brings the meat and the pudding in two basins, and she and his little daughter sit with him in the 'bus, and make it homelike. The conductor who is unmarried is invited to take a seat at the "table." Appreciating the kindly thought he goes into the public-house, fetches the beer, and pays for it.

The crossing-sweeper goes off duty after the folk have returned from church, and does not come on again till evening. He generally has a "home," and his table, if it does not actually "groan," is well covered with good things. For the charitable ladies of the neighbourhood have always a corner in their hearts for the crossing-sweeper, and many are the gifts he gets in the shape of creature comforts for his Christmas entertainment.

About four o'clock the Christmas dinners of the well-to-do begin. Except among the aristocracy it is a usual thing to make the dinner hour afternoon instead of evening. From four to seven you may picture family parties in almost every house you pass in the best neighbourhoods. The lamps of the street are just lighted, and darkness is setting in.

The blinds of the houses are drawn, but behind them you know that a united family are gathered round the board, and that merriment is the dominant note. From seven o'clock the sounds of festival strike your ears. You can hear the bang of the Christmas cracker, the merry laughter of the children, at times the sounds of an unmistakable romp. All over London the same spirit is present. Young and old have given themselves up to the joy of living.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

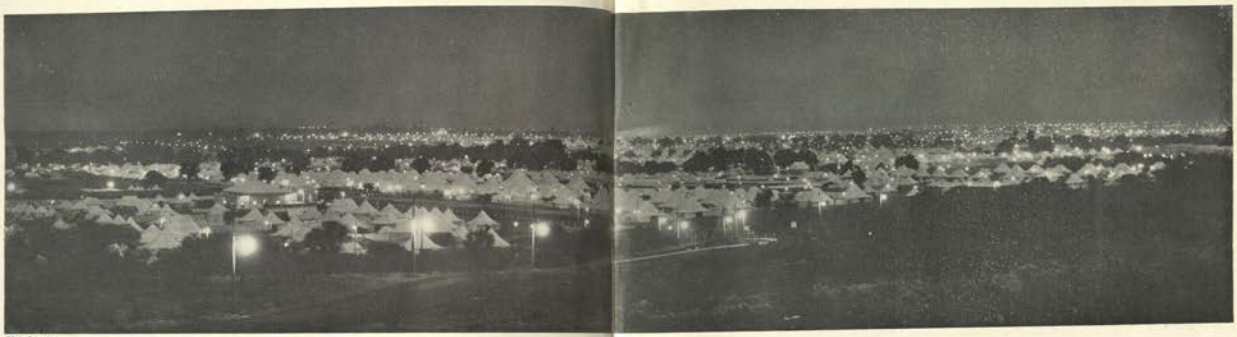


Photo Lawrie.

THE CAMP BY NIGHT, DELHI.

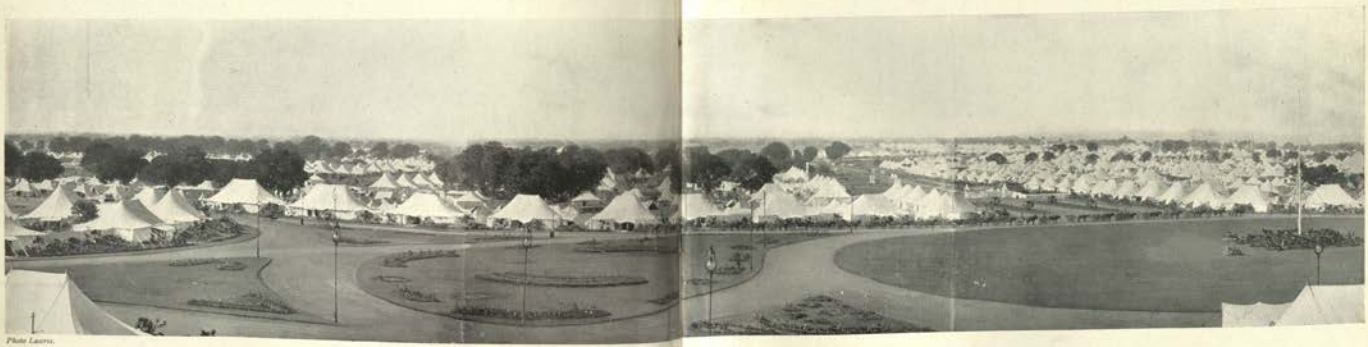


Photo Lawrie.

THE KING-EMPEROR'S CAMP, DELHI.

Later on music asserts itself. The streets and the squares are so quiet, there is so little traffic, that the slightest sound in the houses is heard by the passers by. The music that you hear is rarely of the convivial order until the parting hour comes. Up to this time sentiment seems to be more in favour both with vocalist and instrumentalist. Even the concertina, which makes its appearance in the streets with home-returning youth, is not music-hally on Christmas night. There is a restraint and a sobriety about Christmas Day which always keep it a Church festival. There is a deeply rooted idea that although it is not a real Sunday it is a Sunday with quiet games allowed.

Soon after ten o'clock the home-returning travellers begin to appear in the streets. Once more the wayfarers are almost without exception parcel-laden.

They are bearing back the gifts that have been presented to them in return for their own. Through the front door you occasionally catch a glimpse of the good-bye. There is considerable embracing among the ladies. The men shake hands with a hearty grip that has the sentiment of the season in it. The old four-wheel cabman sits nodding on his box. But even he revives under the influence of the proffered glass of grog, and wheezes out "the compliments of the season" between two coughs.

Soon after eleven o'clock the cats have the roadway to themselves. They dart from area to area undisturbed. Even the dogs seem to be keeping Christmas indoors.

Midnight strikes. You hear it in the silence of Christmas night as you hear it at no other time. The great day has come to an end. If you are abroad you will be startled by your own solitude. You will understand how truly is Christmas the festival of the home. A man or a woman alone kindles a feeling of sympathy in your breast; you begin to think a tragedy of friendlessness around them.

You pass the cab-stand. It is empty. You pass the public-house. It is shut. The 'busses have ceased running. You quicken your steps, and hasten to your own home, which you have only quitted because you want to see what London looks like on Christmas night. As you pass the policeman you involuntarily say, "Merry Christmas to you." The policeman answers, "Same to you, sir." Perhaps you put your hand in your pocket. It is past midnight, and Boxing Day has dawned.

THE WAITS.

GIVING THE ROYAL ASSENT.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

By ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

IT is as "the Gilded Chamber" that the House of Lords is frequently referred to; and there is a golden lustre about its internal architecture that justifies the literal application of the term. But the use of the phrase is often symbolic, suggesting a legislative Lotus-land, where it is always afternoon, and where its debaters never hear the midnight chime. This picture is set against that of the stern and unbending Commons, upon whom flash no gilded rays, and who laboriously legislate from afternoon to night as well as through night to early morn; and sympathy is sought to be evoked for the slaves to duty who toil at one end of the Palace of Westminster, as compared with the sybarites who loll on scarlet benches, housed in barbaric gold and jewels, at the other. Those who furnish this counterfeit presentment of two brothers omit to note that the day's work of the House of Lords not only begins earlier than that of the Commons, but in an essential particular is of a different kind. The one, in short, commences its daily round by being judicial and ends by being legislative: the other commences by being legislative, and can only hope to end in being judicious.

Nothing more unlike the popular notion of the pomp and circumstance of a sitting of the Peers can be imagined than the morning proceedings of the House of Lords, when acting as the highest judicial tribunal of the realm. The theory that the whole House participates in the hearing is maintained by the fact that, while the Lord Chancellor presides in wig and robes, the Law Lords, usually some half-a-dozen in number, sit on the scarlet benches in ordinary morning garb, as if to listen to a debate rather than to a subtle legal argument, addressed to them by King's Counsel after King's Counsel, wearing the full wig never seen in any other Court except upon State occasions. But the whole judicial work of the Chamber is now laid upon the shoulders of these few elderly gentlemen, who, while appearing to lounge at their ease, content with an occasional note, are representative of the soundest legal talent in the country, and whose judgment, once delivered, can be altered only by Act of Parliament.

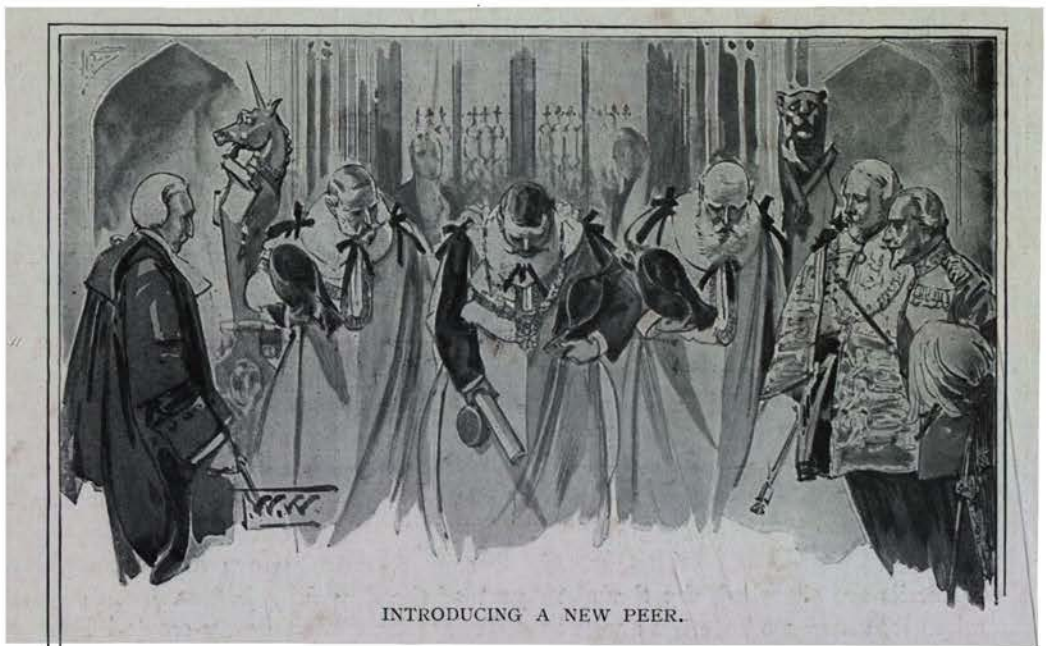
This is the every-day, hard-working appearance of the House of Lords as a judicial tribunal, imposing from its associations and impressive from its power, rather than either imposing or impressive from its immediate accessories. But about twice in a century the House is called upon to constitute itself into a judicial tribunal of another kind—

not one to decide questions of law, but points of fact; and these are the occasions when it has to try one of its own members for an alleged felony. Up to the present century, the custom was to try the accused Peer in the House itself; but a change has now been made to the Royal Gallery, a noble apartment through which the Sovereign has to pass from the Robing Room on his way to the Throne on the occasion of his visits to the Parliament. In such trials all the Peers are entitled to participate, and the tribunal is constituted with especial pomp. The ancient office of Lord High Steward is revived for the occasion, and it is the custom to confer it on the Lord Chancellor. The Peers assemble in their robes, and proceed to the place of trial two by two in strict order of precedence, commencing with the junior barons and ending with the dukes and great officers of State. Should they be called upon to find a verdict, each Peer has to rise in his place and, in giving his judgment, to declare his opinion upon his honour, laying his right hand upon his breast. It is a rare scene—picturesque, impressive, mediæval, and, therefore, absolutely in keeping with the theory of the Constitution and the practice of the House of Lords.

The characteristics thus enumerated are to be noted, however, not only in the uncommon event of a trial by the Peers, but in the regular proceedings of the Assembly. It was with a full sense of their significance that the designer of the Chamber caused to be placed, in the eighteen niches between the windows, statues of the barons who extorted Magna Charta from King John; and it is in that Chamber alone to-day—save for the solitary "Oyez" in courts of justice — that Norman-French is still to be heard. We will imagine the

TRYING A PEER.

ordinary judicial business to be over for the day, the House adjourning "during pleasure." As the time for reassembling approaches, there is a decorous and subdued bustle in the lobby. The bewigged lawyer is leaving as the gaitered bishop comes in; and lords and ladies mingle in the throng. The occasion may be of the more interest because the Royal Assent is to be given to Bills which have passed both Houses. This is almost invariably done by five Royal Commissioners, wearing scarlet robes and cocked hats, and seated on the Woolsack with the Lord Chancellor, who is always one of their number, and who, as Speaker of the House of Lords, directs Black Rod to request the faithful Commons to attend the ceremony.



INTRODUCING A NEW PEER.

In Tudor times the Commons were accustomed to answer the summons "in all humble manner," making "three congées" as they came; but nowadays—while not going as far as Dryden prophesied,

> The surly Commons shall respect deny,
> And justle peerage out with property—

they appear in more leisurely fashion, with their Speaker at their head, led by the Mace. And, as the Clerk of the Crown reads out the titles of the Bills the Houses have passed, the Clerk of the Parliament signifies the Royal pleasure in the phrases consecrated to the purpose by the use of nearly seven centuries, "*Le Roy le veult*" to public measures—"*Soit fait come il le désire*" to private Bills, and "*Le Roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur bénévolence, et ainsi le veult*" to those granting supplies. But not since the reign of Queen Anne has a Royal refusal been heard in Parliament in the words, as they would now be used, "*Le Roy s'avisera.*"

The Commons having returned to their place, and the Commissioners divested themselves of their robes, the ordinary legislative business of the House of Lords begins; and it is then that the stranger within its gates can find full leisure to study the Chamber in all its varied aspects. Its picturesqueness, which combines architectural beauty with a symbolic representation of various among the leading features of our national life, cannot but impress even the most stolid. The Throne as typifying the monarchy, the episcopal benches as representing the Church, and the Woolsack as symbolising the trade of England in a department that was once its staple—these are as strikingly in place in the House of Lords, exemplifying the stable and wondrous continuity of our history, as the statues of the Norman barons which frown down upon them all.

THE KING OPENING PARLIAMENT.

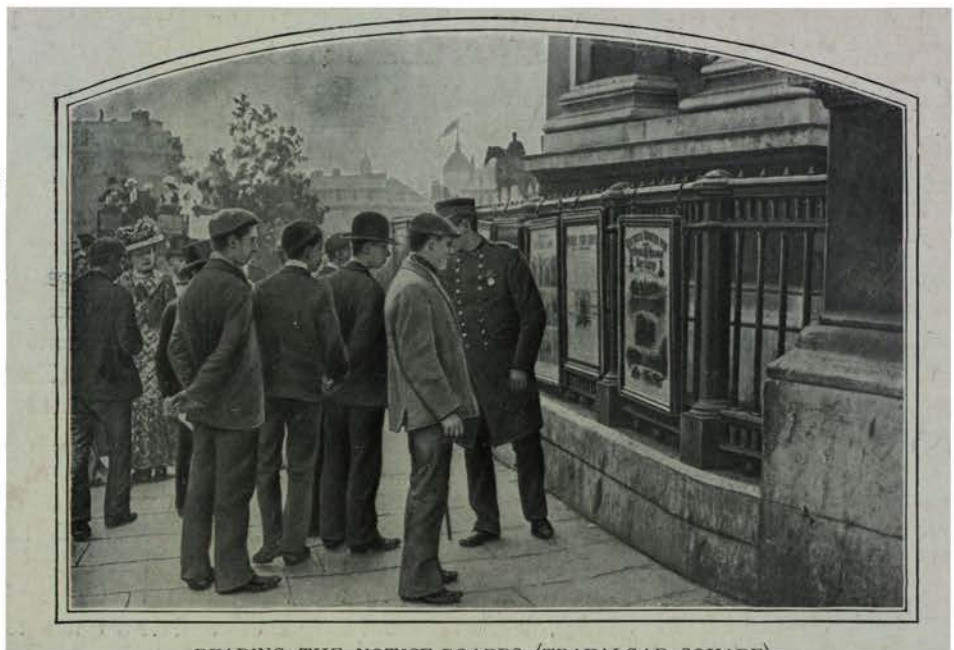
As these details are absorbed, the thought naturally arises that here we have the ancient assembly, and that we must cross to the Commons to find the modern. And yet a little further study will show that, apart from symbols, the Lords are the more liberal and elastic—it might almost be said, free-and-easy—body of the two. While the Commons continue the barbarous practice of locking lady visitors away from their friends in a huge cage set up on high, the Lords, in gallant and generous fashion, allow them to sit in the galleries with those who have brought them, and even to occupy a portion of the floor. Similarly, while the Commons would be horror-stricken at the spectacle of a messenger coming into the House itself during a debate, and delivering a letter needing immediate reply, the Peers have no such exalted idea of the inviolability of the legislative carpet by any save legislators. And thus it is that the Lords permit a shorthand-writer within the bar to take an official note of the proceedings, while the bare suggestion of such would arouse every exclusive instinct in the democratic assembly.

The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the Woolsack; the Treasury Bench fills with leading Ministers; a few Peers scatter themselves over the seats allotted to the Opposition; some extreme independents assert *urbi et orbi* their freedom from party ties by occupying the cross-benches; eldest sons of Peers and a stray Privy Councillor or two lounge upon the steps of the Throne; three or four prelates, in their official habits, add a striking effect to the picture as they appear in their lawn sleeves upon the benches devoted to the episcopacy; and the legislative part of the day fully begins.

It is then that a newly-created Peer presents himself, clad in his robes and with patent of creation in hand, to be introduced by his two sponsors; the Clerk of the House, Garter King of Arms, and Black Rod being in close attendance. Only upon such an occasion is the old theory that each order of the Peerage sits upon separate benches acted up to, for the new Peer is formally led from bench to bench, according to his degree. And the one great and unique occasion in modern times when such a personage was called upon to occupy each in turn, from baron through viscount, and earl, and marquess, right up to duke, was when the hero of Waterloo, who had been given every successive step in the Peerage as he was winning victory after victory abroad, took his seat for the first time with his peers.

On ordinary days, the Lords speedily wind up their business, and a chat in the lobby or a stroll on the terrace fills out the hour. But when this House shines the most is at a time of debate upon some topic of absorbing public interest, for it may be taken as a rule—not observed by the Commons—that only those participate who are authorities on the subject, and who act upon the advice given by "the Iron Duke" to a budding orator, "Don't get up unless you have something to say, and, when you have said it, sit down." This characteristic of the greater debates in the Lords is no matter of to-day or of yesterday: it was observed before the Reform Act of 1832 as plainly as it is now: and it is not lost even amid the somewhat imperfect acoustics of the Chamber. Something in this world has often to be sacrificed to beauty, but the imperfection in this case has been accustomed to be exaggerated. There is not one of the leading speakers in the Peers who cannot be plainly heard when he chooses; not a syllable of Queen Victoria was ever lost when, in her younger days, she read her own Speech from the Throne, and the same is assuredly to be said of King Edward VII. Little complaint on the point would, indeed, be entertained if every one followed the Royal example, and in clear accents addressed the Press Gallery. This may seem a counsel of perfection, but in our own times it has been adopted by such orators among the Peers as the late Duke of Argyll, Lord Beaconsfield, the Marquess of Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery; and it has added not only to the instruction of the nation, but to the interest of visitors to the Lords.

A LOBBY SCENE.



READING THE NOTICE-BOARDS (TRAFALGAR SQUARE).

RECRUITING LONDON.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

THE cradle of a large portion of the British Army, that which is, in fact, provided by the Metropolis, lies in the district of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. This is, so to speak, the military birthplace of the London recruit. The embryo soldier is brought into the world of arms by one or other of the blue or crimson-coated nurses who hang about the National Gallery, or patrol the pavements of the various avenues to St. George's Barracks.

These recruiters, the Sergeant Kites of to-day, are very affable and obliging people. Mere loafers you might call them, having no object in life but to bask in the sunshine, gossip together, or "pass the time of day" to all comers. Look more closely, and you will see that they prefer to make friends with young men having, like themselves, no very distinct occupation—listless waifs floating idly to and fro on the surface of the crowded street. Some are out at elbows, obviously short of a job; some are decent and respectable youths, with a set purpose on their faces, yet with no clear notion how to carry it through.

It is amusing to watch the recruiting sergeant at work; to see him carelessly accost the shy lad, improve acquaintance with a quip or a quirk, until it presently becomes fast friendship. In times past there would be a speedy adjournment to the nearest public-house, where after several pints of "four 'alf" a mysterious shilling would change hands, and the State would be poorer by that amount, but richer in the gain of one more man as food for powder. The "Queen's," or, as it would be now styled if it existed, the "King's shilling," has no more a part in the business of enlistment; it has disappeared with the beer drinking and drunkenness that once disgraced our voluntary system. No recruit is nowadays beguiled into the King's service; but the smart recruiter will set forth plausibly the advantages thereof, and point to the notice-boards which advertise them, and so secure

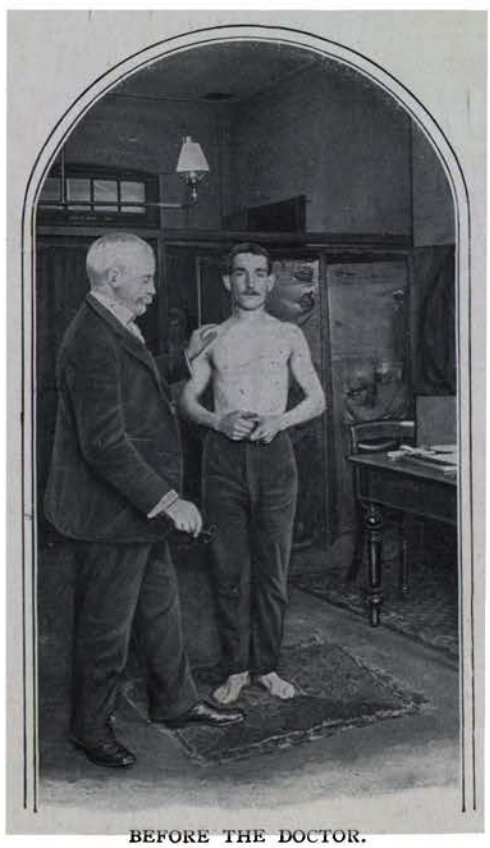
the fish, which in most cases is willing enough to be caught.

The first stage is soon reached. Sergeant and "Rookie" stroll comfortably side by side to the barracks hard by, and find only a few yards inside the gate, next door to the guard house, a small room bare of furniture, but decorated with prints picturesquely illustrative of the soldier's life. In the centre of this, "the weighing-room," is the weighing-machine, for to weigh the candidate is an indispensable preliminary, and the minimum weight is 115 lbs., although the inspecting medical officer has a certain latitude in the case of lads promising rapid development.

The next act is to "serve the Notice," to formally hand the recruit a printed document, and thus constitute him a soldier of the King. The wording of the Notice varies according to the arm of the service the new-comer proposes to join. It may mean the ordinary short term of seven years with the colours and five in the reserve; or a still shorter one—as, for example, that which was devised for one year or during the continuance of the South African War; or the longer term of twelve years, all passed with the colours, as is the rule for cavalry of the line.

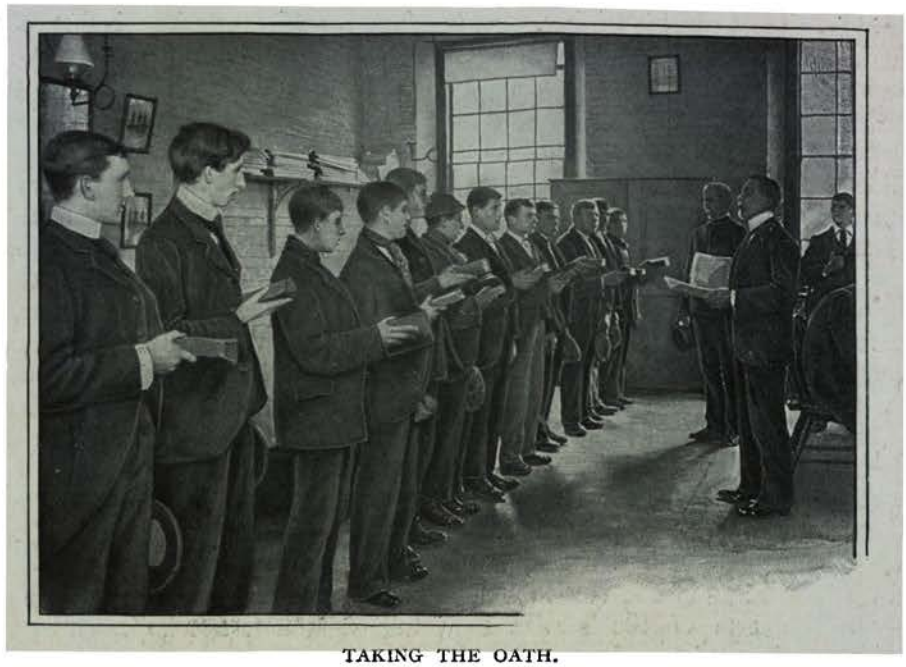
There is much more in the "Notice." It conveys counsel, information, warning. It tells the recruit how, when, and where he is to be attested, or duly sworn in to complete his engagement, and explains generally the nature of the contract into which he has entered, with the penalties for any breach. Attestation will probably take place at once or within a few hours, and in the barracks; for now Staff Officers have been appointed with powers to administer the oath, and the old practice of appearing before a magistrate, generally at the police-court, no longer obtains. But the recruit has to pass through various ordeals before he takes the final step of swearing the oath.

The tests and trials applied are very close and searching, and all candidates do not get through. According to published statistics quite half the total number of those who receive "Notices" do not come up for attestation. They have been cast for disabilities, or have disappeared of their own accord. The first and most serious difficulty is to pass the doctor. After leaving the weighing-room the recruit crosses the "square," and enters the unpretending portals of recruiting Head Quarters. At the back, upon the ground-floor, is the waiting-room, beyond that the baths. To take a bath is not imperative except where its necessity is obvious; yet the luxury of a complete wash attracts most of them; for the baths are clean and inviting, one of them being more luxuriously fitted up for the use of recruits of superior class, who are by no means rare in these days.



BEFORE THE DOCTOR.

An old tradition prevails that our soldiers come from the dregs of the population, and are mostly ne'er-do-wells who, having failed in everything else, enlist as a last resort from starvation and wretchedness. One glance at the material collected in the waiting-room must dispel this idea. There are those, of course, who have lately seen evil days, but most are decent-looking lads with intelligent faces and respectable appearance. Here and there are young men of undoubtedly good station, and a sprinkling, something more perhaps, of well set-up, sturdy fellows whom the practised eye can place at



TAKING THE OATH.

once in the class of old soldiers, of men who learnt the business long ago, and have come, as Kipling sings, "Back to the Army Again." For them there will be a special investigation, and perhaps a dramatic finish to their proffer of service.

A step from the waiting-room just across the passage is a door opening into the curtained enclosure, where each man strips before he enters into the presence of the doctor. A heavy responsibility rests with the military medical men who examine recruits, but they are officers of unrivalled experience; and Colonel Don, the chief among them at St. George's, has been at the work for many years, some hundreds of thousands of candidates having passed through his hands. His chief difficulty is to make hard and fast rules fall in with pretty obvious indications of coming fitness. Often enough, the youth who stands before him does not exactly fulfil the conditions laid down. An arbitrary standard has been fixed by which men of a certain age (although this is constantly misstated) and with a certain height must show a certain chest measurement, or weigh a certain number of pounds. If the exact correlation, so to speak, of these various physical features cannot be shown, then the doctor must refuse the recruit, or make him a "special."

We have heard much in condemnation of these "specials," who amount to some twenty or thirty per cent. of the whole; they are supposed to be of inferior quality, let into the Army by the back-door. This is altogether a mistake. They are not even below the standards. It is only that a tall man's chest, which by the arbitrary rule ought to measure a certain number of inches, does

OATH TO BE TAKEN BY RECRUIT ON ATTESTATION.

I,_____ do make Oath, that I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, and that I will, as in duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, in Person, Crown, and Dignity against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of His Majesty, His Heirs, and Successors, and of the Generals and Officers set over me. So help me God.

CERTIFICATE OF MAGISTRATE OR ATTESTING OFFICER.

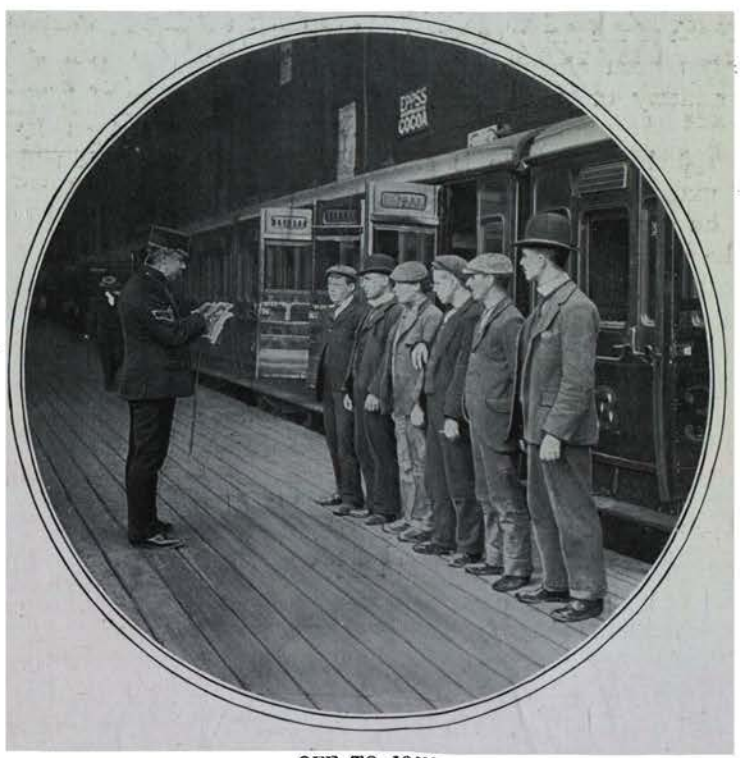
The Recruit above-named was cautioned by me that if he made any false answer to any of the above questions he would be liable to be punished as provided in the Army Act.

The above questions were then read to the recruit in my presence.

I have taken care that he understands each question, and that his answer to each question has been duly entered as replied to, and the said recruit has made and signed the declaration and taken the oath before me at LONDON. on this _____ day of _____ 190 .

Signature of the Justice

not do so, but almost certainly will when brought under the improving processes of the service—the drills, gymnastics, and so forth. Say he has been a clerk, or a printer at the case, or employed in sedentary work; it is easy to understand that change to outdoor, active employment will speedily strengthen his physique. It is the same with weight, which a more generous diet will soon increase, and so the far-seeing wisdom of the doctor saves many a promising man, who would otherwise be lost to the ranks.



OFF TO JOIN.

As regards age, he can have no sure guide, and the most extraordinary discrepancies between that given and the physical development shown are constantly to be met with. In one case a lad was passed into the Army as eighteen upon his own statement, borne out by his appearance; but his mother next day brought a birth certificate showing him as barely fourteen. There may, of course, have been fraud in this; a brother's certificate was perhaps produced, as mothers will often leave no stone unturned to rescue their sons from what they consider a terrible misfortune. To "go for a soldier" is still deemed a misfortune in certain walks of life, and woe-begone mothers constantly haunt St. George's Barracks, trying all sorts of devices to nullify enlistment.

The doctor is generally the first in whom suspicion is aroused when fraudulent re-enlistment is attempted. His eye is quick to note the old soldier; he knows by many little signs, tricks of speech, his way of standing, and, still more, those indelible tattoo marks by which soldiers, like sailors, brand themselves of their own free will and accord. A very exact record is made of these so-called distinctive marks, which are indexed and classified for future reference. A suspected deserter has often enough been identified in the new corps he has joined by his tattoo marks. It has been strongly urged that these means of identification should be carried further by the adoption of Anthropometry, the system, that is to say, of M. Bertillon, which takes and records certain unchangeable measurements never the same in two individuals, and therefore an unfailing proof of identity.

While the medical examination is proceeding the attestation papers are being filled up, partly by the doctor with his own hands, partly by the staff of clerks. The method is exceedingly cumbrous, and is a curious illustration of the red tape routine that obtains wherever the War Office rules. The recruit's name has to be entered some sixty-two times, the signatures of superior officers are given twenty-nine times in each particular case, and a bulky parcel of documents has been got ready by the time each man is ripe to take the oath.

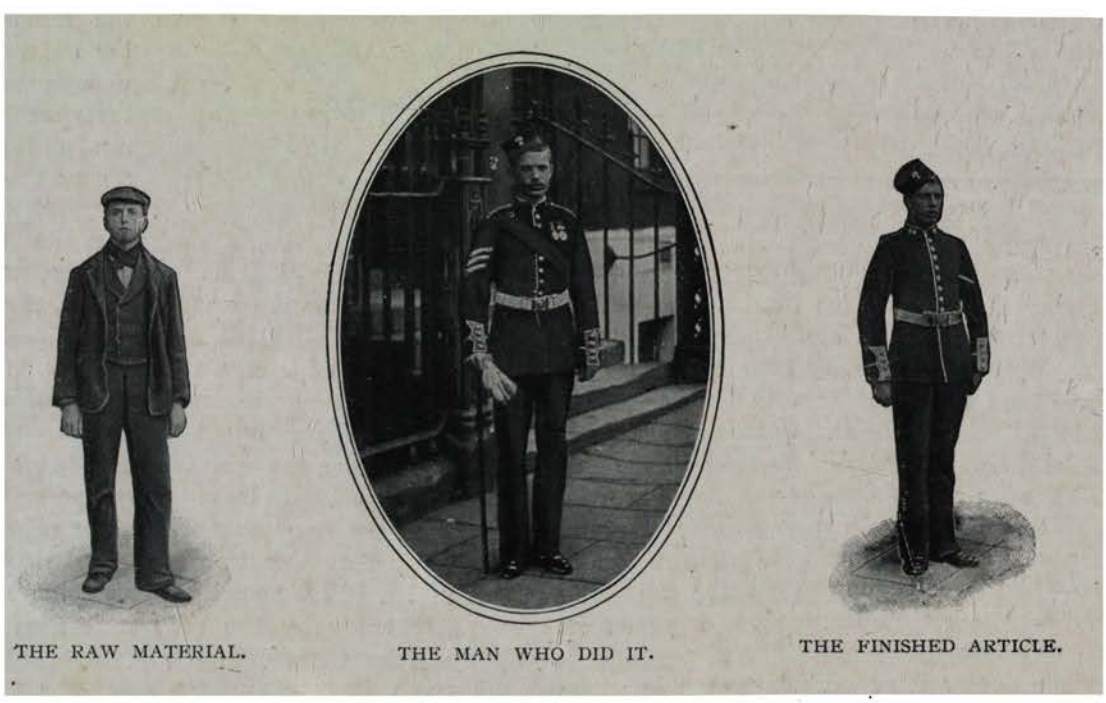
A room is specially set apart for this purpose, and the recruits appear in batches before each Staff Officer, who, with the most patient particularity, puts seventeen

questions before the recruit, warning him most carefully that false answers to at least seven of them will render him liable to suffer punishment. These questions cover inquiries as to his name, birthplace, nationality, age, trade or calling, and place of residence for the past three years. The penal questions, as they may be called, are: whether or not he has been an apprentice; whether he is married; whether he has been sentenced to imprisonment, or already belongs to any branch of the Army or Navy; and whether he has been already rejected as unfit for the military or naval forces of the Crown.

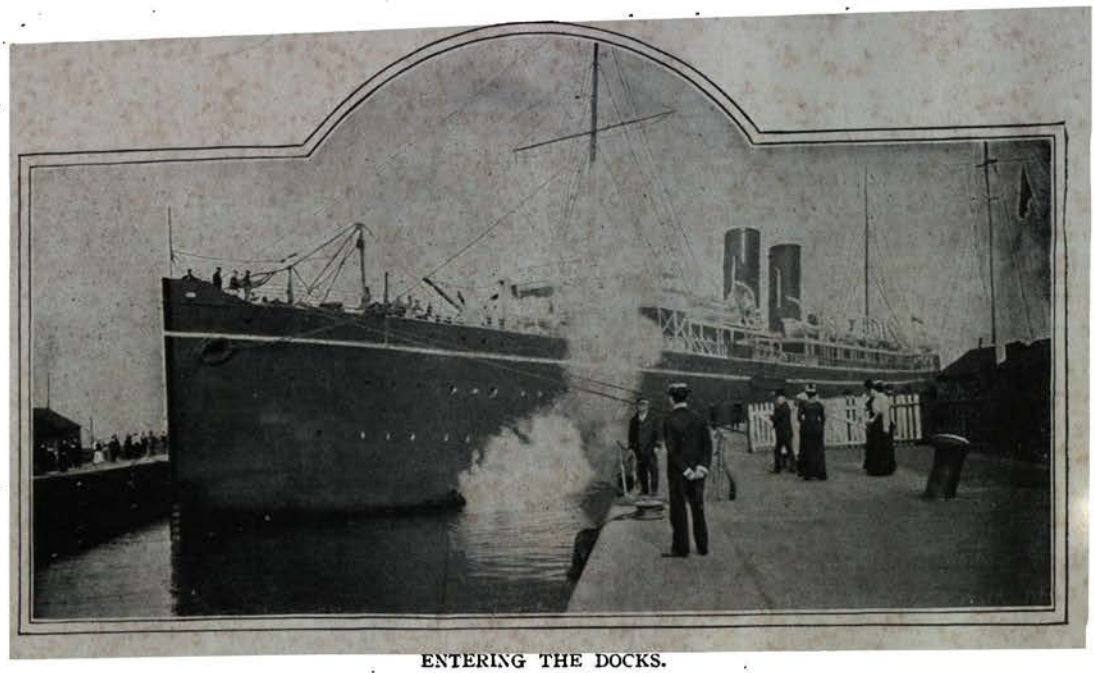
Finally, he is asked whether he is still willing to serve under the particular conditions for which he has offered himself. If the affirmative be given, then the recruit signs, and "solemnly declares that the above answers made to the above questions are true, and that he is willing to fulfil the engagements made." Then follows the oath already referred to; and the end comes when magistrate or attesting officer has certified to the attestation in his own hand, declaring that every care has been taken to impress upon the recruit the nature of the questions put, and has witnessed the personal administration of the oath.

The irrevocable step is taken, but the new soldier is still in his "coloured clothes," as with delightful want of logic anything but the garish uniform of red or blue is always called in the Army. He is still a free agent, too, and need not yield to irksome discipline.

When, at last, the day arrives for taking up his duties, he reports himself independently; he is not marched, that is to say, or conducted to the place of joining. If the depôt be at a distance from London—and the Metropolis, it must be understood, supplies recruits to many out districts, as far away even as Dorchester and Exeter—he is only escorted to the railway station, where a ticket is handed to him, to find his own way to the point where he merges into the great Army of the King. Henceforth he will be drilled and disciplined until he is fully qualified to take his place in the ranks and bear the burden of duty and danger inherent in the soldier's profession.



THE RAW MATERIAL. THE MAN WHO DID IT. THE FINISHED ARTICLE.



ENTERING THE DOCKS.

IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

By R. AUSTIN FREEMAN.

APPROACHING the Docks from the westward in the early morning, our arrival in their vicinity is made evident to us by the appearance at each street corner—occupied by the inevitable public-house—of a small crowd of men in the last stage of seediness, all standing motionless on kerb or cellar-flap, with hands thrust deep into trousers pockets and chins stuck forward and all facing with dull expectancy in one direction—towards the Dock gates.

Into the main approach through the great gates we enter as the clock strikes seven, and are at once subjected to a rapid but comprehensive scrutiny by the Dock Police at the lodge. Work is already going on and has been proceeding for an hour or two, for special gangs have been employed on urgent jobs; but the real business of the day has not yet commenced. The great approach is empty save for an occasional policeman; big waggons stand idle and horseless; motionless cranes thrust their long arms out from silent warehouses and the great battalions of wine casks in the yards have not yet been awakened by the ringing mallet or the prod of the gauger's staff. The silence of the place is almost unbroken except by the occasional hoot of a steamer's whistle outside in the river and by a muffled bellowing that seems to issue from the Dock itself. This sound proceeds, we discover, from the poop of a large ship, where the chief of the transport gang is communicating his sentiments and giving directions, with the aid of a megaphone, to the master of the tug.

"A big wool ship from Australia," comments a policeman who is watching the entry of the leviathan. "There'll be a lot of casuals taken on to-day at the early morning call." He regards us with attention and then adds, significantly, "Up there, you know, at the barrier chain."

Accepting the friendly hint—not quite in the sense intended—we return towards the approach where already signs of life are becoming apparent as little groups of "Royals" and warehousemen begin to trickle in through the gates, and Customs officials in bowler hats and black coats briskly enter their offices,

to emerge a few minutes later in uniforms hardly distinguishable from those of Naval Lieutenants.

The hand of the clock is creeping on to the half hour, and already a dense crowd has collected outside the main gates. Presently the chains will be stretched across the approach to keep back the throng of applicants for work —the "ticket men" (more or less regular employés, known to the Dock officials, although engaged by the hour only, and divided into two grades designated B and C class), and the casuals—strangers of no status at all who are engaged by the hour when there is more work than can be done by the "Royals" (as the permanent hands are called) and the ticket men.

Half-past seven. Attracted by the clinking of metal we hurry up towards the approach where we find a party of Dock Police, under the supervision of a grave, responsible-looking sergeant, dragging a pair of heavy chains across the road and erecting a number of iron posts in their sockets. There is thus formed a double chain barrier enclosing a kind of pen, the inner barrier being interrupted by a couple of narrow openings or wickets at each of which an official with two policemen station themselves. As soon as the chains are up, the crowd begins to drift in through the gates; a thin line of casuals forms at the outer chain while the B men with their red tickets in their hands make their way into the central enclosure whence they pass out through the wickets.

Twenty minutes to eight. The clang of a bell resounds among the tall warehouses and immediately the crowd commences to pour in through the gates and surge up to the outer chain. All the B men are engaged now and the pen is rapidly filling up with the C men or occasional hands, who in their turn pass out through the wickets, hand in their tickets, and, after a supercilious glance at their slips, vanish into warehouse doors or quay-side sheds. All this time the casuals at the outer chain are taking things pretty quietly excepting for an occasional scramble when a late arrival endeavours to unlawfully elbow his way into the front rank. They converse a little and quarrel a little, but for the most part they are engaged in listlessly watching the rapidly-diminishing crowd of C men in the pen.

A strange assembly are these casuals; the dregs and leavings of society, the wastrels and failures from every rank of life. There in that crowd are mingled together criminals not twenty-four hours out of gaol, men whose whole life has been spent in alternations of prison and doss-house, vagrants, tramps, doctors whose names have vanished from the register, disbarred barristers, unfrocked parsons, labourers without labour, artisans chronically out of work, soldiers, policemen, shop-keepers—all classes of men who have slipped from their rung on the social ladder and have never been able to climb back. We look at the long row of faces and try to trace the history of each. Most are of the common slum type, either criminal or loafer or both. But here is a tall, venerable-looking, white-bearded old man, looking out wistfully under his shaggy eyebrows at the ticket men going to their work. He was one of the first arrivals, and we hope that he may not go away empty and disappointed.

Near to him is an elderly sad-faced man, above whose tattered frock coat, pinned up tightly at the throat, shows a vestige of white collar. It is only a paper one and not very new, but it marks him off from the Hooligans and tramps around him, and we feel that he has seen better days.

Here again is a pale nervous face, blue-jowled and many-lined, which we can swear has looked out from behind the footlights, and there one which we feel convinced has at one time appeared above a surplice.

Even as we gaze, a kind of thrill passes through the crowd and a low murmur arises from it, like a field of wheat stirred by a breath of wind.

The last of the C men are passing out through the wickets; the pen is empty and we see approaching a ganger with a large handful of white slips. He is coming to take on the casual hands for the great wool ship. He enters the pen and taking a white slip from his bundle, scans the line of faces before him and instantly a frightful change sweeps over the crowd. All human character seems to disappear in a moment. A forest of arms with outstretched hands rises into the air: the whole crowd surges forward, a moving, struggling mass; the chain seems stretched to snapping point, the posts bend over in their

EAGER FOR WORK.

sockets and the men in the front rank, crushed against the chain, crane forward with staring wolfish faces and make desperate snatches at the ganger as he passes along the line just out of their reach.

And now the ganger proceeds to distribute the tickets, a task of no little difficulty and danger, for he must keep well out of reach if he would not be seized and dragged bodily over the chain. Quickly but cautiously he approaches the men whom he has selected and adroitly slips a ticket into one of the dozens of outstretched hands that grasp and clutch at him. In a moment that hand is knocked aside by the others, but it has closed upon its prize and its owner commences at once to fight his way out of the seething, swaying mob.

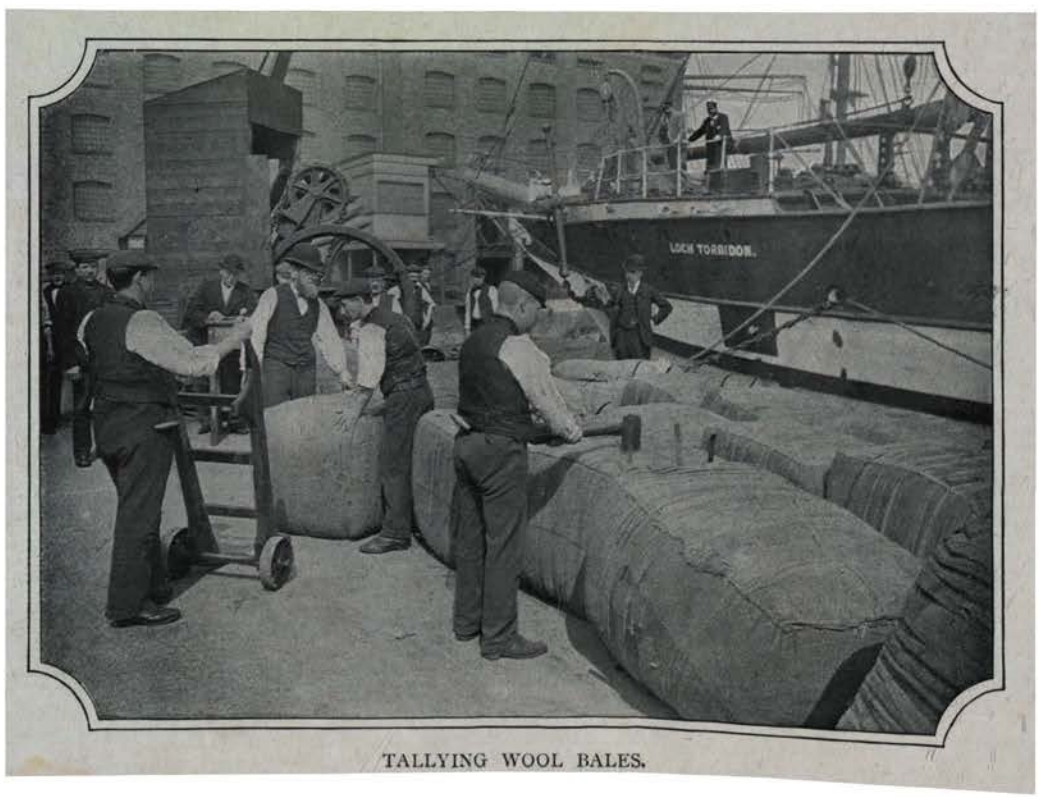
Up and down the line the ganger paces, quickly dealing out the little slips with their magic potentialities of food and lodging and—drink. The bundle of tickets is dwindling fast, and the clamour and struggle grow fiercer. At last there is only a single ticket left. The ganger steps back to survey the crowd, fingering the fateful ticket irresolutely.

The murmur swells into a roar: the chain strains into a bow, and above it the ravenous faces mouth and gibber at the ganger as he passes.

Near the end of the line the white-bearded old man leans over with both arms imploringly outstretched, and the ganger suddenly espying him strides up and, in spite of a dozen of snatching, clawing hands, safely delivers to him the precious reprieve from hunger and destitution. As we see him turn away clasping it tightly in his hand we heave a sigh of relief, not, indeed, unmixed with sadness when we watch the disappointed crowds move despondently with downcast faces and huddled shoulders back towards the gates.

Joining the throng of ticket-holders we make our way back to the quay—now alive with moving figures—where the great wool ship is snugly berthed alongside. The transport gang, having taken in the last inch of slack on the wire hawsers, are stepping ashore, while the ganger with his troop of labourers is taking possession. A good-looking young officer in smart shore-going clothes surveys the new-comers critically, and watches the movements of the crane that leans out over the deck.

The hatches are off, the crane has poised its bunch of formidable claws over the open-



TALLYING WOOL BALES.

ing, and the gang is all ready for business. On the quay, at a little portable desk, a man sits to tally the bales for the Dock Company, another tallies for the ship-owners, while a third stands by with stencil-plate and a brush charged with black ink ready to mark with the ship's name each bale as it passes the desk. Down plunges the chain, and the hooks are at once stuck, by the hands in the hold, into a pair of bales.

"Heave up!" A strong pull is necessary to get them out, for the wool is crammed into these ships with the aid of powerful screw-jacks, but the crane makes nothing of it, hoisting them up as if they were corks.

SEARCHING A SUSPECT.

As they plump down on the quay, the men of the shore gang disengage the hooks, and then stand clear—for these same hooks are dangerous neighbours, and have sent many a mangled body into the London and Poplar Hospitals. A procession of men with trollies is approaching, and as one comes up four men up-end a bale and slip it on to the carriage. The tally men each make an entry, the stenciller marks the bale and off it clatters over the stones to the grim lofty warehouse. Thither we may follow it, and see it finally deposited in its resting place amidst thousands of its fellows in the upper storey of the warehouse.

From the shady recesses of the wool floor we descend once more to the quay, where a steamer from Spain is disgorging her freight—pigs of lead, casks of sherry, and ridiculous little marbly potatoes. We watch the men stowing the lead pigs in a craft, and marvel at the skill with which these heavy weights are handled, and at the way in which the man on board moves the ponderous craft by means of a couple of thin warps, so that the descending bundle of pigs shall drop accurately to an inch across the bundle that has just been laid on the vessel's floor.

As we turn away, our attention is attracted by a bill stuck on the wall of a shed. It is headed "Keynsham Property," and sets forth that "Edward Allen (son of the late John and Mary Ann Allen), now or late working at the London Docks, is requested to forthwith communicate with the undersigned" (a firm of solicitors of Bloomsbury Square), "where he will hear of something to his advantage." How deep is the note of tragedy struck by this dry official announcement. We picture the missing heir-at-law sweating at his labours on quay side or in the gloomy vaults, standing perhaps ragged, hungry, and homeless at the barrier chain in the grey, chilly morning, shivering through the long winter's nights under arches or herding with the criminal and the destitute in crowded doss-houses.

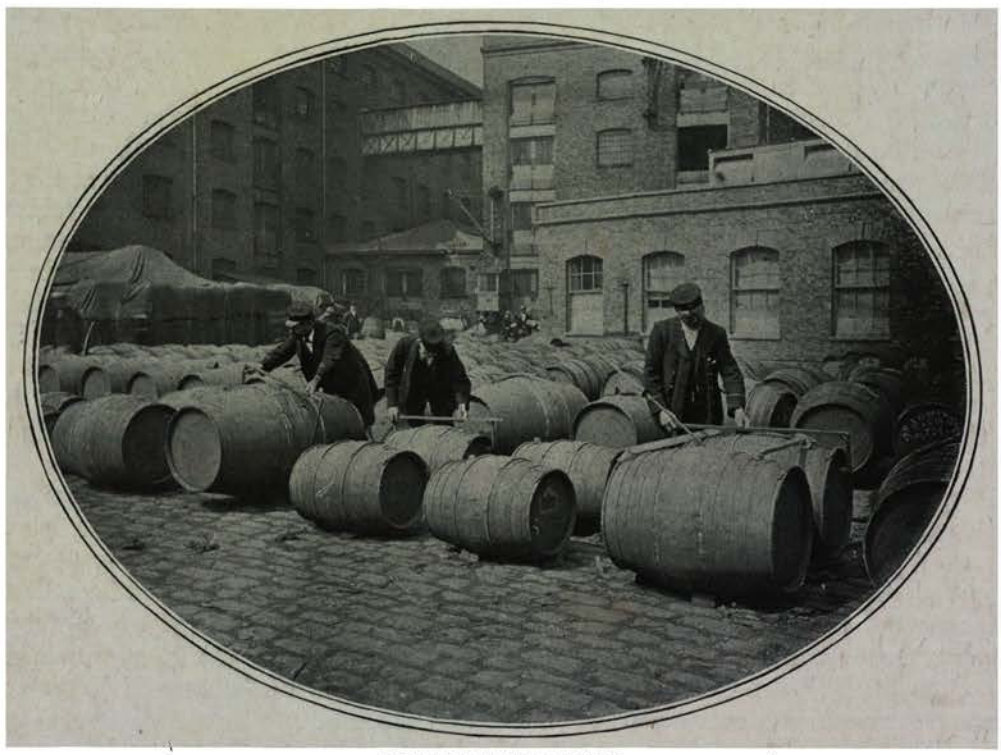
But we must not stop to sentimentalise: from a neighbouring shed, opposite which is berthed a fine clipper barque, comes a sweet heavy aroma, and the quay is crowded with shiny sticky-looking bags of Jaggery—a dark-brown treacly sugar. We pass along, stepping daintily over the sticky floor like blue-bottles walking over a "Catch-'em-alive-O," and stare with amazement at the next ship, for they seem to be digging out her cargo with pick-axes. On inquiry we learn that the freight is sugar which, under the influence of unwonted moisture and heat, has become fused, with the containing bags, into a solid mass.

We are just turning away from the "toffee ship," as the dockers have facetiously christened her, when we observe a man shambling along the quay towards the adjacent back

gate with a conspicuous air of unconsciousness and unconcern, which is instantly noted by a policeman, who accosts the stranger and beckons encouragingly. At this the man makes a little detour, and quickens his pace; but the stout policeman, suddenly developing unexpected agility, pounces upon him, and begins to stroke him down affectionately.

"Hullo," exclaims the constable, "you feel rather lumpy, my man."

stupendous mugs, massive sandwiches, and little pallid beef-steak puddings (locally known as "babies' heads"). Many of the "Royals" bring their food from home. We see one of them (a friend of ours who has managed—thrifty soul—on his poor twenty-four shillings a week, to become the free-holder of a little house at Plaistow) taking his modest refection from a newspaper parcel; and others issue through the gates



GAUGING WINE CASKS.

"That's my lunch," the other explains feebly.

"Lunch!" ejaculates the constable, "you don't lunch off flat irons, do you? Just step in here a minute."

So the captive is led unwillingly into the office where a couple of flat bottles of brandy are disinterred from the recesses of his clothing, and his person secured pending the arrival of the civil authorities.

The mention of lunch reminds us that the hour of the midday meal is at hand, and we retrace our steps towards the approach.

Lunch, or dinner, is in full swing in the great yard. Barrels of beer on wheels are going their round; itinerant restaurants furnish such luxuries as coffee or tea in to "stoke up" at coffee-shops hard by the Docks. All the workers are now feeding and contented, for if the dainties are not of the choicest, the supply of that sauce, which is proverbially superior to all other condiments, is so abundant that all shortcomings—but that of quantity—are lost sight of.

Late in the afternoon we re-enter the Docks, and moon round the quay listlessly and a little pensively; for we have lunched in Cable Street off a pork-pie and a "pint o corfy," and are in consequence filled with vain regrets—not to speak of the delicacies themselves. Presently we encounter two of our acquaintances of the early morning: the white-headed old man who is seated—like the Lord Chancellor—upon a bale of wool,

tallying a load of ponderous hard-wood planks, and the pale-faced actor who trundles the said planks from a shed to the quay on a little trolley. As we drowsily watch the crane lift one after another aloft and lower it into the "craft" alongside, we become aware of a procession approaching from the vicinity of the bonded vaults.

"An accident?" we inquire.

"Not much," replies the ganger, glancing contemptuously at the *cortège*. "It's one of them casuals been 'pony-riding.'"

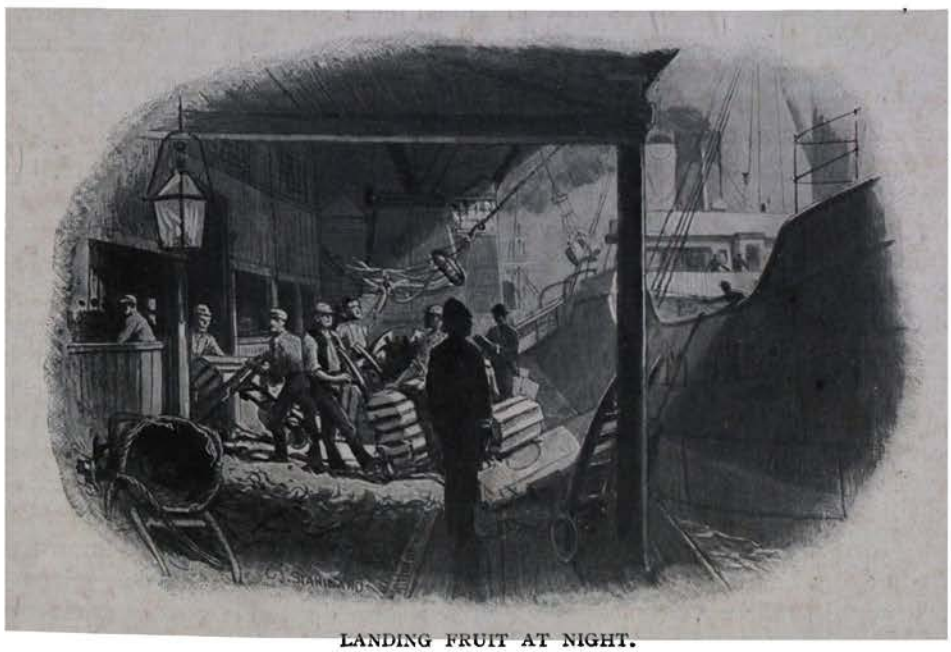
"Been what?"

"Sucking the monkey. You know; sucking up the port wine through the bung-hole of a cask with a brown-paper tube. Bless you, lots of 'em do it and get dead drunk very often. Why, some of the strangers have killed themselves right off with some of this strong port."

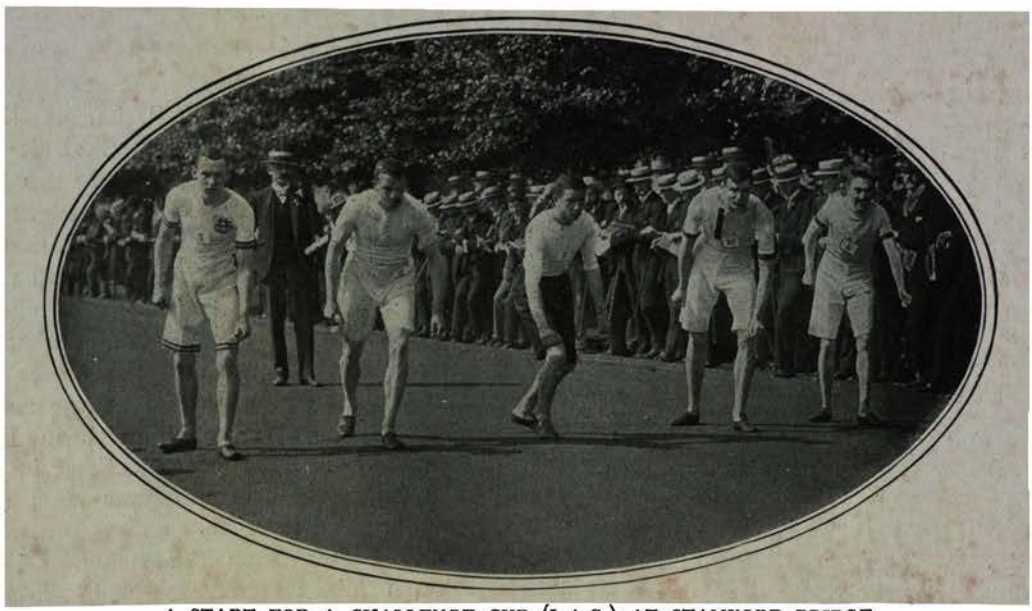
So even the casual has his little pleasures, and keeps his cellar or has it kept for him, and as we pass the wine quay again we view the casks with renewed interest. But the evening has closed in while we have been wandering round, and darkness is settling down upon the long sheds and the great basins with their fleets of shipping. The regular hands have all gone home now; the sheds are silent, the quays empty, and the ships are given over to prowling caretakers. Rain is beginning to fall, and it promises to be a dirty night, so we turn up our collar and take our way along the deserted quay towards the entrance.

Ahead of us a constellation of lights gleams out of the darkness. A fruit ship has just come in, and a big gang has been taken on to work through the night unloading her for the morning's market at Covent Garden. A strange and weird night scene she makes as the clusters of glaring lights shine upon her littered decks, her great red smoke-stack and the crates that rise in endless procession from her yawning hatches. Into that patch of lurid light, repeated by a hundred reflections in the wet asphalt, goblin-like figures start from the gloom, seize their prey and vanish. The unsteady beams from the swinging lights fall upon objects seemingly in mid-air, illuminating them for an instant and then leaving them again invisible. Tall white shapes of mast or spar start forth from the darkness, overhead like colossal spectres, and vanish in a twinkling; while down below the elfin forms move to and fro to a ceaseless din of clanking chains, clattering winches, and hoarse shouts.

As we turn out through the gates into the dismal streets, our eyes are still dazzled by the Rembrandtesque picture vignetted upon the darkness that broods over this focus of the world's commerce.



LANDING FRUIT AT NIGHT.



A START FOR A CHALLENGE CUP (L.A.C.) AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

ATHLETIC LONDON.

By M. Z KUTTNER.

AS befits the capital of an Empire which owes so much to the stout hearts and strong arms of her sons, it is no more than natural that the pursuit of athletics should play a prominent part in the life of London. But even those best acquainted with the subject are liable to be lost in astonishment when they come to consider carefully the number and variety of the forms of athletic exercises that are practised in and around the great city, as well as the diversity of class, age, and sex to which they appeal.

Take, for instance, one of the meetings at the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington, when the chosen representatives of Oxford and Cambridge are met to struggle for athletic supremacy. By the time the first event is set for decision, the grounds are filled—and well filled—in every part. Nor is the crowd composed solely of undergraduates, friends of the competitors, and persons still directly and actively interested in athletics. Men whose names are household words in every branch of our country's life — legal, naval, military, ecclesiastical, commercial — are here to forget, for the while at all events, the years that have elapsed since they, for the first time, attended these gatherings either as spectators or as competitors. And be sure that the winner of a hardly-contested race or the hero of a record jump or hammer-throw receives from none more hearty congratulations than from those who have proved over and over again that the qualities needed for success on the cinder-path are equally useful in the longer and sterner race for the prizes of life.

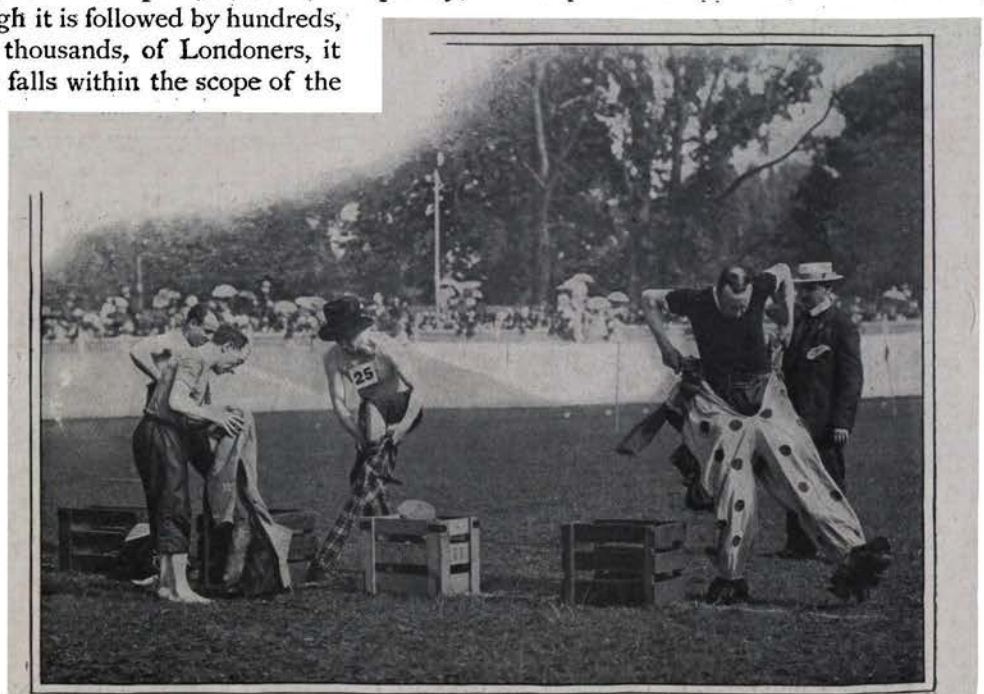
Of a somewhat different nature, but none the less interesting, are the contests that take place at Stamford Bridge at the various meetings of the London Athletic Club. Numbering, as it does, a large proportion of past and present 'Varsity athletes among its members, as well as many of the leading Londoners, the contests for its challenge cups are frequently invested with an interest almost as great as those for the athletic championships themselves. Especially is this the case when, as sometimes happens, the competitors include well-known provincial athletes as well as champions whose titles are derived from countries outside the United Kingdom. Sometimes, when a

London Athletic Club meeting takes place a week or two before the championships, one or other of the events then decided will give a fairly accurate forecast of what may be expected to happen at the more important meeting.

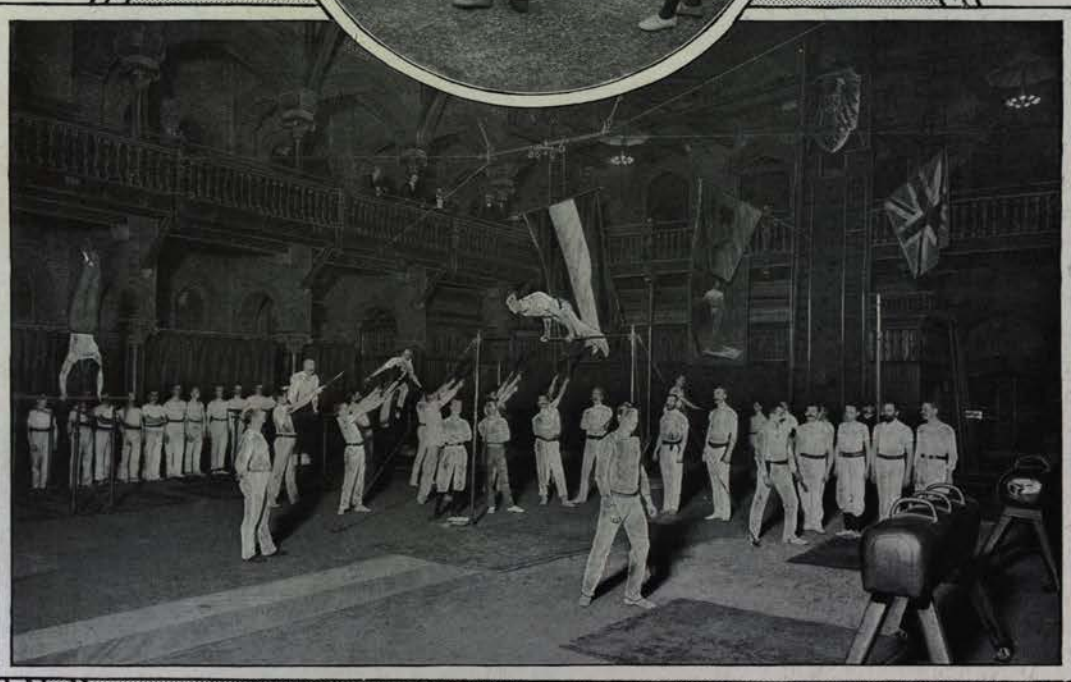
As a rule, however, the starters for one of these events may generally be reckoned to include an Oxford or Cambridge athletic "Blue" and a representative or two of some of the leading "Harrier" clubs, many of which can without difficulty provide as powerful a team to represent them in path contests at various distances as at cross-country racing, though the latter pastime is nominally the object of their existence. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is borne in mind that cross-country running is essentially a winter pursuit, and that the leading cross-country clubs—which may well be numbered by the dozen—have hundreds of members apiece. Many of these, even while on the active list, are "harriers" in name only, the part they take in athletics being confined solely to path racing (running or walking) at various distances.

But cross-country running, owing to the prevalence of "bricks and mortar," can be pursued only at an ever-increasing distance from the Metropolis, and consequently, although it is followed by hundreds, if not thousands, of Londoners, it hardly falls within the scope of the present article. It may be mentioned, however, that nearly all the training that takes place at the various athletic grounds during the winter is done in connection with this sport. Occasionally, also, one may meet parties of scantily-attired youths careering along some of the City streets after business hours and not infrequently dodging among the traffic with wonderful agility. But this particular form of training is viewed with disfavour by the governing bodies of the sport, as tending to bring athletes and athletics generally into disrepute. For this reason the members of the bigger organisations do their training either on cinder paths or, except in very special cases, on roads some distance from the Metropolis.

While speaking of the Stamford Bridge Grounds, one must not omit to mention the Public Schools' championships held there annually under the auspices of the London Athletic Club, and the championships of the Amateur Athletic Association, which usually take place there every third year, when the English championships (which are held alternately in the North, Midlands, and South) are decided. Strictly speaking, however, these also can hardly be called a part of London athletics, except in so far as they take place in London, since so many of



"COMIC COSTUME SCRAMBLE." (MUSIC-HALL SPORTS, HERNE HILL).



I. SWEDISH DRILL. II. EXERCISES ON VARIOUS APPARATUS (GERMAN GYMNASIUM).
III. PUBLIC GYMNASIUM (FINSBURY PARK).

the competitors are not resident in or near the Metropolis. This latter objection may, perhaps, be urged also against the Public Schools championships, though hardly to the same extent. For in this case a fair proportion of the competitors come from London Public Schools, and the events are always decided at the first spring meeting of the London Athletic Club.

While it is to be regretted that all the greater Public Schools are not represented on these occasions, by reasons of the views held by certain head-masters, it must nevertheless be admitted that the "schoolboys" who do compete show that in many instances they are quite able to hold their own with the average adult athlete.

Among the athletic sports promoted by other clubs, the spring and the autumn meetings of the South London Harriers are unique, for they take place at Kennington Oval—the only occasions on which either of the great London cricket grounds is regularly allowed to be used for such a purpose.

Other athletic meetings of a somewhat uncommon type are the Scottish and Highland gatherings, at which, in addition to the more customary kinds, there are to be found such events as "tossing the caber," jumping, tug-of-war, and throwing the hammer, as well as pipe music and Scottish dancing competitions. The two last-named are perhaps *the* distinctive features of the meeting, inasmuch as they generally commence the proceedings, and continue during the decision of the greater part of the programme. It is somewhat remarkable that the "field," as distinguished from "track," events are far more popular with Scots and Irish than with Englishmen, and that consequently the majority of championships and records for such contests are rarely held by men of English birth.

But, although the above are possibly typical examples of the chief forms of London athletics, it must not be supposed that only those satisfying the requirements of such ordeals are catered for. On the contrary, the would-be athlete of either sex and of every possible age and rank in the social scale will find his or her wants most carefully supplied. Thus, the youngsters of the Board and elementary schools are put through a system of physical drill adapted to their age and capacities, while for children of good families classes for musical drill are held at the Portman Rooms, the Baker Street Bazaar, and other places. The telegraph messengers, also, have a sort of semi-military drill.

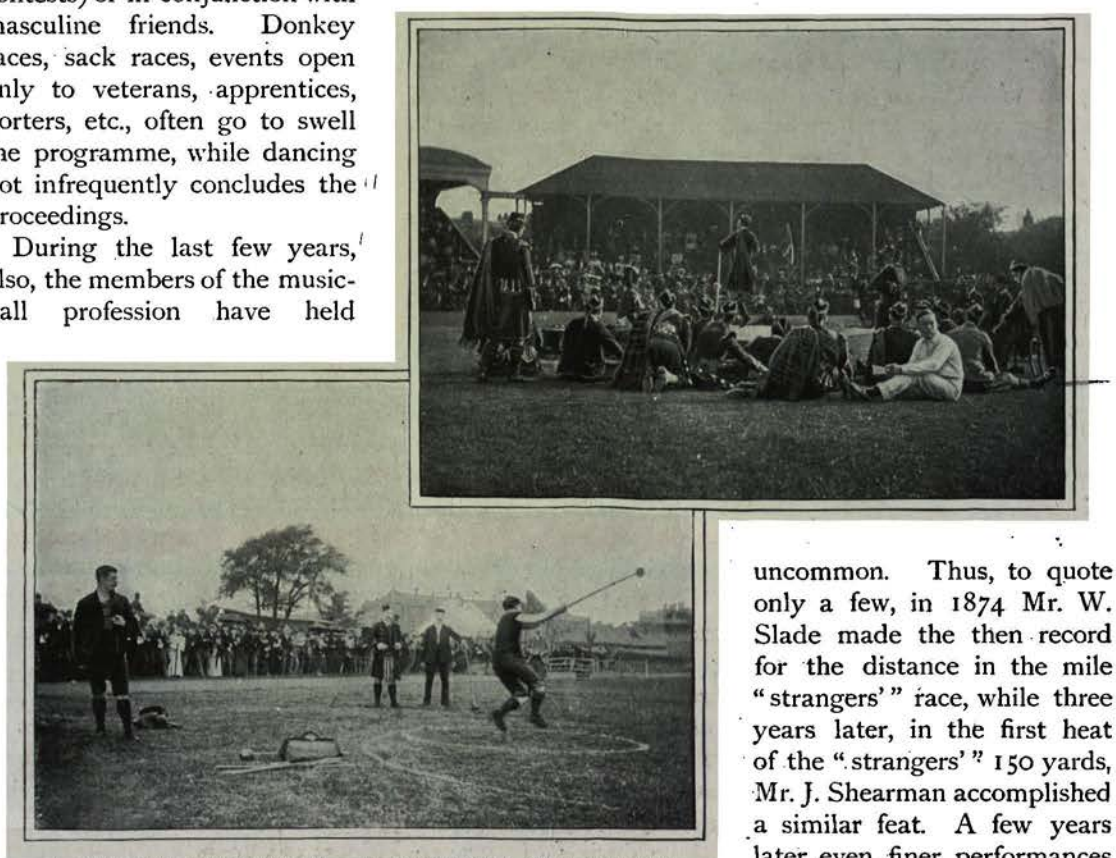
Of course, every London school of any importance has its annual athletic sports' meeting; but it is the Board school children, or a part of them, who can claim the distinction of holding what is perhaps the greatest annual athletic meeting in the world. This, which is confined to those attending the South London Schools, was, until 1901 (when it took place at the Crystal Palace), held at the Herne-Hill Grounds, and, though of recent growth, has already assumed mammoth dimensions. Races and other forms of competition are provided for both boys and girls, so that it is possibly not surprising to learn that the entries total up to thousands, and that the greater part of a day is occupied in deciding the various events. On these occasions the spectators, who are for the most part friends and relatives of the competitors, watch the decision of the various events with an eagerness easily explained by their personal interest in the results.

Then, too, most of the public, semi-public, and private concerns employing numbers of persons hold annual athletic sports of some form or other. But whereas the Civil Service, the County Council, and the various banks, insurance offices, etc., conduct meetings on almost purely athletic lines—and in many instances number the foremost athletes of the day among the competitors—the gatherings held by the big business firms are of a rather different nature. In most of these "house sports" there is a somewhat greater blending of the "garden party" element with athletics proper.

Naturally, athletes capable of holding their own in any company (occasionally, indeed, capable of winning amateur championships and breaking records) are frequently to be found at these establishments. But while these are rarely suffered to go without recognition, and are rewarded for their prowess with challenge cups and the like, it is a principle observed at nearly

all such gatherings that every class of employé must be given a chance of taking an active part in the day's proceedings if he or she be so inclined. Consequently a portion of the programme is usually devoted to events in which members of the fair sex may distinguish themselves either alone (as in ordinary races or "egg and spoon" contests) or in conjunction with masculine friends. Donkey races, sack races, events open only to veterans, apprentices, porters, etc., often go to swell the programme, while dancing not infrequently concludes the proceedings.

During the last few years, also, the members of the music-hall profession have held annual athletic sports, confined to members, at the Herne Hill Grounds, the proceeds being devoted to charitable purposes. As might perhaps be expected, although there are some ordinary athletic events, the programme is to a large extent composed of more or less amusing competitions of various kinds, such as "comic costume scrambles," obstacle and wheelbarrow races, and the like. Of course, *bonâ fide* music-hall artistes of both sexes are eligible to compete in practically all the events.



I. DANCING COMPETITION. II. THROWING THE HAMMER (SCOTTISH GATHERING, STAMFORD BRIDGE).

Of the more strictly athletic meetings, that promoted by the members of the Civil Service stands pre-eminent. Not only is it one of the oldest annual gatherings in the country (it dates back to 1864), but there is always a likelihood on these occasions of a record being broken, either by a member of the promoting club or in one of the "strangers'" races. These latter usually attract a number of the best athletes of the day, so that good performances are far from uncommon. Thus, to quote only a few, in 1874 Mr. W. Slade made the then record for the distance in the mile "strangers'" race, while three years later, in the first heat of the "strangers'" 150 yards, Mr. J. Shearman accomplished a similar feat. A few years later even finer performances were recorded, Mr. W. G. George making a fresh mile record of 4 min. 19⅘ sec. in the Open Handicap at that distance in 1882, while Mr. L. E. Myers, in 1885, won the open 440 yards in 48⅘ sec. In 1888 and 1893 Messrs. Tindall and Bredin won the 600 yards' race in 1 min. 12⅗ sec. and 1 min. 11⅗ sec. respectively.

It should also be remembered that several amateur champions have been members of the Civil Service, and that the ranks of the cross-country clubs are largely recruited from that body, so that it will be readily admitted that the "closed" races possess an interest far greater than that which usually attaches to club events. Of late years, too,

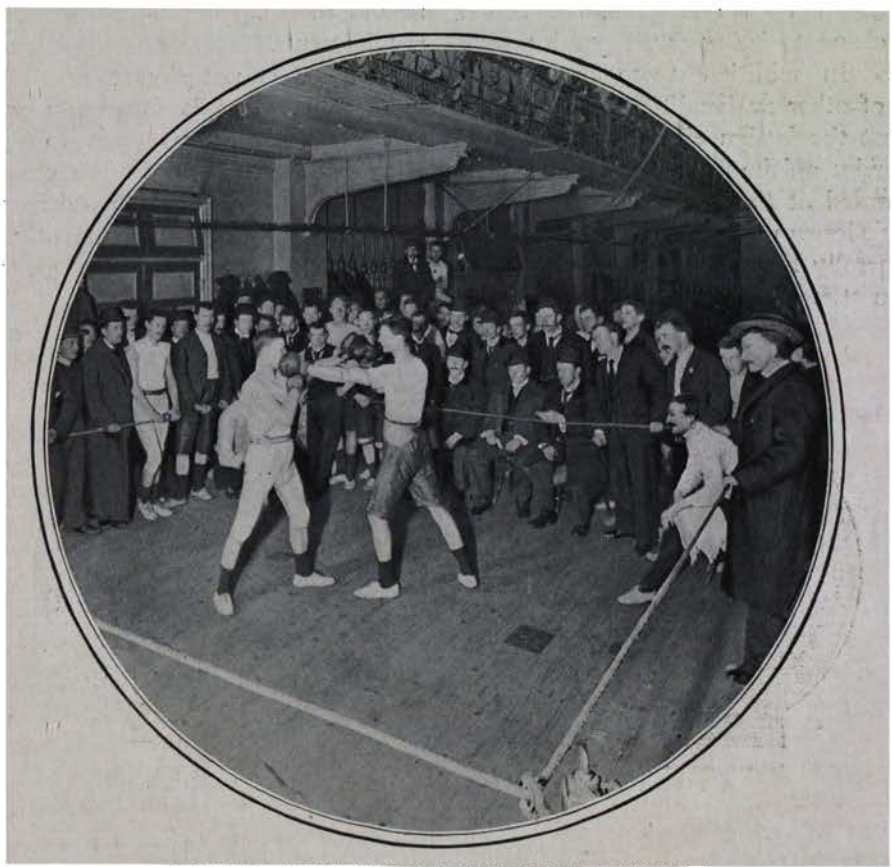
many of the different Metropolitan Volunteer corps have held athletic meetings of varying importance.

Besides the above, the big cross-country clubs hold a number of evening and Saturday afternoon meetings, at which the events set for decision are either confined to members or are open to amateurs generally. For though cross-country running is nominally their *raison d'être*, the larger clubs pay almost as much attention to path racing. Some of these bodies, too, have sections for swimming, cycling, boxing, and other forms of sport.

Notable among these "all-round" organisations must be reckoned the South London Harriers and the Blackheath Harriers. The swimming division of each of these clubs has won its county water-polo championship; while, in addition to competing in the regular cross-country championships and deciding cross-country matches against both Universities, the members of these two bodies take every opportunity of meeting in friendly rivalry. Thus a regular feature with them is the number of inter-club matches in various branches of sport, most of which take place annually. These include a special cross-country team race, and contests at cricket, rowing, water-polo, etc., etc.

Of course, a certain number of professional race meetings and matches for money are held in the Metropolis; but, inasmuch as professional athletics have never found very much favour in the South of England, these are seldom of much importance. Rather more interest attaches to the attempt recently made to revive interest in professional running and walking at the Royal Aquarium.

Nor must it be supposed that London is at all deficient in the gymnastic side of athletics. Almost every big park has a public gymnasium, the apparatus being specially arranged to meet the differing requirements of children, youths, and adults. Thus no one under 12 is allowed in the "seniors'" part, while no one over that age may make use of the juvenile division. In the latter swings and see-saws predominate, whereas the rings, giant-strides, climbing



A BOXING BOUT (POLYTECHNIC, REGENT STREET).

ropes, and poles are always confined to the former section. It is noteworthy that the greater part of the exercise in the "seniors'" divisions is done before breakfast and after tea, thus differing somewhat from what obtains at the athletic grounds, at which nearly all the training is done in the late afternoon and evening.

A curious fact in connection with these park gymnasia is that, although the floor is generally composed of asphalt, accidents are extremely rare.

The gymnasia proper, many of which have special classes for ladies, are likewise numerous in all parts of London. Possibly, however, the northern half is slightly more favoured in this respect, since in that district are situated, among others, both the Orion Gymnasium and the German Gymnasium. The latter—which claims to be the pioneer of gymnastic societies in this country—is not by any means so Teutonic in composition as its name would imply. In fact, since it was first started some forty years since, out of close on eighteen thousand members about thirteen thousand were English, the actual German element being well under five thousand. In addition there are a few members of other nationalities. Nor can it be said that the foreign element monopolises or even carries off the far greater part of the prizes awarded at the different competitions that the German Gymnasium promotes. These generally include (besides gymnastics proper on the "horse," parallel and horizontal bars, etc.) fencing, boxing, jumping, Indian clubs, and wrestling. Besides this, there is in connection with the gymnasium a cycling club, which is well supported and meets with much success.

It should likewise be borne in mind that the gymnasium forms a part of practically every institute from the Polytechnic downwards, so that its advantages are available to all. The boxing section of most of these organisations is generally largely attended.

Then, too, for those who prefer a more scientific and less violent method of acquiring bodily strength, there are numerous schools of physical culture, for the most part on the Sandow system, and open to both sexes. For women and girls in particular there are many places at which Swedish drill is taught, not to speak of the schools at which this branch of calisthenics forms part of the regular curriculum. So that, even if City life does have a bad physical effect on those subjected to it, it must be admitted that the Londoner is given ample facilities for fighting against its influence with whatever means most appeal to his taste, pocket, or requirements.

That he is not slow to avail himself of these advantages is frequently proved, not only in competitions open to the United Kingdom but also in foreign championships of various descriptions, which not infrequently fall to men prominently identified with one or other of the great London athletic organisations.

Photo: Biograph Studio.

A FINISH AT THE INTER-'VARSITY SPORTS (QUEEN'S CLUB, WEST KENSINGTON).

ITALIANS IN LONDON.

ITALY IN LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

ONLY once a year —on a Sunday in mid-July— Italian London reveals her heart, her deep religious sentiment and her child-like joy, and that is at the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which the Neapolitans call the Festa della Madonna del Carmine.

It is on that occasion that Little Italy displays all its artistic genius for decoration. Imposing triumphal arches are erected at the entrances of the streets, garlands of flowers span the roadways, flags wave high and low, coloured lamps reach from house to house, gay tapestries hide the dilapidated walls, transparencies of the Virgin and the Saints appear at the windows, the street-corners are ornamented by large illuminated frames which bear the statue of the Madonna, and even the narrow courts and alleys blaze with flowers and brilliant coloured lights.

The men and women and children are dressed in their best. The young Neapolitan dandy wears for the first time his brand-new, broad-collared jacket, his rich-looking figured waistcoat cut to exhibit an immensity of white shirt-front and set off by a green or red necktie, and his flaming silk handkerchief from Sorrento; while the dear old dame from Apulia or Calabria manages—by some mysterious, seldom-resorted-to means—to make her deeply-furrowed face some four shades lighter than the usual tan of her complexion, and glories in the home-spun white linen frills and ruffles, and the stiff starched capacious sleeves which tell of substance and long years spent at the spinning wheel.

For them the *festa* of the Madonna is a solemn religious ceremony, and an occasion which gratifies the imagination and the senses. All exercise the utmost ingenuity in beautifying their surroundings. Everything unsightly is stowed away. The strings of onions, the nets full of garlic which depend from the ceiling are removed; the floors are scrubbed; the dingy homes are lighted up with lamps and candles; the coloured prints of Raffaelle's Madonna della Sedia and Gesu Bambino, the strips of blessed palm and the medallions of the Virgin, the rosaries from Rome, the shining brass crucifix and the little porcelain fount for the holy water hang round the walls and over the bed. The ricketty tables and the humble deal sideboards and cupboards are loaded with foods and fruits

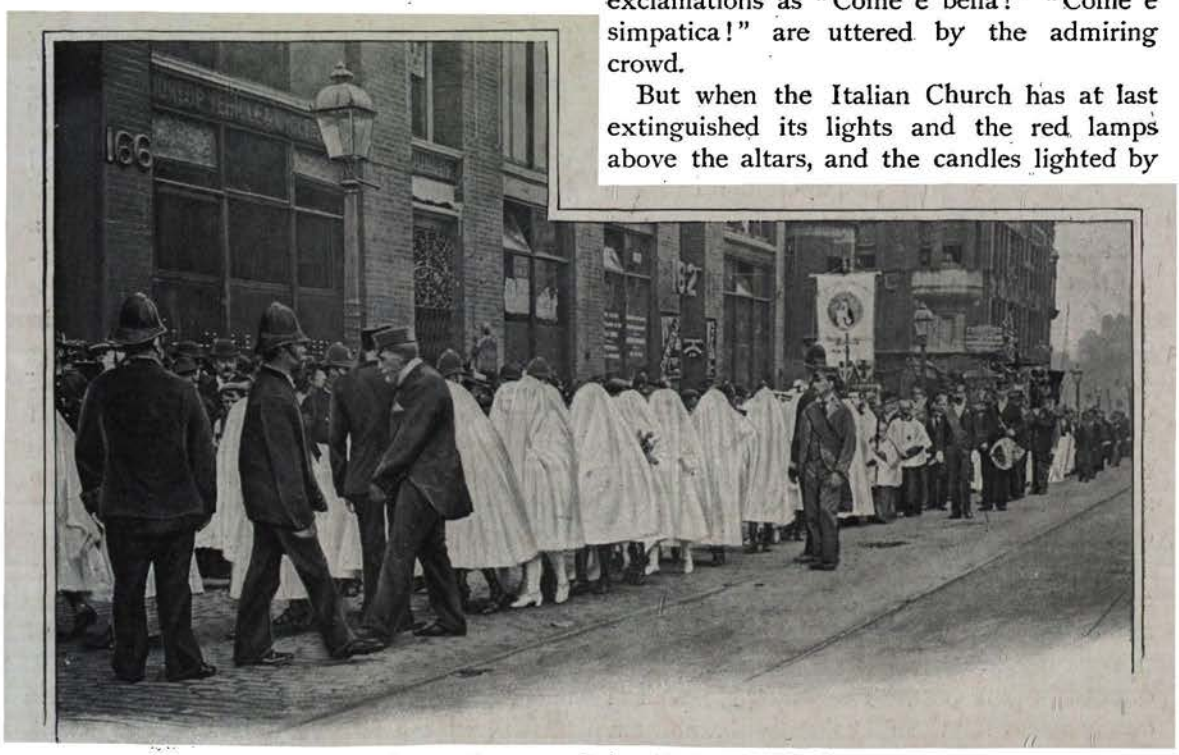
and wine. Below, in the back-yard, there may be seen gorgeous paintings freshly varnished—they are the outside covers of the ice-cream barrows. And, when put together, when the snowy-white top is furnished with its shining brass fittings, the Italian ice-cream barrow becomes an artistic sight.

The Italians from Notting Hill and Hammersmith, from Southwark and Bermondsey, from Kentish Town and Dalston, from Deptford and Poplar, in their best attire, proud of their gold chains and their rings, now flock to Clerkenwell. Many of them are embryo millionaires with plethoric purses, and though most economical by nature they share the expenses of the decorations and subscribe generally to the funds of the Italian church of St. Peter in Back Hill.

The great procession, which reaches two miles through tortuous streets, and takes two hours in passing Farringdon Road, creates the greatest excitement; all traffic is stopped; the roofs, the windows, the balconies and the pavement are crowded with people, for the spectacle is unique.

Listen to the sonorous and solemn Gregorian chant of the priests and friars, the strains of the numerous bands, the well-trained sweet voices of the children; look at the white-robed little virgins who have devoted their young lives to the Sacred Heart or the Blessed Virgin, and whose wreaths and floral crowns are partly hidden by the long white veils which reach nearly to the ground; hearken to the deep voices of the rosary-bearing, psalm-singing men, whose sunburnt bearded faces, long hair, slouched hats and general appearance recall the artist models one meets on the broad steps of the Roman Pincio; and you will admit that no religious procession of modern Italy can compare in grandeur and quaintness with that of Little Italy in London. Here are the young women and maidens of the Campagna, the Abruzzio, and the other parts of Southern Italy. Their blue, green, and red skirts, short tinselled bodices, white ballooning sleeves, laced collarettes, and their long gold chains, large rings, and pendent earrings excite the admiration of their less fortunate neighbours. Red and yellow neckerchiefs adorn their heads and are knotted behind them or fall in corners on their necks, or are laid deep and square over their hair to fall straight over their backs—Sorrento fashion. The *tout ensemble* is artistic and inspiring, and such exclamations as "Come è bella!" "Come è simpatica!" are uttered by the admiring crowd.

But when the Italian Church has at last extinguished its lights and the red lamps above the altars, and the candles lighted by



FESTA OF THE MADONNA: THE PROCESSION.

MAIN STREET OF THE ITALIAN COLONY.

the faithful in memory of the departed, or in penance of sins forgiven by absolution, shine dimly through the aisles, the Italians give themselves up unreservedly to the enjoyments of the evening. It is then that they admire the street illuminations, throng the thoroughfares, shout with exultation at the brilliancy of the scene, and, like the children they are, indulge with a merry heart in the fun and frolic which the occasion demands. It is their principal holiday, the one day for which they have during many months saved their pence; and they mean to enjoy themselves.

Their tables groan under the weight of delicacies, meats, and long-necked wicker bottles. There is the *insalata di rinforzo*—appetising salad made of anchovies, olives, and capsicums which tickle the palate—the satisfying macaroni boiled with tiny squares of ham, the roast fowl with tomatoes and fennel, the chicory and endive salad salted and peppered and swimming in vinegar and olive oil, the strong *stracchino* cheese, the medlars, the figs and oranges; and for wines Marsala, Chianti, and Asti.

On that evening there is none so poor that will not go to bed satisfied and happy. The halt and lame, the blind and the crippled, the old mendicant with his crutches and his old wife who smirks and smiles as the belle she once was, and the little ragged boy with the sparkling black eyes and the curly locks who plays the concertina, and his chum who sells statuettes and busts—all get their share of the good things which the feast brings forth.

Yet even when the last vestiges of the *festa* have disappeared there is much to observe, to learn and ponder in that closely-packed Italian colony.

Look at the people you have admired in their Sunday attire while watching the procession, and see them in their everyday costumes and habits. Walk through Eyre Street Hill, Back Hill, Little Bath Street, Summer Street, Bakers' Row, Great Bath Street, and the numerous courts and alleys and places. If it is a fine sunny day you will see the men sitting on the doorsteps or along the walls, their knees closely bent against their stomachs in Oriental fashion, smoking curved reed pipes, and nursing their limbs with folded hands. On the shady side are the women and girls on stools and chairs knitting and sewing. Some are standing in little groups in characteristic attitudes; they are discussing domestic affairs. Further up the street men in shirt sleeves are churning ice cream, loading barrows, tinkering potato ovens; while in the courts and alleys, where no one intrudes, girls are washing and ironing and cooking *al fresco* in true Italian fashion.

At the dinner hour and in the evening the

WITH FORTUNE-TELLING BIRDS.

restaurants and beer and wine houses owned by Italians are crowded; so are the cafés; and large crowds of men who are unemployed, or who have already laboured, meet at the corners of the streets to talk over the political situation of the day.

Some of them may be men who belong to the numerous secret societies. The Camorra, the Maffia, and the Mala Vita are among the most notorious. They can all boast of unnumbered crimes, and their constitutions have been framed on almost the same lines.

The "Giovane Onorato" (the honourable youth, or aspirant) and the "Picciotto" (probationer) can be found among the Mala Vita and the Maffia as well as in the Camorra, and the Anarchists of to-day have adopted all the time-honoured usages. There can be no doubt that the gaol deliveries of Naples and other great Italian cities find a congenial refuge in Italian London.

Not a few of these misguided men are victims of heredity. Centuries of oppression, superstition, cruelty and ignorance, and a code of morals which sanctified the unwashed and the vermin-eaten and which looked upon loathsome diseases as special dispensations of Providence, have made them what they are.

The *pifferari* who for centuries were wont to play before the images of the Virgin and the Saints, and the *lazzaroni* who became trained beggars at the abolition of the religious houses which had fed them, are the sufferers of a new order of things in a transitory condition which leaves no room for those who are old, feeble, ignorant and unskilled; and hence it happens that Little Italy, while it has many clever, ingenious and artistic denizens, has also an infinity of men, women and children whose callings fringe, if they do not infringe, the Acts relating to mendicancy and vagabondage.

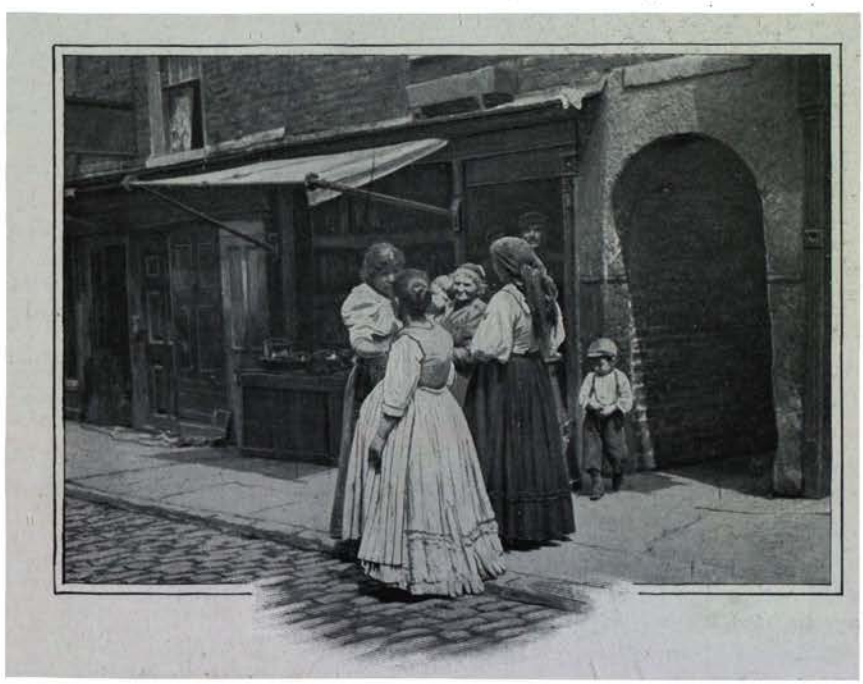
In this category may be classed the absolutely ignorant, helpless, old men and women whose real infirmities are the only claims to charity—for although they make pretences to play an accordion they have not a single note of music in them—and the boys and girls who have been brought over from Italy by the impresarios of street music and simian entertainments.

"ICE-CREAM AND GINGER-BEER."

Here, for instance, is a broad-grinning, shock-haired, brigand-looking Sicilian mountaineer, who can neither read nor write, and who has tramped all through Italy and France. He has an organ and two monkeys which climb up balconies, dance and beg for coppers, and salute and thank just as their master does; and who shall say that they are not almost equally intelligent?

Italian London has many workers engaged in industries which are unique in their way, and many characters who are seldom seen in the streets during the daytime. Among the former are the musical composers, and the musical artists who, on long, broad sheets of paper, dot the notes which will revolve on the brass cylinders of the musical boxes and piano organs. And the composing of six or twelve tunes in such a position that no single note or semi-note will clash with another is no mean achievement. The musicians, the engineers, the metal workers, the joiners, the polishers, and the finishers are all Italians. There are, too, the mosaic designers in wood and stone from Naples, Rome, Florence, and Venice, who work in out-of-the-way courts and alleys; and the Neapolitan and Venetian girls who, in their own homes, make point lace for the altar cloths and the vestments of the priests and for wealthy ladies.

Walking through the streets of Little Italy one sees over the doors such announcements as the following: "Ice-cream outfit maker, mosaic worker, general repairer, piano organ manufacturer," and again in Italian, "Construttore di caretta da gelati, stufa per patate e castagne, Attrezzi per Mosaica," which are characteristic of the multiplicity of trades which are carried on



DISCUSSING DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

sometimes by one man alone. Some of these artisans earn from twenty to thirty-five shillings a week, and they can fare sumptuously in the restaurants of Bath Street, Summer Street, and Back Hill for a shilling or eighteen pence.

In any of them you may see at the same table the ice-cream seller, ice merchant, the ice-barrow maker, the accordion maker, and the proprietors of numerous barrel organs, baked potato stoves, and baked chestnut barrows, while at the next table may be seated the laundress or stiratora, the man who owns six dozen monkeys, the proprietor of a hurdy-gurdy, and, perhaps, the lone peasant woman whose little green love-birds tell fortunes.

There are many instances on record of

PLAYING MORRA.

men who have started life in the unwholesome dwellings of Little Italy and who have achieved fortune and renown. There are lists kept of those who have started business with a hired barrow, and just two-pennyworth of cracked eggs, a gallon of milk, and a penny worth of ice, and who, by dint of industry, have ultimately become the proprietors of well-known restaurants, music-halls, and vast industrial undertakings. The sons of these men have become Deputies, Councillors of State in their respective countries, but it is noteworthy that in almost every instance one member of the family has elected to remain an Englishman. An Italian who has several sons generally brings up the eldest as a Conservative, the second as a Radical, and the third something between the two—an advocate or a barrister trained to plead both causes. By these means he hopes that his family will prosper in all circumstances.

Besides the wine shops, the cafés, and the restaurants, Italian London has many other amusements. There is the famous game of Morra, which is played by the eyes and the fingers of both hands. The passer-by will seldom see it, but he will never fail to hear it wherever it is played, for it is just the noisiest amusement in the world. Many an Englishman who for the first time stays in a small Italian town will, when he hears it suddenly in the dead of night, feel inclined to pack his trunks under the impression that something dreadful is about to occur, certainy nothing less serious than a revolution or the storming of the place by an enemy. The din is horrible.

Then there are dancing saloons which are private, and to which a stranger can be introduced by two or three well-known members. One of these saloons is in a cellar which is reached through a narrow court which bears no official name. The cellar gives hardly any light, and previous to an entertainment a big fire is lighted to counteract the damp which issues from the ground and the walls. The furniture consists of a few pictures, a small improvised bar, and two dozen rush-bottomed chairs. The only musical instrument is an organette with a handle to it, and every dancer as a rule gives a "tune." The shouts of merriment are almost continuous, for the bumps and falls are frequent and cause constant excitement.

Italian young ladies are fond of flirting, and their eyes are expressive at all times; Italian lovers are jealous and irascible by nature, and the consequence is that quarrels and fights are frequent. The police are never called in to quell a disturbance. Knives may be drawn, but usually third

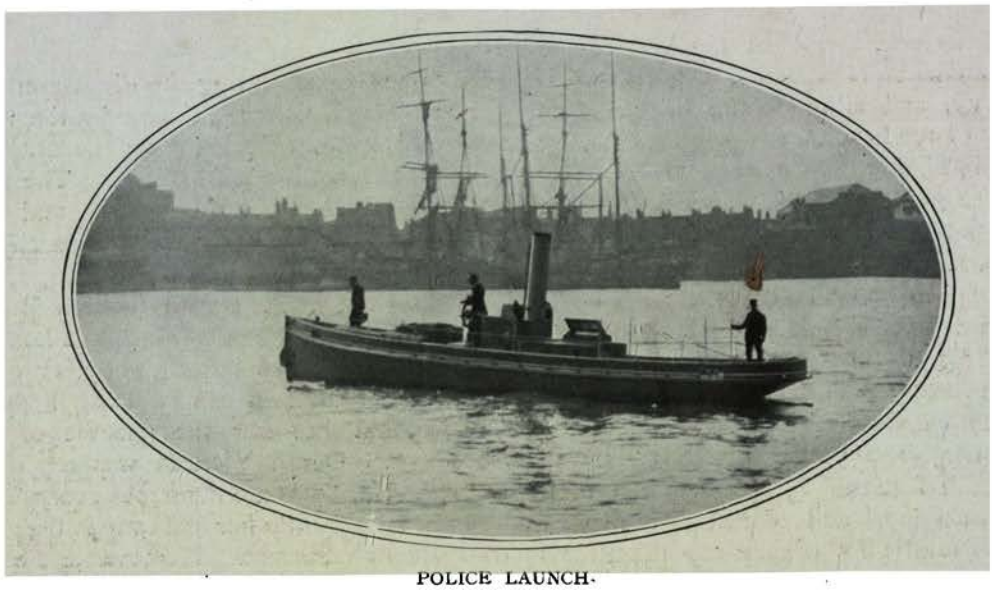
parties intervene, and if by accident one of the combatants is wounded the matter is hushed up, and although the injured man is taken to the hospital the authorities rarely succeed in finding the assailant. If a fatality occurs the guilty party is assisted out of the country provided he has not sufficient means of his own.

One of the gayest and liveliest dances is the Tarantella, which is pretty and graceful. The natives of Southern Italy excel in it, and occasionally it is danced in the street to the accompaniment of castagnettes and the tambourine. The pretty Italian girls who make small fortunes by playing the tambourine, singing, and dancing are very numerous, and they usually *buy* themselves a husband of their own choosing.

There have been instances of Italians coming into collision with the police, and some policemen have been stabbed. These encounters usually occur at night. Gambling transactions and especially jealousy are the cause of these disturbances, and the police are obliged to disperse the gatherings. The Italians resent the interference which prevents them from settling the dispute among themselves. Knives are drawn by the mere force of habit. And in an instant the policeman finds himself stabbed. The men resemble each other like peas, and the policeman has little chance of identifying the offender, who gets off scot-free.

Yet, on the whole, Italian London is law-abiding and loyal. There is hardly a home, a restaurant, a café, a baker's shop, or other place where pictures can be hung and exhibited that has not the portrait of the Sovereign. Queen Victoria was especially revered. Her busts are numerous everywhere, and not infrequently her statuette is the most conspicuous ornament. Moreover, the social life of this community is being every year more and more influenced for good by the zealous priests who work in their midst; while the lay brothers and the sisters and nuns in the school of Saffron Hill, not only teach the children to speak English and Italian correctly, but inculcate excellent principles in the minds of their pupils.

DANCING THE TARANTELLA.



POLICE LAUNCH.

THE THAMES POLICE.

By ERNEST A. CARR.

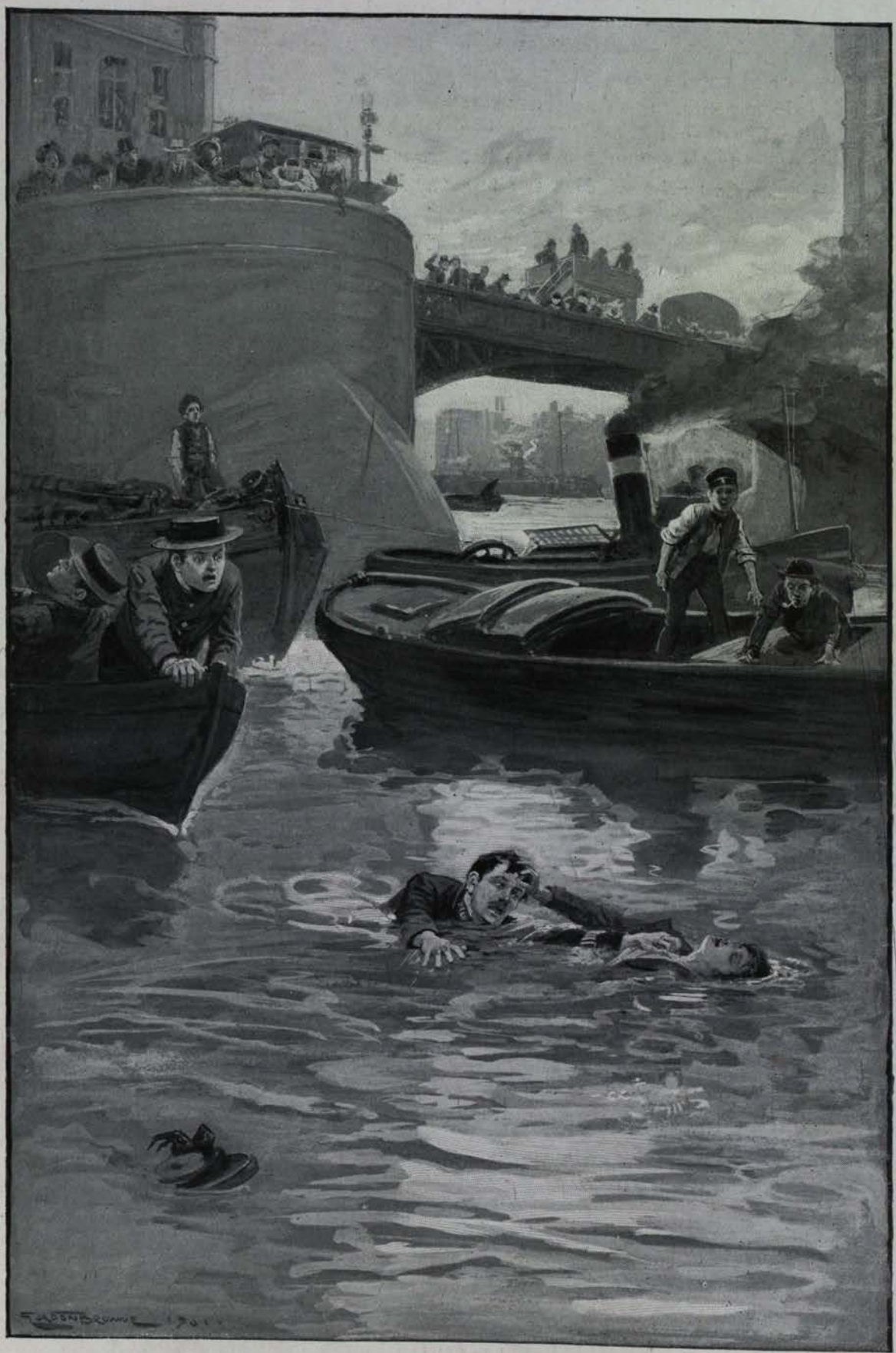
A DARK, narrow flagged passage between two waterside buildings in a dingy East-End street, with a solitary figure in uniform stationed beneath the rays of the blue lamp at the entrance: on one of the flanking walls a long array of placards, of which the headline "DEAD BODY FOUND" is alone discernible: and beyond, a vague, blurred vista of the great river, its darkness studded with the glow-worm lights of the shipping and its distant wharves silhouetted against the night sky. Such is the sombre and striking picture presented after dusk by the headquarters of the Thames Police at Wapping; a scene that haunts the memory, and seems fitly to symbolise much in the lifework and the associations of the river force.

The police station itself stands at the riverward end of the passage—a narrow-fronted, old-fashioned building, actually over hanging the stream which its officers zealously watch and guard. Here, in a gloomy room whose chief adornments are portraits of ancient superintendents and a long row of oilskins and sou'westers, a posse of the river constables are seated, chatting or turning over the pages of well-thumbed periodicals whilst awaiting their spell of duty or a possible "emergency call."

They are sturdy, upstanding, weather-bronzed fellows, these "Wet Bobs" of London's police force; constant exposure and long hours of labour at the heavy police oars have hardened them into men of iron, with muscles of steel. An indefinable something in face and bearing would stamp them anywhere as sailor-men — and, indeed, they are recruited wholly from the ranks of expert seamen and boatmen.

Their nautical aspect is heightened by the uniform they wear—a wide-peaked yachting cap or a waterman's shining straw hat, a blue reefer coat (discarded for rowing), sleeved vest, and broad-cut trousers. On every cap and coat-collar shines a nickel anchor—"the badge of all their tribe." And those whose turn for duty is drawing near have their "toe bags" beside them. These last quaintly-named articles are waterproof sacks with a warm inner lining, in which the oarsmen sit snugly enveloped as high as the waist.

A ramble through the Wapping Police Station and its adjoining section-house reveals little that differs from the accom-



RESCUED!

modation provided for the shore forces of the Metropolitan Police. The little iron-railed dock, the grated cells for prisoners, the recreation and meal rooms, the neat and comfortable dormitories in which unmarried officers are bestowed—all these are features of the river policeman's surroundings no less than of his comrade's ashore. But the uniforms, the spare oars and boat-hooks, the telescopes in the Superintendent's office, and the trophy of naval cutlasses shining on the wall — beyond all else, the scent of tar and new rope with which the station is pervaded—suffice to give the buildings a distinctly nautical flavour.

NOTICE BOARD (WAPPING POLICE STATION).

The sharp, sudden clangour of an electric bell proves to be a signal for assistance. A message from the smaller station down the river at Blackwall intimates that a brig proceeding upstream has caught fire, and has been run aground at a specified spot. Instantly there is a call for a couple of boats' crews; and almost as speedily the two heavy "duty boats," swinging at their moorings below the police stairs, have been untethered and lie in readiness below the landing raft. Three officers enter each; two of them seize the long, white-bladed oars, while the third, who is the inspector in charge, settles in the stern-sheets to steer. We clamber into one of these galleys, and stow ourselves aft as it pushes off, past the trim little police launch that is waiting under steam, and so out upon the dark, swirling current.

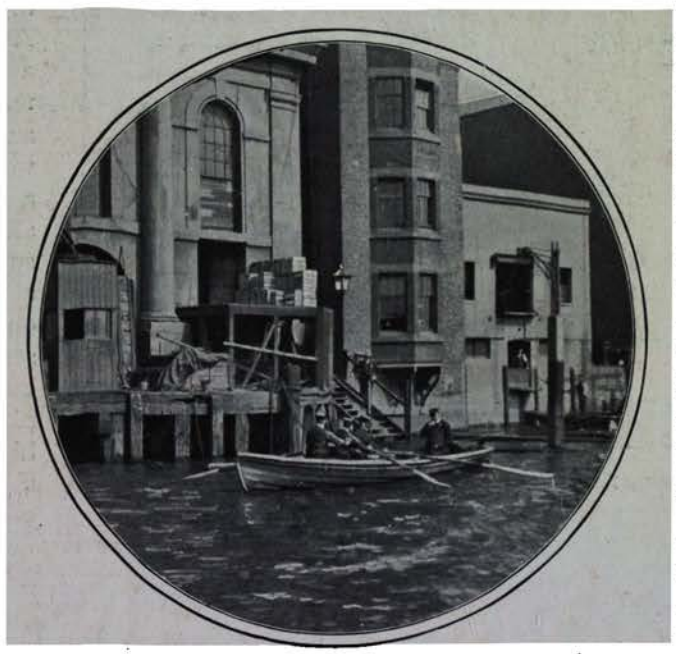
Our crew's instructions are of the laconic sort. "Pull, aft: back, bow," says the inspector; and the boat shoots round till her nose is pointing downstream. "Pull us!" is the next order; and, both oarsmen giving way with a will, we speed toward our goal without more words, past tier after tier of moored black hulls with their riding-lights burning brightly. The coloured lanterns of stealthily gliding steamers slip past us, their syrens and hooters hoarsely warning the river craft to make way.

How thronged these reaches are with vessels of every sort and port! Dapper passenger ships, grimy colliers, fish trawls reeking of their cargo, blunt-nosed coasters, Dutch eel scoops, sailing ships laden with timber from Norwegian pine forests: all are here, with sailing barges from the Medway, hay-laden halfway up their stub masts, and those lowliest of river beasts of burden—the iron-bound, sailless lighters, that drift with the tide like logs.

A strong glare of light round the next bend marks our objective, and a very few minutes more bring us abreast of the flaming vessel. There follow two hours of unremitting labour—aiding the crew of the fire-floats at their toil, taking wet lines aboard and fixing them to mooring posts and buoys, creeping down to windward of the flames to receive salvaged goods, and helping to fend the brig off by means of stout ropes into deeper water, where the volumes of water streaming in from the fire hose may submerge her. Not until, in an eddy of sparks and steam, the battle of water against fire has been won, do our boatmen relax their efforts. Then, with the oars "out-board," ready for instant use, we drift back homeward with the tide; and as we drift the chat turns upon the Thames policeman's life.

For the oarsmen, at least, it is an arduous

calling, eight hours a day being spent in the boats. Each man does a six hours' spell of duty, followed by twelve hours' freedom ere his turn arrives again. In the course of three days he is thus afloat for every hour of the twenty-four; and, like his helmeted colleague ashore, he regards night work—particularly that performed in the small hours of the morning—as worse than any other. In winter, when snowstorms, fog, and piercing winds make the Thames a place of torment, the lot of the river constable is emphatically "not a happy one." Head-winds and rain-swollen tides, too, join forces at times to make his task of pulling a stout police galley against them a Herculean labour. But the Thames policeman, like a waterside Mark Tapley, makes light of such hardships. The only trick of the weather that can really ruffle his philosophy is a long spell of north-east winds with continuous cold rain. To row for six hours at a stretch under such conditions is a trying experience, even for this hardy race.

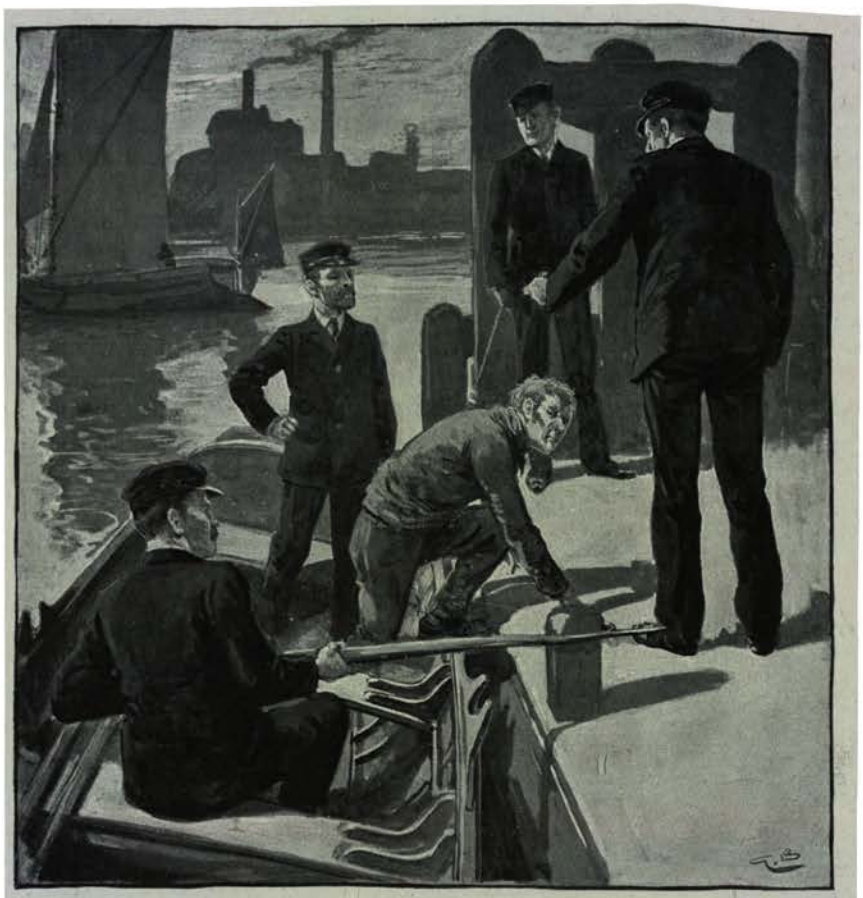


LEAVING WAPPING POLICE STAIRS.

As a result of the organised efforts of the water police, the Thames is continuously patrolled, day and night, year in and year out, from Fulham to Crayford Creek. Thus, two duty boats leave Wapping police stairs every two hours by the clock; one proceeding "up along," where it is met by a boat from the Waterloo Police Station, the other making its way "down along" to the beat covered by the water patrol from the lowermost station at Blackwall. There are, in addition, "supervision boats," each carrying an extra constable who pulls a pair of sculls amidships. These craft are in charge of the senior inspectors, and visit the patrols at appointed stations to ensure their punctuality and to receive their reports. Four steam-launches, and the disguised boats of the detective staff, whose movements are, of course, irregular, complete the flotilla of the force.

The life of a Thames policeman is by no means as monotonous as might be imagined from a perusal of these formal facts. Pulling in and out among the crowded shipping of the silent highway, now skirting the wharves with an eye to 'longshore thieves, now rounding the stem of a deserted schooner in quest of "snappers-up of unconsidered trifles" such as brass bolts or gratings, anon settling down to a hard race against the current in order to overhaul a suspiciously evasive wherry, there is plenty of interest and incident attaching to his work. Suspects need to be "shadowed" on the river as on shore; there are derelict craft to be captured, and polluters of the stream who must be caught red-handed if they are to get the punishment they deserve. Occasionally valuable hauls are made by searching barges and lighters for stolen or contraband goods; as when an inspector, overhauling one night a "dummy" (a barge without mast or sails), found that its nominal cargo of oil-cakes consisted almost entirely of compressed cakes of snuff that had never paid duty.

Now and then a waterside thief or "fence" (receiver), hard pressed by the land police, commits his tell-tale booty for the nonce to the river's keeping, marking the spot where it lies hidden in mud and slime on the foreshore. More often the property thus submerged is smuggled stuff encased in watertight bags and artfully buoyed A



LANDING A PRISONER.

floating piece of old straw matting, or a broken fish-box, proves at times on examination to have a cord attached, by which the contraband or stolen parcel can be hauled to the surface. Then there is profit as well as honour for the officer whose keen eyes detected the trick.

Sometimes there is a batch of mutinous foreign sailors to be removed from a British ship and taken ashore; next day, perhaps, an ocean-going steamer must be stopped in mid-stream in order that some fugitive from justice may be seized. And more stirring excitements are not wanting. In a certain case a drunken, violent scoundrel armed with a knife had to be boldly faced and overpowered single-handed in the cramped quarters of a "billy boy's" cuddy, and hauled out, fighting madly, through a three-foot hatchway. The officer whom this experience befell had a perilous scuffle in mid-stream with a desperate prisoner who, hoping to swim clear in the darkness, sought to overturn the little craft in which both men were adrift. Eventually the officer lashed his captive to the centre thwarts, and thus frustrated his plan of escape.

Of risks daily incurred by the Thames Police from collision and "running down," a single instance out of many will serve. Among the crew of a supervision boat that was cut in two and driven under water one night by a sharp-nosed little steamer was an inspector who was unable to swim. A man on the prow of the steamer contrived by bending overside to place the handle of his umbrella in the sinking officer's grasp; clinging to which oddly unromantic means of escape the latter was hauled safely aboard.

These "accidents" to police galleys are not always due to carelessness. One black winter night the occupants of such a craft, discovering the crew of a tug plundering a moored barge of its coal, tried to arrest them; whereupon these miscreants made a murderous attempt to sink the duty boat—a design that came within an ace of success, and allowed its perpetrators to escape in the darkness. Nor is this incident unique in the annals of the force.

Among the varied tasks that fall to the lot of the Thames Police, none deserves greater prominence than their efforts to rescue the drowning. Many an anxious race they run with Death; the prize, some drunken sailor or would-be suicide, yet still a priceless, human life. Often the threatened disaster is occasioned by incredible carelessness on the part of the waterside folk. As an instance, a waterman's wherry that had

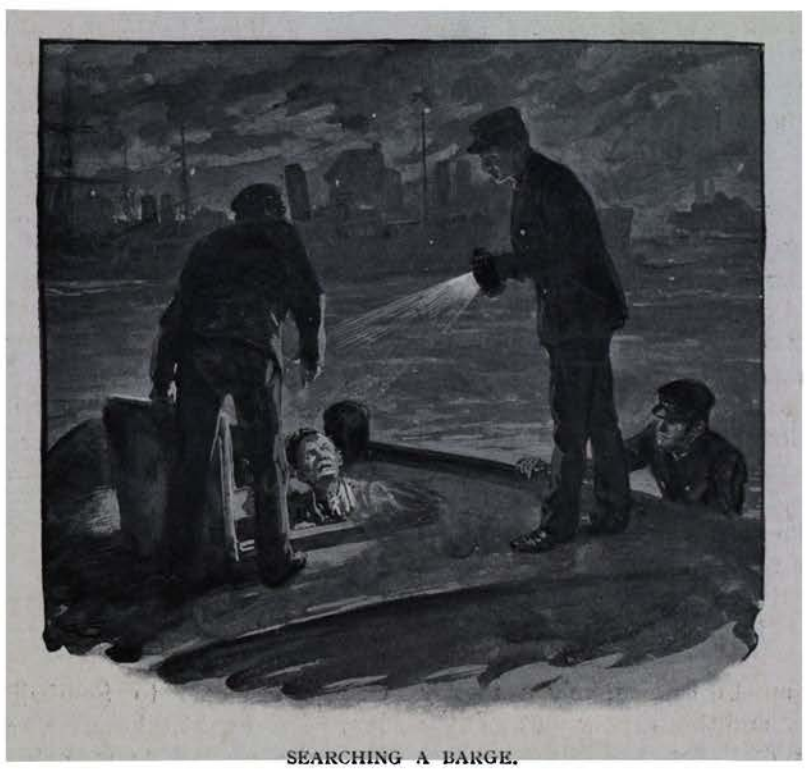
sunk and drowned its owner was found, when recovered by the police, to be amazingly leaky and unseaworthy, the worst rents in its seams having been roughly covered with pieces of tin and pasteboard!

When to such criminal neglect are added the hourly perils of collision on the crowded waterway and the frequency of attempted suicides by drowning, it is inevitable that too often the sad duty should devolve upon the river officers of withdrawing from the insatiable Thames the body of one of its victims. Then there is a pathetic little procession to the mortuary, headed by the police ambulance; and if inquiries fail to establish the hapless being's identity, that grim collection of posters on the blank wall at Wapping receives yet another addition to its numbers.

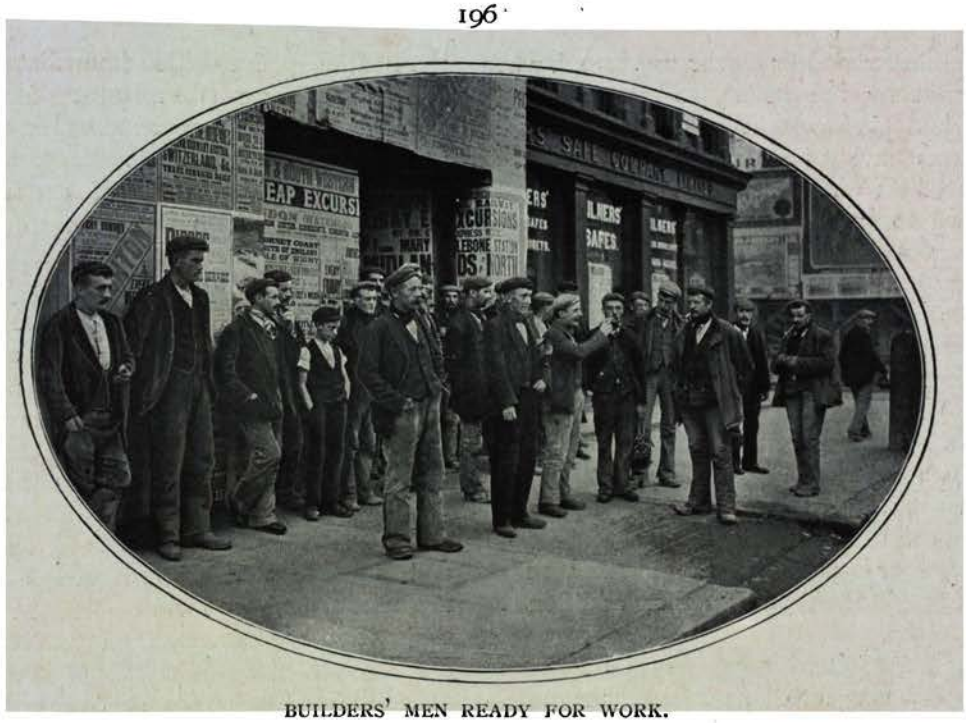
Very frequently, however—and Londoners have good cause to be proud of the fact—the alertness of the river police averts the impending tragedy. Many are the instances of almost miraculous-seeming rescues they have effected. Every boat's crew is constantly upon the *qui vive* for an opportunity of practising this work of mercy. And at the floating police station immediately below Waterloo Bridge (that haunt of would-be suicides) a boat is always moored in readiness to put off at any moment on such an errand—a broad-beamed craft of curious build, with a roller across the stern to facilitate lifting an insensible form in-board.

Once snatched from the river's jaws, the rescued receive at the hands of the Thames policemen everything that care and skill can devise for nursing back to a flame the flickering spark of life. Each member is thoroughly trained, not only in life-saving drill but also in the best methods of restoring the apparently drowned. And on the police pier at Waterloo a hot bath, a warm bed, and suitable clothing are always awaiting the next arrival, who will be brought tenderly back, if it be possible, from the borders of the Beyond.

But Wapping police stairs are in sight again by now, and our trip on the duty boat is at an end. "In oars!" The galley is brought up smartly beside the landing stage, and we take leave of the Thames Police and of the mighty highway they so admirably control.



SEARCHING A BARGE.



BUILDERS' MEN READY FOR WORK.

GOING TO BUSINESS IN LONDON.

By P. F. WILLIAM RYAN.

WHAT a blessing it is that Londoners do not all go to business at the same hour! If they did, the unanimous jingle of a million alarm-clocks would render unendurable the hard lot of the gentleman of leisure, who slumbers till what time he will. The daily invasion of the City is, on the contrary, nicely graduated. It reminds one of the incoming tide. The flow of life sets steadily Citywards at half-past four from the confines of the Metropolis. Minute by minute it grows in volume, until by ten the streets, whose ghastly baldness chilled you at the dawn, are seething with men.

Moorgate Street Station from five o'clock presents at frequent intervals a striking series of pictures. As you enter the cheerless station in the early morning, a dark-red light appears like an eye in the cylinder of ebon gloom which drives right into the bowels of London; and in a couple of seconds a workmen's train dashes forth from the blackness of the tunnel. Immediately a motley crowd of men and boys pour out of the uncomfortable carriages, and slouch along the draughty platform, fumbling as they go for their tickets. The married men are at once distinguishable, because they carry baskets, or bundles in red handkerchiefs, and sometimes, too, a little tin can of cold tea. As they throng patiently round the officer at the barrier they tear their tickets in two, returning one half to their waistcoat pockets for the homeward journey in the evening. One by one they pass the lynx-eyed official, out into the young midsummer morning.

The workmen's trains are spinning briskly along from half-past four. South of the Thames the lines all converge upon the bridges. North of the river the points to which they chiefly trend are Holborn, Aldersgate Street, Moorgate Street, and Aldgate, from districts as far apart as Hampstead, King's Cross, and Stratford. Shepherd's Bush is the great centre of electrical traction. It is the terminus for the "tube" railway, as well as for the electric tramcars to Southall and Hounslow. Passengers, however, are not very numerous until the approach of six o'clock. But long before train or tram is available, the

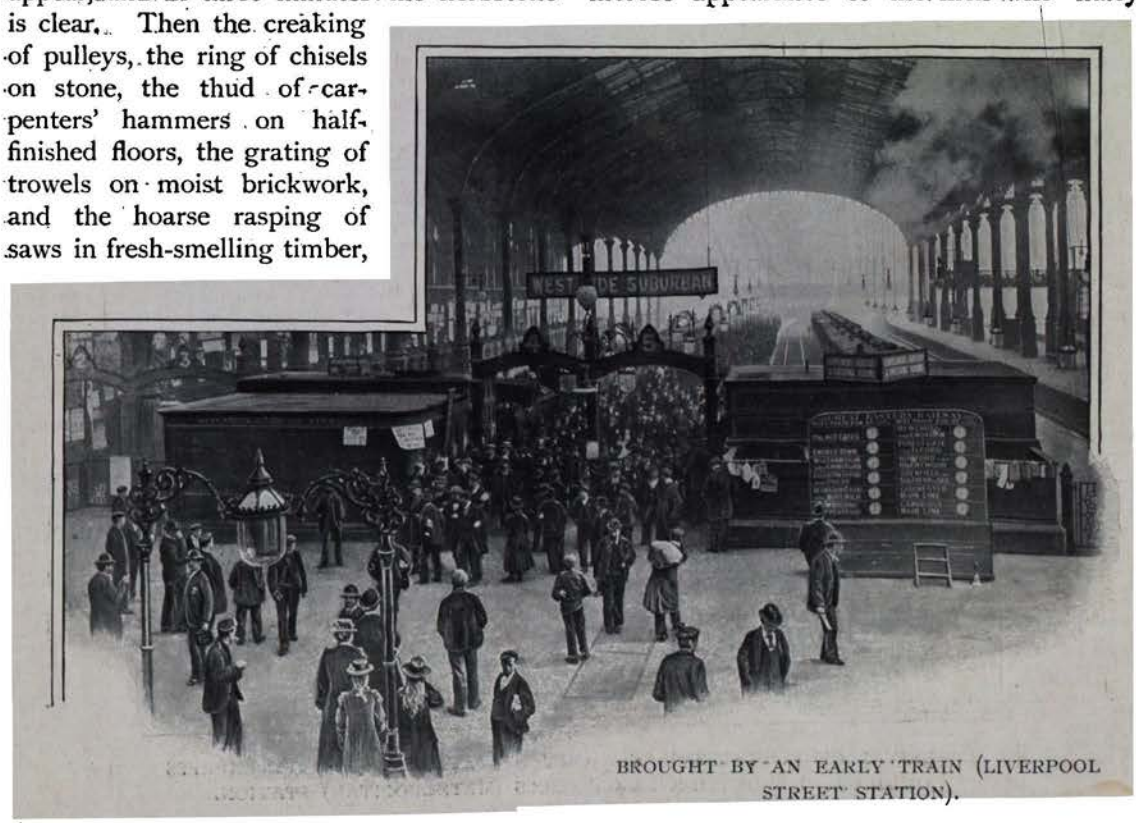
first of the great army of toilers have begun work. The day is hardly born, when hundreds of men employed about railway stations, and tramway stables, and newspaper publishing offices, are on their way to their business, making the wastes of the sleeping City lonelier with the melancholy echo of their footfalls.

A picturesque street scene of the early morning lies where the builders have in hand a monster structure. Here throngs of men await the "call to quarters," under a huge scaffolding of splendid tapering masts, with tier above tier of three-inch brown planks, the thousand joints coiled round and round with stout cordage. They are the builders' men. Screened by the great pile of lattice work are the raw outer walls of the growing structure, and the bewildering confusion of the internal masonry. Glaring, multi-coloured advertisements cover the lower part of the framework, forming a bright background to the mass of grimy labourers clustered at the base of the hoarding.

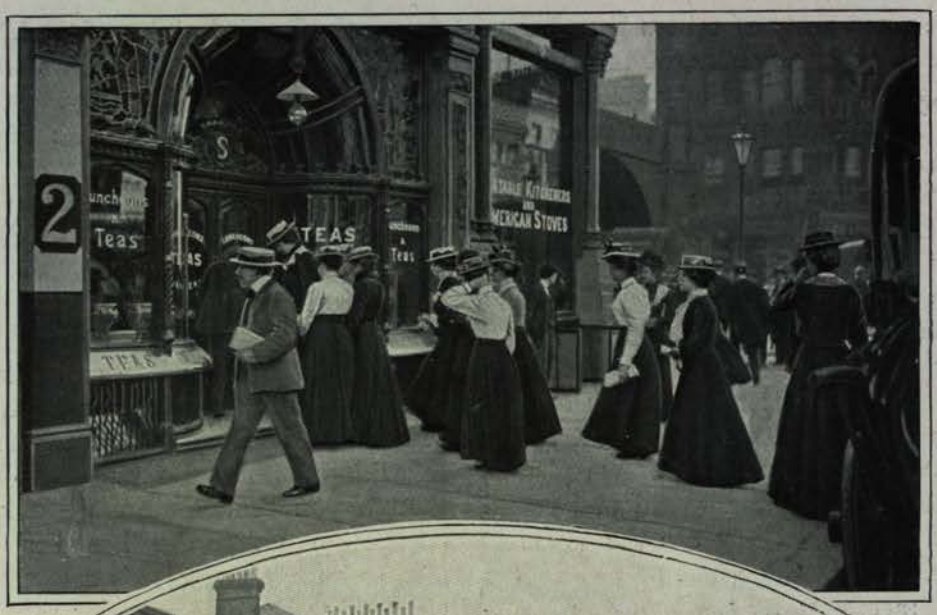
Time! Immediately a queue is formed, reminding one somehow of a squad of slovenly recruits. One by one they disappear, and in three minutes the kerbstone is clear. Then the creaking of pulleys, the ring of chisels on stone, the thud of carpenters' hammers on half-finished floors, the grating of trowels on moist brickwork, and the hoarse rasping of saws in fresh-smelling timber, drown the frenzied piping of the birds, singing wildly, though goodness knows where, in the heart of the awakening City.

Prominent types are rare amongst the streams of men dribbling through the streets between six and seven. It is easy, however, to distinguish the foreman of works. He is comfortably dressed in clothes that seem never to have been new. He sometimes carries a venerable black bag. His turn-down collar is very white, and his necktie is a shiny black. His eyes are fixed on the ground as he strides along. There is no mistaking, either, the well-to-do mechanic; though you cannot always decide upon his occupation unless he has the carpenter's stoop or the compositor's complexion. The clerk of works is a superior person. He is hardly like any other clerk because of his weather-tanned face, and a look in his eyes that seems to take the measure of things. His hat, too, is nearly always a soft felt; very rarely indeed the stately conventional article.

Occasionally the eye rests with pleasure on a pretty picture that is very human and very winning, in contrast with the rather morose appearance of the men who hurry



BROUGHT BY AN EARLY TRAIN (LIVERPOOL STREET STATION).



I. ARRIVAL OF WAITRESSES AT A CITY RESTAURANT. II. CITY EXPRESS OMNIBUS. III. OUTSIDE KING'S CROSS (METROPOLITAN) STATION.

hither and thither as the working day is about to commence. You catch sight of a couple of small errand-boys walking quickly along, their slightly-bent heads close together, and the right hand of one resting on the other's right shoulder. They are eagerly discussing something; perhaps a local cricket match. The warehouse in the City Road to which they are going has no place in their minds. Work for them is only an interval in play. They forget it until they have their coats off.

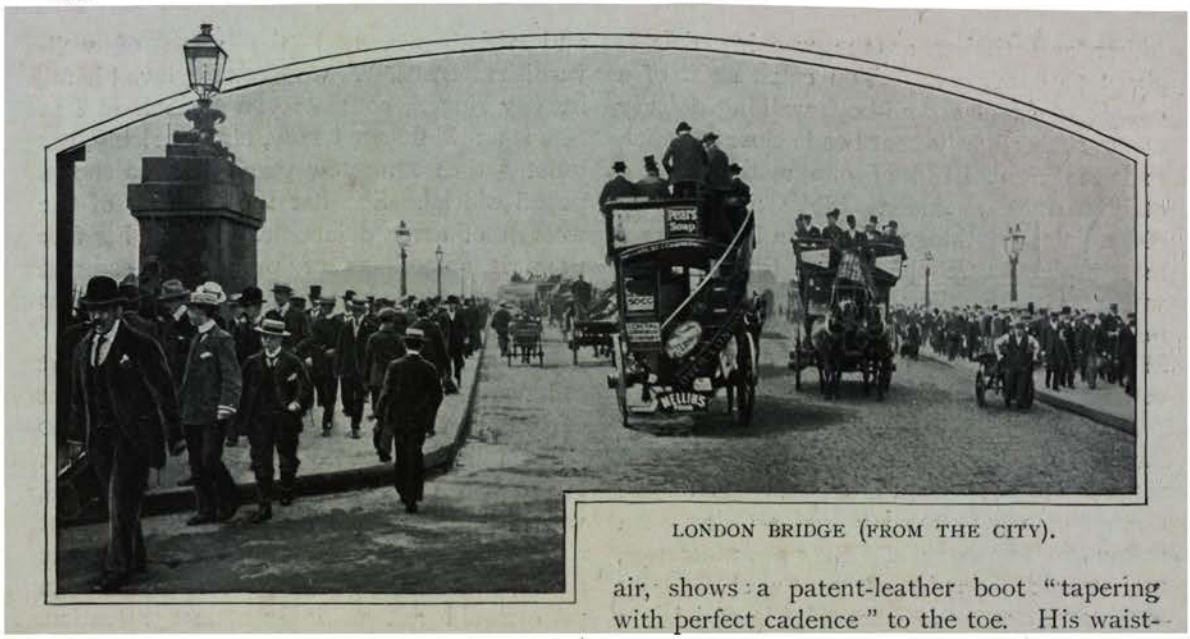
A pretty girl with roses in her cheeks, and laughter on her parted lips, makes the day seem brighter! You notice she is one of a knot of young women just arriving at a restaurant in the City. They are waitresses, and "waiting" must be pleasant work, for they laugh and chatter like schoolgirls, and beam upon the chance pedestrian. The manager is a moment ahead of them. He opens the door and the animated, black-skirted figures disappear in a twinkling from the busy pavement.

At eight o'clock the roar of the City has gathered strength and fulness, approaching the din of noonday. At nine o'clock every man, woman, and child in the Metropolis seems to be going somewhere. Crowds bubble intermittently from the underground stations. 'Busses in endless procession converge upon the Bank. The pavements are black with people. The scene from the Mansion House steps beggars description. You look upon a very maelström of men. They are not only "going" to business! They seem to be rushing there!

The subterranean corridors of the Bank "tube" station are alive with people. Here seconds are as minutes—action is so brisk, time so precious. The observer must stand aside as the passengers from the last-arrived electric train crowd to the steps leading to the open air. At the foot of the staircase their ranks open. The very young men spring forward, glad of a chance to make progress without being rude; the rest climb upward stolidly. In summer some of the men wear straw hats and flannels, some light-coloured tweeds. Many are in the conventional garb, "spick and span," as though it were afternoon in Piccadilly. What catches the eye principally is the white of collars and wristbands, and the shine of well-varnished boots. A woman's ungloved hand, heavily ringed, compels you to look at her. She is a middle-aged lady, almost richly, but quietly dressed. You guess her to be a postal official. She has the easy air of the woman of assured income. Yet in her face there is something of the exile's sadness, perhaps because in the autumn of life she is far from woman's natural home.

You saunter into Cornhill. It seems almost quiet after the bewildering spectacle in front of the Mansion House. Here it is easier to study individuals who appeal to the fancy. An oldish man, tall, and slightly stooped, with very long white hair, and a frock-coat a couple of sizes too large for his gaunt, spare figure, glides along the pavement like one who would not willingly attract attention. His chin almost touches his necktie. You can see his shirt-front through his straggling grey beard. In one hand he carries a small black bag. The other grasps a cotton umbrella, midway between the handle and the ferrule. He is a man with whom the world has not gone well—probably a clerk over whose unlucky head juniors have passed. His lethargic air is in sharp contrast with that of a vigorous-looking man, of aldermanic girth, who takes to the road in his eagerness to push forward. His fat hands are very white. His back is very broad. His frock-coat fits him without a wrinkle. There is plenty of energy and resolution in his walk. Nobody will get in front of him in business or anywhere else—if he can help it. He turns into a side street, and enters one of those great buildings in which mercantile men of all sorts have offices. At once you know his trade. He is a commission agent.

It is tedious work cycling through the heart of the City, and dangerous work likewise, which accounts for comparatively few men coming to business in that way. Should the driver of a team lose his presence of mind at a critical moment, or a horse grow restive, the cyclist's life is in jeopardy. You realise this as you watch one trying to make his way through Cheapside. He creeps along behind a 'bus, because the traffic from the opposite direction compels him to do so. Then the 'bus halts, while two railway delivery



LONDON BRIDGE (FROM THE CITY).

vans crawl past each other. It would be madness to venture between the vans, so the cyclist resignedly grips the handrail of the 'bus to balance himself. A minute is thus wasted. Then he is off once more—a sprint of twenty yards! He covers the distance by deftly thridding a pair of hansoms, and dodging a coster's barrow at the risk of a side-slip. Again he balances himself by the handrail of a 'bus, for traffic is completely blocked by a tangle of vehicles, locked wheel in wheel. At last he dismounts, consults his watch, and proceeds to roll his bicycle along the footpath, much to the inconvenience of ordinary foot-passengers. He is a well set-up young fellow; no doubt he plays at soldiering when he has leisure from his desk; and considers his difficult ride to business as part of his training for active service. In the Poultry he stops to buy a lovely rose-bud from a flower-girl. Then re-mounting his machine, he passes amidst many obstructions into Lombard Street.

In every part of the City carriages and cabs bowl past frequently. Some men try to hide themselves in a corner of their hansom. Some lean their elbows on the closed doors, and with clasped hands take a friendly interest in the poor wretches who walk. A young man poses in a hansom whose doors are flung open. His silk hat is drawn slightly over his brows. His small dark moustache is carefully groomed. His legs are crossed, and one foot, poised in the air, shows a patent-leather boot "tapering with perfect cadence" to the toe. His waistcoat is a work of art. What is he? A junior partner in something perhaps; or a secretary to a company; or, possibly, a civil engineer in a big firm. He looks decidedly a dandy, but one with plenty of work in him A very different type of man sails through Leadenhall Street in a handsome phaeton. His sallow, clean-shaven face is a curious blend of cynicism and good nature. He wears a soft hat and a tweed suit. Any of his clerks is more expensively dressed. He is a magnate in the City. But, lolling rather self-consciously in his splendid carriage, he is utterly insignificant-looking. Sometimes the laggard charters a hansom he can but ill afford. You know him by his anxious look. He is impatient of all obstructions. His heart is envious of the ease with which a disembodied spirit could transfer itself to a counting-house stool. For the psychological moment is close at-hand when the master frowns upon vacant desks.

A crowded 'bus invites a glance. It is one of the expresses that run between nine and ten every week-day from various suburbs to the City. There is the driver, clean and ruddy, with brown leather gloves, just a somewhat cheap edition of the men who tool their four-in-hands to Hurlingham. Most of the men on top ride every morning from terminus to terminus. In the hot days there are a good many Panama hats and tweed suits. If the weather were less tropical, the prevailing tone would be black, irre-

proachably black. The men have a Stock Exchange air about them. Many of them no doubt are clerks "on 'Change." But here and there you note one whom you hall-mark "stockbroker" or "company director." Perhaps the 'bus conductor touches his hat to him as he descends at the Mansion House. Possibly the policeman on point duty steps a pace forward as he passes to wish him "Good-morning." Only a City man can appreciate all that is conveyed by those subtle marks of distinction.

Fenchurch Street is crowded with well-dressed men, and amongst the lively procession an anæmic young woman catches the eye. Curiously enough, she is the only woman within sight. She is almost certainly a needlewoman, probably a dressmaker's assistant. An indescribable combination of smartness and slovenliness suggests her trade. She is very unlike the shop-girls who an hour earlier were making their way westwards. They were models of neatness, each one dressed as carefully as though she commanded the services of a Parisian maid—hats, gloves, and boots all flawless, and in perfect harmony with the costume.

Pleasant variety is lent to the street traffic by the motor-car darting, when opportunity serves, ahead of all rivals for the road, and making noise enough for a small factory. Sometimes, however, the traffic makes things unpleasant for the motor. The City is in places so congested that a vehicle must be able to withstand pressure that would almost embarrass an Arctic ship. And the motor-car, unfortunately, seems to be even more susceptible to the wear and tear of the streets than the horse carriage. Perhaps this explains why only a small number of men use the former for coming to their offices in the City. Lombard Street, Cornhill, Old Broad Street, and Queen Victoria Street make in this respect the bravest show. Of those that pass a few are gaily-coloured; but the majority are darkly-tinted, possibly as one more concession to the convention which ordains that a business-man shall look

BY MOTOR CAR.

like a mourner. There are many patterns. The brougham-shaped is rarest. In none is beauty obtrusive. But you feel that the owners of some of them would, if it saved time, ride to the City in an air-ship; and you at least admire their spirit.

London Bridge! It is the climax, the apotheosis, as it were, of all thus far seen. So crowded is the canvas, so full of movement, it dazes one. Life sweeps over the bridge like the rush of the sea by the sides of a ship —always Citywards. In thousands they advance, leaning forward, with long, quick strides, eager to be there! Swiftly they flash past, and still they come and come, like the silent, shadowy legions of a dream. Somehow they suggest the dogged march of an army in retreat, with its rallying point far ahead, and the enemy's cavalry pressing on its rear. Looking down upon the swarming masses, with the dark sullen river for a background, they fuse into one monstrous organism, their progress merges in the rhythmic swaying of one mammoth breathing thing. Stand in the midst of the mighty current of men! A wearied, languorous feeling creeps over you, as face follows face, and eyes in thousands swim by. It is the hypnotic influence of the measureless, the unfathomable, the you-know-not-what of mystery and elusiveness in life, stealing your senses away.

During an hour these multitudes in drab march past to the relentless City, to barter what they have of value for their daily bread. The monotony of the endless parade is overpowering, numbing; and minute by minute the railway station, not a stone's throw away, yields up fresh battalions for this sublime muster of citizens. Within the station itself is being enacted a scene which is an impressive combination of order and disorder. A train rushes alongside a platform. In a twinkling its passengers are thronging to the exits. A few seconds more and the place is clear. The empty train disappears to make way for another, whose impatient whistle is already heard. Again a crowd of passengers melts, and another springs up in its place. The train is again shunted, and the metals it vacates are speedily covered. And so proceeds like clockwork the arrangement—so simple and so intricate—for the mobilisation of the army of business men who pour in one wonderful phalanx across the noble bridge.

For a full hour it continues. Then, as the clock points to ten, there are gaps in the ranks. The tide of life suddenly slackens. The reinforcements grow weaker. Traffic once more moves freely in opposite directions; for the invasion of the morning is consummated. Business has begun.

EARLY MORNING ELECTRIC TRAMCARS (SHEPHERD'S BUSH).

A SLUM SCENE.

EVICTED LONDON.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE problem of the Housing of the Working Classes in London lives on through the centuries. It occupied the attention of our grandfathers, and it is exceedingly probable that it will be a burning question when our grandsons have attained a green old age. The problem arises in the first instance from overcrowding. Overcrowding is the result of the multiplication of manufactories and workshops in the larger centres. The wealth of a city, and the opportunities it offers of picking up gold and silver—either legitimately by labour or illegitimately by crime—attract not only the population of the rural districts, but also the inhabitants of less-favoured towns and less-favoured countries. Generally speaking, the present condition of affairs is, however, mainly due to two things—the increased birth rate and the migration of the rural population.

In the train of overcrowding have come evils which threaten the health and welfare not only of the overcrowded, but of the city itself. Hence, philanthropists and reformers have busied themselves with the Housing Problem. In obedience to popular outcry, vast areas of working class dwellings have been condemned as insanitary, and levelled to the ground in order that superior accommodation might be raised upon the vacant space.

This clearing necessitates the eviction of the inhabitants. All over London the tenants of mean streets and slums and courts and alleys are being evicted. The slum dwellers are daily receiving notice to quit their homes and find shelter elsewhere.

To study the subject at first-hand, let us take a walk through a block of condemned property, the tenants of which have long overstayed their notice to quit. Let us knock boldly at the closed doors, and push back those that are ajar. The inhabitants will open them if we speak sympathetically. They will imagine we are officials connected with the "pulling down," and they will talk either to us or at us.

At the first house is a decent-looking woman, who says that her husband is at work and her children are at school. Half the houses of the court are empty, and the housebreakers have commenced on some of them. Why does she linger still? "Well, sir, you wouldn't believe the miles as I've been. I can't get a decent place, not as good as this, through having the five children you see. But I *must* get a place to-morrow; they're going to take the windows out."

In the next house is a man. He is at work. He is busy with a hammer and a piece of leather. What he is making he doesn't give us time to see. He jumps up and comes to the door. He is fierce and defiant, and prepared to orate after the manner which may be described as the early Hyde Park. But we pacify him with tobacco, and he explains that he can't afford the time to go tramping about. His missis is in the hospital, else *she*'d go. He's got to earn the money for the children. Knowing something of the ways of Slumland, we point out to him that he has been living rent free for many weeks, and that at least is some compensation for disturbance. The saved rent should have allowed him leisure for house hunting.

That is a point that must not be forgotten in considering these evictions. After the period of notice has expired many of the tenants deliberately stay on because there is no rent to pay. They know that frequently after the houses have been cleared they are left standing. There are condemned houses which night after night are converted into free hotels by tramps and outcasts. Sometimes a burly ruffian will take temporary possession of an empty house, from which the tenants have been evicted, and let the rooms out for a copper or so. One rascal did a great business until the authorities discovered him. He not only filled the rooms with wayfarers, but charged a penny a head for the privilege of sleeping on the stairs.

At the next house—"Lot 1" in the illustration on p. 206—there lives an old woman who does mangling. We knock at the door and shout at the window, but she refuses to take any notice. She is a besieged resident. She thinks if she comes out she won't get in again. So for her food supply she lowers a small basket attached to a string. A neighbour puts into it the purchases made on her behalf, and thus she thinks she is defying the authorities. Poor old woman! She was in that house many years, but she left it at last. When I went down the court a few weeks ago not a brick of her Southwark Château Chabrol remained.

When a slum has been levelled to the ground a huge block of working class dwellings generally rises on its site. These buildings are wanted. Many of them are excellent. But up to the present they have hardly succeeded in solving the great problem, because the evicted or displaced tenants, practically left without any superior accommodation, are driven into worse.

An ounce of practical experience is worth a ton of argument. Let us see for ourselves how an eviction works. Here is a grand new block of working class dwellings in Southwark. On the site where the building stands there stood a short while ago a network of courts and alleys inhabitated mainly by poor people earning a precarious livelihood. After notice had been served upon them some began at once to look about for other accommodation. But the larger number, because it is the nature of the slum dwellers to live only for to-day and to trust to luck for to-morrow, did nothing. At last came the pinch. The authorities served the last notice, "Get out, or your walls will crumble about you." The tenant who after that still remained obstinate soon realised that the end had come. The roof, the doors, and the windows were removed while she (it is generally a woman) still remained crouching in a corner of the miserable room which contained the chair, the table, the bed, the frying pan, and the tub that were her "furniture."

Eventually the position became dangerous. When bricks and plaster began to fall in showers about her, and the point of the pickaxe came through the wall against which she was leaning, then at last she scrambled for her belongings and went out into the street, where a little crowd of onlookers and fellow sufferers welcomed her sympathetically.

Sometimes a whole family, the head having failed or neglected during the period of grace to find accommodation elsewhere, is turned into the street. I have seen families sitting homeless on their goods, which were piled

THE OLD ROOM IN SLUMLAND.

THE NEW ROOM IN A MODEL DWELLING.

high in the court. You can see them yourself in the photograph reproduced on page 208. Guarding their household gods sat women with infants in their arms. They sat on, hopeless and despairing, and saw their homes demolished before their eyes. Now and again the heap of bedding and furniture was diminished. A man would return and tell his wife he had found a place. They would gather up their goods and go. But all were not so fortunate. I have seen a woman with a child in her arms and two children crouching by her side sitting out long after nightfall by her flung-out furniture, because the husband could find no accommodation at the rent he could afford.

Sometimes a boy is left in charge of the piled-up property while his parents go off in different directions to hunt for shelter. Frequently the parents wander a considerable distance, and it is long after midnight before they return to the young sentinel.

If you dive below the surface you will understand more readily how terrible is this problem of "Evicted London." Granting that the raising of sanitary dwellings on the site of insanitary is an admirable work, fully admitting that the London County Council's idea of breaking up and scattering colonies of "undesirables" makes for the public good, we are still faced by the difficulty—What is to become of the people who are unfit (by reason of their ways or their families) for the new buildings? What will happen to the areas in which the "undesirables" (*i.e.* the criminal and vicious) scatter themselves?

The bulk of the people evicted are the poor, earning small and precarious livelihoods, hawkers and "general dealers"—a description that covers a multitude of trades. The bulk of the people housed in the new buildings are artisans earning a regular and decent wage. The idea in improving insanitary dwellings off the face of London is, of course, that the dishoused shall be rehoused. But many of the dishoused fail to find accommodation in the new buildings. One or two are admitted at first, but as the block becomes filled they are weeded out on some excuse or other. Slum dwellers are not wanted in nice clean buildings. The superior artisan who will respect his property and pay regularly is the tenant the Board of Directors and the private philanthropist alike desire.

And, again, there is the question of the children. The poorest people seem to have the most. And the children are a bar not only to admission to the new dwellings, where only so many people are allowed to sleep in a room, but even to the common lodging-houses. A man and his wife and five or six children are not wanted anywhere, not even in the lowest of the doss-houses. So when the day of eviction comes mother and the children must turn out and wait "somewhere" while father tramps the city paved with gold in search of a spot in which to lay his head. If father is in work, then mother must do the tramping.

"LOT 1."

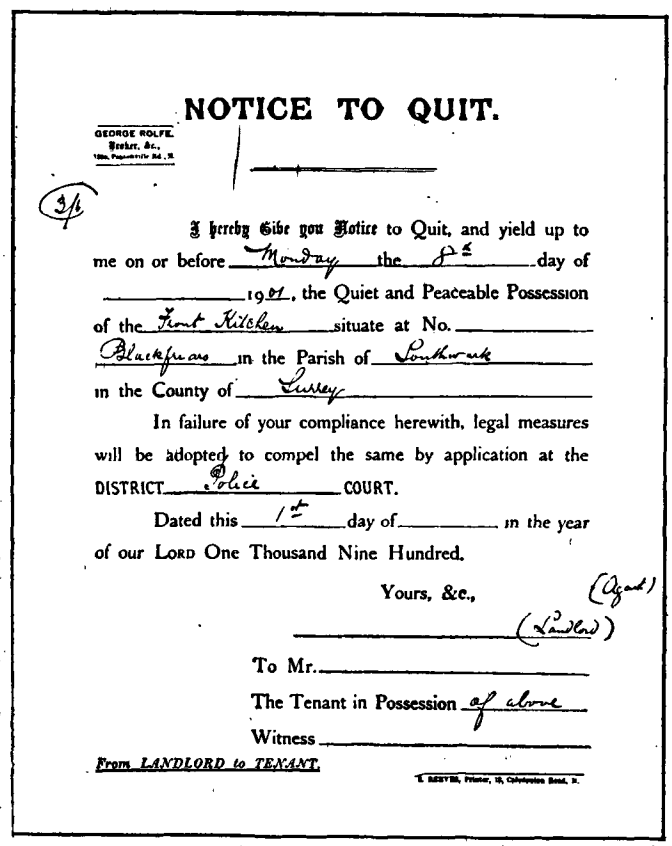
I will take a real case. Tom Brown calls himself a general dealer. As a matter of fact he and his wife make "ornaments for your fire stove," artificial flowers, and rosettes to hawk in the streets for special occasions, such as Boat Race day, St. Patrick's day, Lord Mayor's day, and the days of National holiday or jubilation. He and his wife earn between them when times are good £1. When times are bad they earn a few shillings. I have known Tom

for the last six years, and during that period he has been evicted four times. The family were evicted for property to be pulled down in the Borough; they found two rooms in Bermondsey. There after eight months they were again evicted for improvements, and went to St. George's. They were turned out of St. George's and went to Lambeth. They have now been evicted again, and have succeeded, after endless tramping, in finding two rooms in Bermondsey near their old quarters, but their rent is six and six instead of five and six.

Take another case, that of George Jones, a carman in regular employ, lately evicted to make room for artisans' dwellings. The family consists of Jones, his wife, and seven children. When they were turned out the father lost several days' work trying to find a place where the nine of them could be accommodated at a rental he could afford. For three nights and three days the family were homeless, and at last had to apply to the workhouse, where the wife and children were received as "paying guests." The workhouse authorities eventually succeeded in finding rooms for the family.

It occasionally happens, such is the generosity of the poor to the poor, that the younger and weaker children when evictions take place are accommodated for a night or two by the poor neighbours who are still left in peaceable possession of a roof. Quite recently in a house of four rooms in Foxley Street, Bermondsey, there lived a man, his wife, and ten "children," the latter ranging from four to twenty-four years in age. Yet, when a case of eviction occurred near them, they took in the three children of a poor woman who was unable to find shelter. The same hospitality I have known extended by a family of eight occupying two rooms.

A large number of the evicted poor drift into the various common lodging-houses when there are no children, or children who can be disposed of temporarily among friends. If there are children who cannot be housed temporarily the situation is desperate. Here is a case in point. A decent hard-working man and his wife had lived in a small tenement house which was eventually demolished under an improvement scheme. They tried in vain to get another small house. At last the father, mother, and three children drifted into an utterly disreputable common lodging-house. Here the Rescue Society's officer discovered the children, and the law took them from the parents and sent them to an industrial school to be kept at the expense of the ratepayers.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

GEORGE ROLFE, Broker, &c., 180a, Pepsworth Rd., N.

3/6

I hereby Give you Notice to Quit, and yield up to me on or before Monday the 8th day of _____ 1901, the Quiet and Peaceable Possession of the Front Kitchen situate at No. _____ Blackfriars in the Parish of Southwark in the County of Surrey

In failure of your compliance herewith, legal measures will be adopted to compel the same by application at the DISTRICT Police COURT.

Dated this 1st day of _____ in the year of our LORD One Thousand Nine Hundred.

Yours, &c., (Agent)

_____ (Landlord)

To Mr. _____

The Tenant in Possession of above

Witness _____

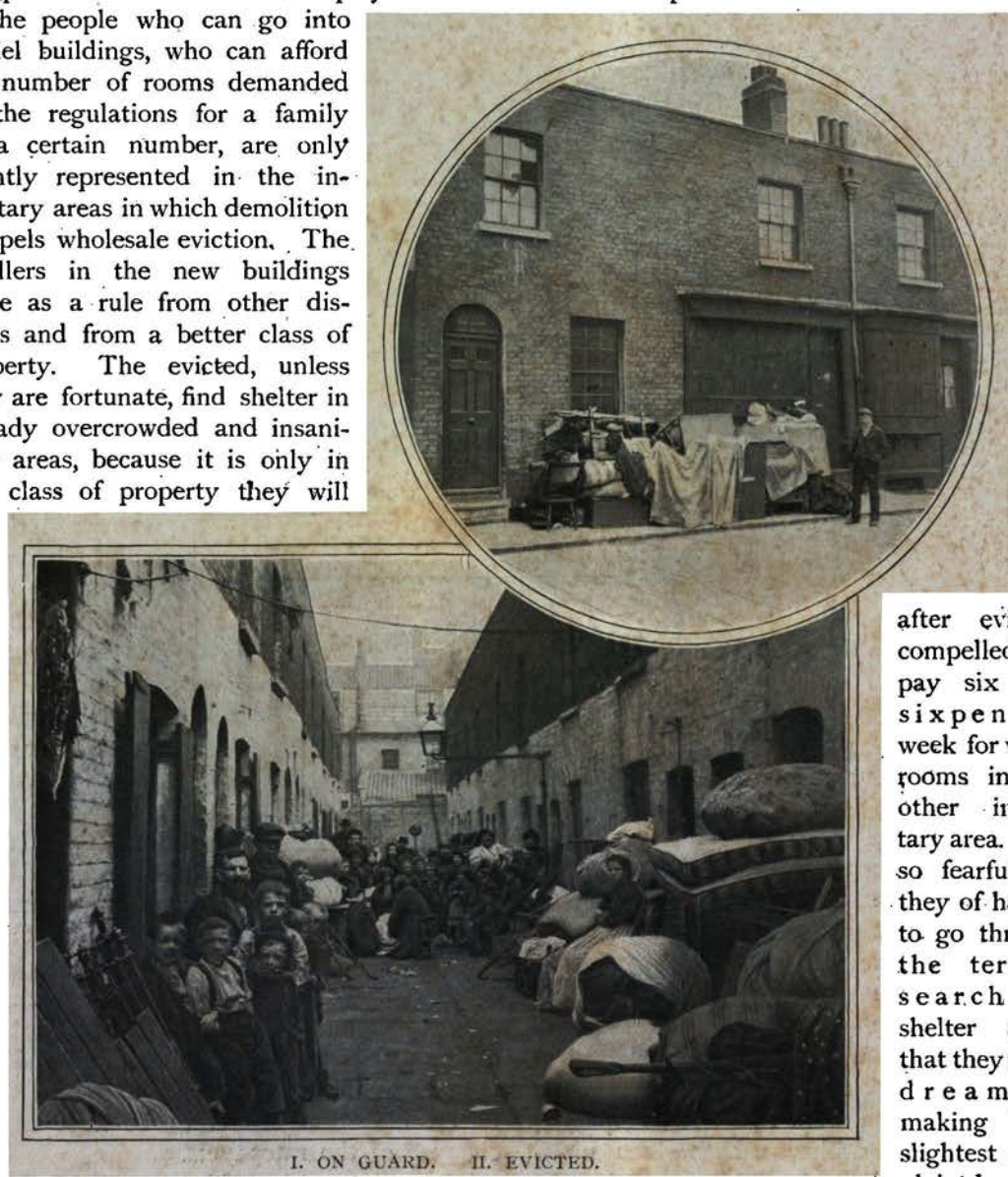
From LANDLORD to TENANT.

S. REEVES, Printer, 10, Chiswell Road, N.

We point with pride to the new and improved dwellings raised by the enterprise of governing bodies, public companies, and private philanthropists on the sites where recently stood foul and insanitary dwellings, in which the poor huddled together without light, without ventilation, and without a water supply; and we say that here at least is a step in the right direction. No one will deny it; but we shall never get further than a

step, we shall never come within measurable distance of the goal if we shut our eyes to the terrible difficulties which beset the present system of dishousing a poor and struggling class in order to make room for a superior class in constant employment.

The people who can go into model buildings, who can afford the number of rooms demanded by the regulations for a family of a certain number, are only slightly represented in the insanitary areas in which demolition compels wholesale eviction. The dwellers in the new buildings come as a rule from other districts and from a better class of property. The evicted, unless they are fortunate, find shelter in already overcrowded and insanitary areas, because it is only in this class of property they will be tolerated. Thus every area cleared for superior dwellings, for street improvements, or for railway schemes only adds to the further congestion of areas in which the poor are already massed together under the worst conditions.



I. ON GUARD. II. EVICTED.

And increased overcrowding is not the only evil that follows the wholesale evictions which are now almost weekly occurrences in London. The struggle for life of the evicted, always keen, becomes fiercer than ever. At each fresh rush for accommodation rents are advanced, so that it frequently happens that a family housed in one insanitary area for five and sixpence a week for two rooms are after eviction compelled to pay six and sixpence a week for worse rooms in another insanitary area. And so fearful are they of having to go through the terrible search for shelter again that they never dream of making the slightest complaint, however grossly the landlord may neglect his duty.

I once interviewed a woman who with her four children was living in a wretched garret in a court in the Borough. It was a wet day, and the rain was coming through the broken roof and falling on a child who was lying on a bed in the corner. "You should complain to the landlord," I said; "he is bound at least to give you a rainproof roof for your

money." "Complain!" exclaimed the woman in a tone of horror; "yes, I should like to see myself doing it. I did complain to him once, when we was better off and lived in a room downstairs. There was a brick loose in the wall, and the rain had soaked through, and the plaster had given way till there was a hole as you could put your two fists in—so I went to him, and I said he ought to repair it."

"And of course he did?"

"Yes, he did—he come and nailed the lid of a soap box across the hole, and he put the rent of the room up sixpence a week for the improvement."

A good deal of the neglect and abuse of property with which the poor of London are credited is due to this kind of conduct on the part of the slum landlord. The hapless tenants are glad to get accommodation anywhere, and they cannot afford to be particular as to the condition of the room or rooms. If they complain they will be told that they can clear out, there are plenty of people waiting to come in. So the tenants, unable to move the landlord's heart, take their revenge on his property. Boards that have been used to patch walls are torn off and used as firewood, stair railings—if there are any left—share the same fate. Presently there is very little left of the house but the walls, some crumbling plaster, and a window-frame or two patched with brown paper. The doors suffer less than any other portion of the property. The reason is that the slum-dweller desires occasional privacy. A door is useful, not only when you want to shut yourself in, but when you want to shut your neighbours out—and some neighbours in the slums are given to making mistakes and walking into, or falling into, other rooms than those for which they have paid the week's rent.

On all the phases of Evicted London I have not dwelt. I have but slightly sketched a few of the difficulties that the wholesale dishousing of the poor brings in its train. All the schemes of rehousing, with perhaps two exceptions—and those I believe have not been very successful—aim at the survival of the fittest. But the unfittest do not die. They are not destroyed. Like Jo in "Bleak House" they are only being eternally "moved on."

RIPE FOR EVICTION.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOC

A CONFIRMATION SERVICE.

THE CHURCH IN LONDON.

By the REV. A. R. BUCKLAND

ENTER St. Paul's Cathedral on the morning of Trinity Sunday with the crowd that pours in at each open door. It is not quite the usual throng. Here, of course, are regular attendants, to whom the Cathedral is almost as their parish church. Here are good Londoners escorting country friends to the most popular of English cathedrals. Here are conscientious Americans, bent on missing nothing. Here is a group of young men from a City warehouse; and hard by a trio of West African natives, immaculately clothed. A young couple absorbed in each other block the way of some self-reliant ladies who know where they want to sit and how to get there. All these are familiar; but to-day there is another element in the crowd. It is composed of the friends of some forty or fifty young men who are to be ordained deacon or priest.

You have no difficulty in finding this element. When the procession of clergy and choristers enters there is with it the long line of ordination candidates. As they move to their places you can from a point of vantage single out the people whose eyes have found the one form for which, in their minds, this service is being held.

Perhaps the other visitors miss a good deal for which they came. There is less music than usual; the sermon has a distinct character; and they cannot all either see or hear much that goes on in the dim distance of the choir. Yet perhaps they catch something of the spirit of the scene, and follow with sympathy those who are there set apart as new recruits for the ranks of the clergy.

Where is the visible head of the army these recruits have joined? Ecclesiastically, at all events for the province of Canterbury, we can find him at Lambeth. The Archbishop of Canterbury, freed from the incumbrance of a country house at Addington, now spends much of his time in London, and is one of the most familiar figures in its Church life. To Lambeth come representatives of the Anglican communion from all parts of the earth. There the Bishop of the American Church meets his English peers: there the Colonial prelate seeks counsel; thither go the

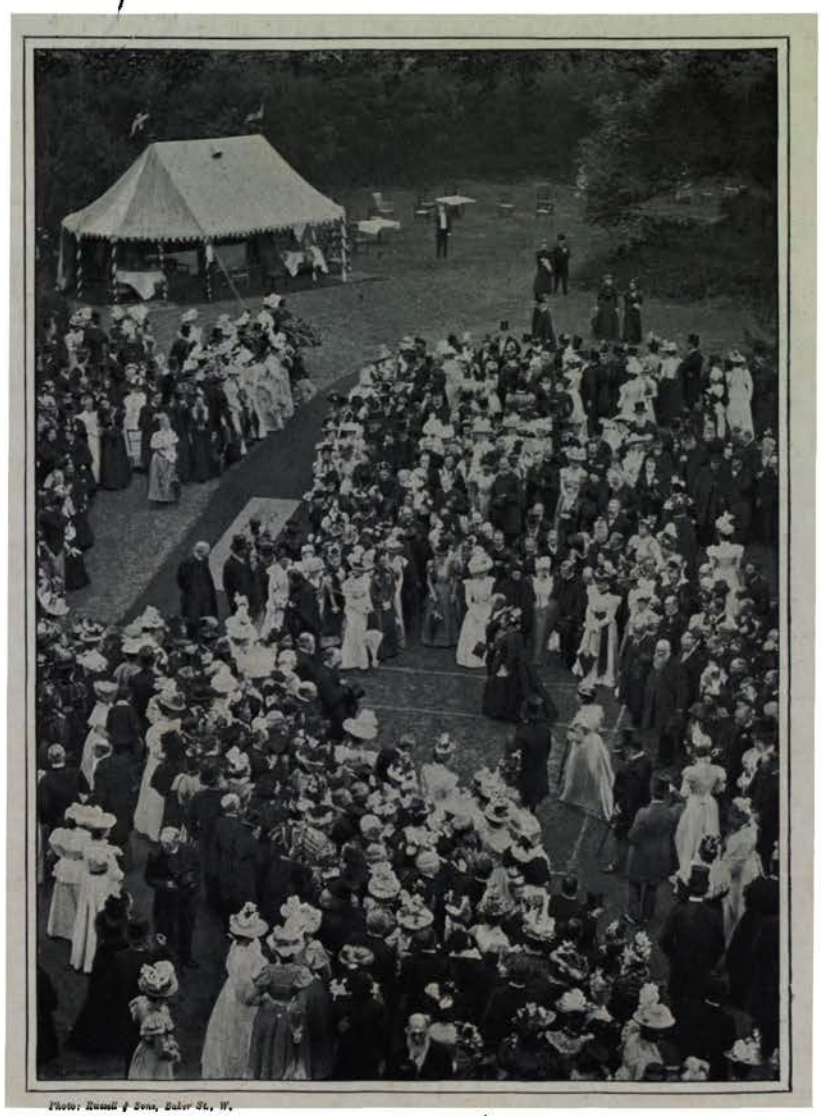
men who, on the frontiers of the Empire, are founding new sees and sub-dividing old ones. The Lollards' Tower, looking grimly over the Thames, houses no longer prisoners but the Archbishop's episcopal guests. In the library, where Archbishop Benson sat to try the Bishop of Lincoln, his successor presides over Temperance meetings. On the lawns upon occasion garden party guests share the Archbishop's hospitality, just as the children of Lambeth do in the field he has handed over for the enjoyment of the public.

If we want to see the deliberative machinery of the Church at work we must cross the river to Westminster, and in the Church House look on at the sessions of Convocation.

In the Upper House sits the Archbishop with his bishops around him, robed. It is a small gathering, with very few spectators; but there are long debates, intermitted with occasional lapses into private sessions, when the onlooker is turned out to await their Lordships' pleasure. You can beguile the tedium of waiting by a glance at another official body, the Lower House of Convocation — an assembly of suffragan bishops, deans, canons and other clergy, mostly aged, but often very contentious, and debating their opinions with a warmth which would not disgrace a less austere-looking body. By way of supplement there is the Southern House of Laymen, a merely consultative assembly, with many men of light and leading, giving serious attention to subjects its opinion upon which nobody is obliged to recognise.

But these assemblies exercise little influence on the activities of the Church. If we wish to understand these, we must look at its men. The bishop of a diocese is an autocrat. You may find London's autocrat at Fulham Palace, or on one day a week at London House in St. James's Square. The Bishop of Rochester dwells in a plain house near Kennington Oval, and the Bishop of St. Albans in the Euston Road. When, amidst the dim lights and overwhelming associations of Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, a bishop is consecrated for a home diocese, he enters upon a career of real toil and incessant anxiety.

The prelate's working day is long enough to call for repressive legislation. His correspondence is heavy, and its variety is hardly compensated for by the extraordinary success



GARDEN PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE.

of bores in imposing upon a bishop's good-nature. His interviewers are scarcely less exacting, and, although many of them furnish food for the humorous reminiscence in which every bishop can upon occasion indulge, they all take up time. The prelate who has suffered many things of them must spend the rest of the day hurrying hither and thither. The Bishop of London's engagements carry him from Fulham to Poplar, from Bethnal Green to Belgravia, from Hackney to Harrow. He must preach here and speak there; consecrate a new church one day and open new schools the next; hurry from the meeting of a diocesan society to snatch a hasty dinner and rush to an evening confirmation: reach home, worn out, late in the evening to find another pile of letters all ready to supply new worries. Yet the Bishop of London who welcomes the clergy and laity to a garden party at Fulham is always a host whose cheerful alacrity in making everybody happy would become the most leisured of his laity.

From the bishop of the diocese to the newly-ordained curate is a far cry. Between the two there are in the London diocese two deans, three archdeacons, residentiary canons at Westminster and at St. Paul's, a bevy of prebendaries (whose stalls have no fodder in them), a band of rural deans, and a small army of incumbents. Rochester and St. Albans have their cathedral centres outside London. Under one of the incumbents the deacon ordained on the morning of Trinity Sunday may in the evening be reading the service.

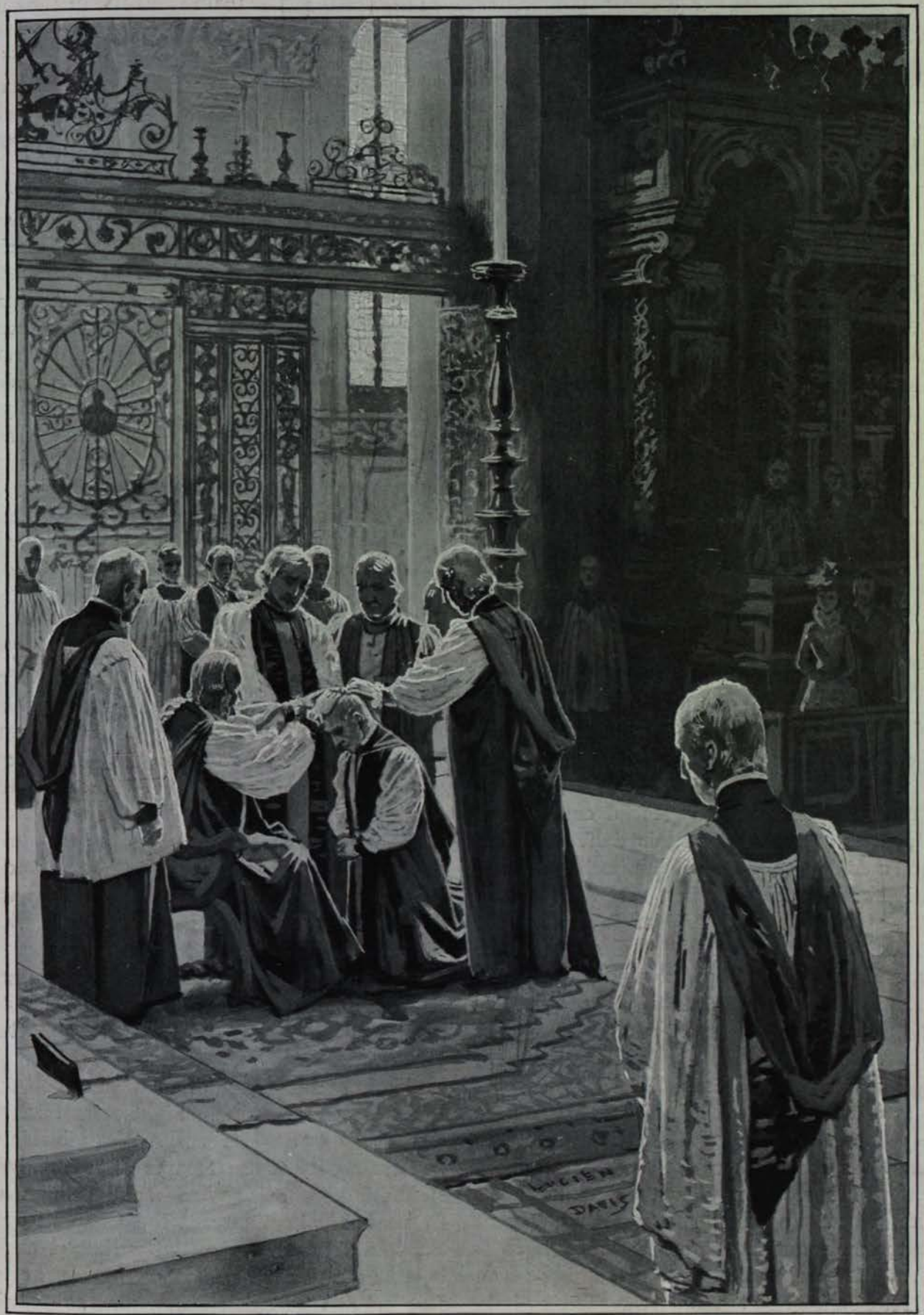
He may go East. There was a time when clerical recruits did not flow quite naturally to this end of London diocese; but Bishop Walsham How changed all that, and now it is perhaps rather easier to find a curate for a hard parish in the East than for an easy parish in the West. Nobody who has ever tasted the romance of clerical life in the most distinctive parishes of East London will feel surprise at the change.

For the clergy of the great inner parishes of the East, where overcrowding is worst, poverty at its sharpest, and crime most abundant, the services of the Church are but a small part of their work. They are everybody's friend—the visitors and helpers of the sick, the providers of the hospital and convalescent home letters, the friends of the wife and family whose head is "away" in prison, the capitalist of the "stone-broke" coster who wants to set up again, the employment-agent for the repentant first offender to whom nobody wants to give work, the prompt rescuer of the foolish lad, and sometimes the even more foolish girl, who has drifted away from home. The clergy of such parishes may have the oddest collection of friends ever known to men of their cloth. They may—*experto crede*—be seen walking up the street in friendly converse with a man who has been in almost every convict establishment in the country; or trying to coax into a mission service the eminent pugilist whose well-behaved son makes an excellent choir-boy; or entertaining as a guest the ex-convict come to thank the man who helped him back to an honest life.

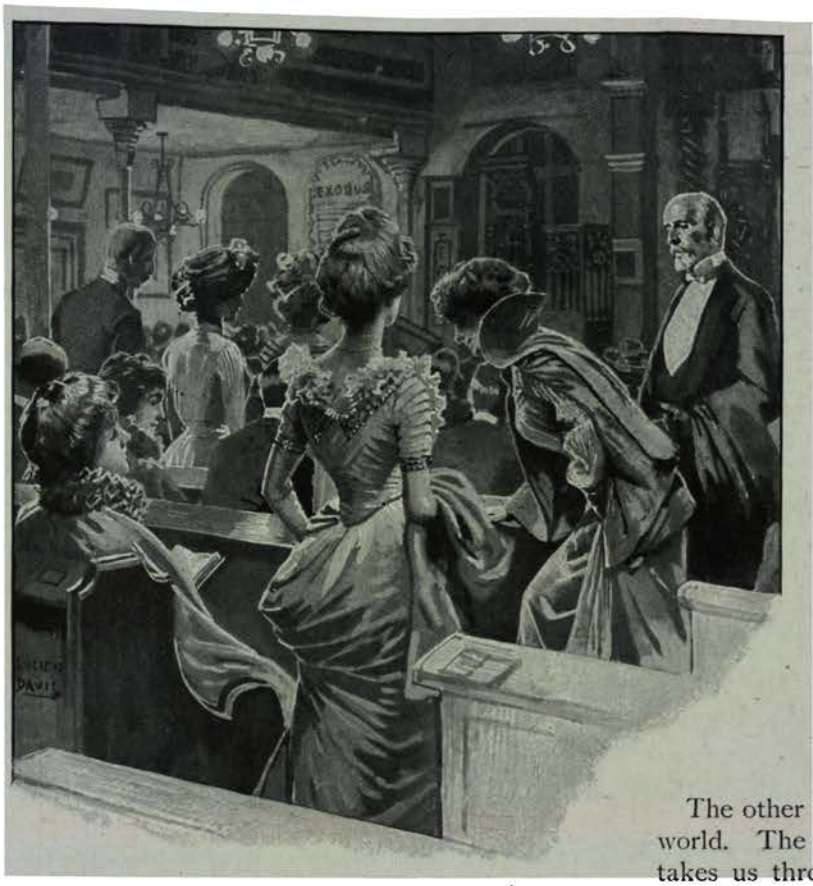
He conducts the ministrations of the Church under strange circumstances. He is allowed with a few helpers to hold services in a good many lodging-house kitchens, where the sound of his hymn mingles with the frizzling of lodgers' suppers at the huge fire, and his prayer is punctuated with the critical comments of the few who, despite energetic remonstrance from some of their neighbours, will not listen in silence. Perhaps before he goes he will have to defend his cause against the vigorous onslaught of some critic, whilst the other lodgers "see fair." His sick-visiting takes him in perfect safety where no other person save the city missionary and the police could go at night with impunity. His performance of the marriage ceremony is often a trial to his self-possession from the amazing maltreatment by the contracting parties of familiar words. He pursues his friends to the beds of the infirmary and the hospital; and others who are not his friends have no scruple about knocking at his door at midnight, prepared with tales of woe which make up in picturesque detail what may be lacking in solid fact.

In some of those parishes the parson has as many poor Jews as would people a good-sized town in Palestine. There are streets in which English is rarely heard; where the pauper aliens steadily increase the difficulty of the clergy in fighting overcrowding.

You may see something of that element



CONSECRATING A BISHOP.



AT CHURCH IN EVENING DRESS (ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, ALBEMARLE STREET).

listening, with at least respectful curiosity, to addresses in their own patois delivered from the outside pulpits of Whitechapel and Spitalfields parish churches. At Whitechapel such services are now familiar to most of the passers-by, and even the Gentiles have learned that the notice, printed in Yiddish and exhibited near the pulpit, means "Service at 3 and 3.30."

But the East-End is not all of a piece with Whitechapel or Spitalfields. Amidst its artisan population the judicious parson is very much at home. If he does not command the resources of Toynbee Hall or of Oxford House, he may have a working-men's club, where he smokes a pipe with great contentment amidst his neighbours. If, as is often the case, he has been something of an athlete, he is great amongst the growing lads whom he will lead to victory in cricket matches at Victoria Park, where the games are so close that it is hard to be sure of your own ball, and where the cover-point of one team is a little in the way of another's square-leg. Is not one so expert with the gloves as to have earned a reputation amidst a population which produces a steady crop of professional boxers? Are they not all at their best on the days of parish excursions and school treats, when they control an army of wild young Cockneys amidst green fields with a tactical skill which a Napoleon might envy? They have their failures? Of course; all professions have. But he who knows best the hardness of their lives will not be the first to cast a stone at even the weakest of the flock.

The other end of London is another world. The passage from East to West takes us through the City. The hard labour of the East merges suddenly into the repose of the City incumbent. Yet the City church is not a useless cumberer of the ground. That is a modern development which opens some of them as resting-places for early toilers, landed by their trains in the City before their places of business are open. But mid-day services are no innovation. A popular preacher at Bow Church or at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, will bring in a crowd of men who are giving up half an hour snatched from their lunch time.

Congregations vary, of course, in West and West Central London. Sight-seers flock to the Abbey, to St. Margaret's, Westminster, or nearer the City to the Temple Church and the Foundling Chapel. Wealth and fashion are to be found in plenty at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, with its quaintly-dressed choir-boys, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, or at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. For a "brainy" congregation one may go to St. Peter's, Vere Street, where doctors sit thickly all around you. If elaborate ritual wins crowds to St.

Cuthbert's, South Kensington, an austere orthodoxy is equally crowded at St. Paul's, Onslow Gardens, or St. Paul's, Portman Square. If many churches draw the faithful from their beds to early celebrations, another offers an evening service at 9 p.m., to which you may go in evening dress after dinner—an innovation so many people have welcomed that it may soon be followed elsewhere.

They are not idle or self-centred, these West-End congregations. Several have at times given more than £1,000 on Hospital Sunday. To many of them no good cause appeals in vain. One has a fund all its own for the help of the poorer clergy. Several are linked on to needy parishes in other parts of London, sending them funds and workers.

There are other aspects of the Church's life in London which no observer can miss. The great organisations of the Church have their headquarters there. At the council boards of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel or the Church Missionary Society you may see men who have ruled provinces, and people whose names are great in the City, next to the man whose only work is philanthropy and the clergyman whose weekly holiday is cheerfully spent at committees. As you pass in or out of their headquarters at Delahay Street or Salisbury Square you may meet the bishop of a vast Indian diocese, an industrial missionary from Uganda, an archdeacon from the Arctic shores of Hudson's Bay, or a black clergyman from West Africa: all of them witnesses to the Imperial spirit in which their Church pushes her pioneers into every quarter of the globe. In May, Exeter Hall and the Great Hall of the Church House overflow with the rank and file who keep these organisations going. There on their part a Prime Minister has pleaded for foreign missions, ex-satraps from India have tendered their experiences, and great travellers have borne their testimony, whilst men and women who have looked death in the eye under a Mtesa of Uganda, or have escaped from a Chinese massacre like that of Ku-cheng, have simply told their stories. These are but samples of the almost countless organisations, worked from London, by which the Church finds outlet for the energy of its people.

It is a strangely complex life, with faults, of course, and deficiencies, of course; but a life very much in earnest, and no more to be overlooked by the student of London than the dome of St. Paul's can be by the man who on a fair day surveys inner London from the northern or southern heights around her.

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE IN YIDDISH (ST. MARY'S, WHITECHAPEL).

AT THE CALEDONIAN BALL.

DANCING LONDON.

By C. O'CONOR ECCLES.

WHEN gaslights twinkle like stars, and arc lamps shine out like moons, Dancing London bestirs itself. Dancing London! What a vision the words call up of life, of movement, of riotous hilarity. Dancing London, of course, is young; is largely, though not exclusively, female; and is of all classes, from the fashionable *débutante* revolving to the strains of the Blue Hungarian Band to the coster girl footing it merrily on the pavement to the mechanical beat of a piano-organ. Men in general share in the amusement with less enthusiasm — under protest, as it were, and as a concession to the wishes of their womenkind—though amongst them devotees of the dance are to be found.

The young man in Society of to-day grew up disliking, or at best tolerating, this kind of exertion. He succeeded a generation that had danced not wisely but too well, or rather too much, and that by a natural revulsion of feeling came to hold dancing in aversion. His father, and even his elder brothers, had accepted invitations to three balls a night for many seasons, and finally arrived at the conclusion that dancing was vanity. When at length the youngster in his turn appeared at parties, he copied the famous Tenth, who "don't dance." With his advent in the ball-room the vogue of the skirt dance grew. Fair maidens, more constant to tradition, or more ambitious of terpsichorean distinction, and confident in their powers to trip lightly, for want of cavaliers fell back on Oriental methods, and amidst a whirl of draperies, a foam of unexpected frills, twirled and attitudinised for the benefit of a circle of admirers who watched them gyrate with the languid satisfaction natural to those who see others successfully undertake labours too exhausting for themselves.

A few years ago hostesses were in despair. Dancing *à deux* almost ceased as a form of amusement for sheer lack of the harmless necessary partner. It is whispered that when dismay was at its height the hired guest became a regular institution, not merely in the suburban circles painted by Mr. Anstey, but at the more exclusive private balls. Certain firms made a speciality of supplying discreet young men of good manners and

address, irreproachably attired, and warranted conversational, to eke out the number of dancers required. Ambitious youths, of better family than fortune, faced bewildering possibilities as the paid guests of Lady Vere de Vere. A whisper of this soon got abroad. Chaperons of rank looked askance at their daughters' would-be partners, however presentable, if these were not personal acquaintances, and dancing languished more than ever. The waltz and the cotillon were the only dances patronised by men, and these in strict moderation, though millionaire hostesses, desirous of social honours, discarding the good taste that rules in French Society, provided beautiful jewels and costly baubles as cotillon favours, instead of the pretty, valueless trifles that serve across the Channel. The cotillon has thus by degrees become as expensive to organise as it is embarrassing to take part in, for not every guest likes to carry off a gold bangle or a silver cigarette case from the house of a comparative stranger. Now, however, that a Sovereign who loves and has always loved the dance has succeeded to the throne, Society men are beginning to throw off their apathy, and show renewed interest in a form of amusement that for several years it has been "good form" to despise.

Of course, even at the worst, dancing never for a day ceased throughout the land. For the young to love rhythmic movement is natural, and fashion will never gain a complete victory over nature. Though Society gossips deplored the lack of young dancing men at Court balls, there were energetic dancers in other circles. Court balls, indeed, are seldom famous for liveliness, though they are a dazzling sight, but the energetic Society woman with a pretty daughter eager for amusement has many fields open to her.

Take the typical Mayfair ball, when during the season in every street awnings are out, and strips of crimson carpet are laid across the pavement, acting as magnets to all the idlers of the neighbourhood, who form up in line to see the ladies in brilliant evening dress pass from their carriage to spacious halls filled with exotics and dazzling with electric lights. Through the open windows snatches of melody float on the night air, announcing to all that the Duchess of B.'s or the Countess of C.'s dance is in progress. Above, the shadows of the dancers pass and repass. Through rows of waiting footmen the guests file in, lay aside their wraps, adjust their draperies with the aid of the maids in attendance, and mount the stairs, garlanded with roses and cooled by blocks of ice, to greet their hostess.

One by one partners come forward, and the latest arrivals are drawn into the magic circle, set in motion by the beat of some favourite waltz. In the conservatories, discreetly lit, where fountains plash and tinkle, embedded in deep moss, in corridors with convenient screens and angles, on tented palm-filled balconies, couples are resting or "sitting out." Sheltered nooks and pretty boudoirs see many a marriage "arranged" that within a few days figures in the fashionable intelligence of the *Morning Post.* Tired chaperons find consolation for their fatigue in watching their

BETWEEN THE DANCES.

DANCING TO A STREET ORGAN.

daughters' triumphs, while the supper room, softly illumined, and gorgeous with silver, rare china, and flowers, offers every delicacy to tempt their appetite and beguile their hours of waiting. Chaperonage, it may be said, has become much less onerous of late years than it used to be. Even at public balls the patient duenna is frequently dispensed with when girls have brothers able and willing to accompany them.

Those who seek more variety than is offered by fashionable private balls, who find a certain monotony in the programme, varying only in degree of luxury and elegance, will find an agreeable change at some of the exclusive subscription balls, so popular with Dancing London. What an admirable and novel picture, for example, is afforded by the annual Caledonian Ball at the Whitehall Rooms, where all the guests, including royalty, appear in correct Highland costume, the men with kilt, sporran, and plaid, brooch and skian, the ladies with the tartan of their clan worn crosswise over their light ball gowns. There the Highland reel and schottische are danced with vigour and enthusiasm, to an accompaniment of whoops and snapping fingers, while a feature of the evening is the procession of some fifty boys and girls from the Royal Caledonian Asylum, who at a given signal march round the room, preceded by their pipers and headed by the Duke of Atholl.

A foreign element, likewise full of interest and novelty, enters into the Austro-Hungarian Ball, at which the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and his wife preside, and the Czardas is danced to the wild gipsy music that belongs to it. The Czardas, to the onlooker, seems to partake of the nature of a jig, a reel, and a waltz, with certain features peculiar to itself. It grows faster and faster in time to the zither and the violins that the dark-skinned musicians play with such fire and energy, until at last the dancers drop out from sheer exhaustion. Almost as unfamiliar as the Czardas to the average British ball-goer is the historic Irish jig, which is danced to perfection at the Cinderella dances of the Irish Literary Society, at Westminster Town Hall, to the music of the Irish pipes.

The Connradh na Gaedhilge, Lunnduin, or Gaelic League of London, is a society that is doing much to foster ancient national dances. It holds meetings for practice every Monday evening, when jigs, three-part and four-part reels, "heel and toe," "cover the buckle," and other complicated steps are taught to novices or practised by experts before an admiring crowd of onlookers. The League was founded to encourage the development of Irish music, the use of the Irish

language, and the revival of Irish dances. It has now a large and increasing membership.

Very similar in their aims and objects are the Highland Gatherings at Stamford Bridge on the first Monday in August. Full Highland costume is worn, and a feature of the programme is the dancing of all the typical Scottish dances by professionals only, prizes being awarded to the most expert. Music is afforded by the bagpipes. The same competitions and the same competitors are seen at the Highland Gatherings in Scotland.

Dancing London offers no prettier sight than the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House, held each January. An artist would rejoice in the grouping and colouring, as the little folk, full of interest and excitement, walk up under the eyes of their proud parents to be presented each in turn to the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, and Worshipful Aldermen and Sheriffs, an imposing body in their robes of fur and scarlet cloth, and chains of office. The small Robin Hoods, Maid Marians, Bo Peeps, Prince Charmings, and other representatives of nursery heroes and heroines, are delightful, and the smaller the more delightful. Some are so tiny they can scarcely toddle, and bow in bewildered fashion to the wrong people, or, growing frightened, turn their backs on all the civic functionaries, so terrible to childish eyes, in a wild search for the shelter of mother's arms or the protection of mother's skirts. The age limit is not strictly enforced, so that these may be followed by young ladies of sixteen or thereabouts, looking quite "grown up" and self-possessed. There is dancing in the Egyptian Hall, but it is not the sole amusement provided. Punch and Judy, the cinematograph, and other delights, ancient and modern, keep the little ones interested.

Dancing, as already indicated, is by no means confined to one class, or any degree of wealth. Indeed, it is generally found that the less this enjoyment costs the more heart-whole and satisfying it is. Quite as much pleasure can be purchased by a modest expenditure as by the most extravagant outlay. If we desire to see dancing less hampered by financial considerations than that hitherto noted, let us take a bird's eye view of Holborn Town Hall any evening, during the winter months, when the popular Cinderella dances are in progress. Despite a good floor and good music the price of admission is low. The entertainment of the season is the fancy dress ball, to which men are expected to come in cycling, boating, or other costume associated with some athletic sport, while the girls wear any pretty, light dresses at their disposal. Conventional evening garb alone is conspicuous by its absence.

Better known are the Covent Garden Fancy Dress Balls which were established by the late Sir Augustus Harris on the lines of the famous balls at the Paris Opera. Here multi-coloured costumes, gay or bizarre, mingle bewilderingly, and the general effect is distinctly foreign.

More private in its nature and different in character, though as pleasing to view, is the fancy dress ball in connection with the Radfahrer (Cycling) Club at the German Gymnasium, in Pancras Road, where all the charming fräuleins, daughters and sisters of members, come from Ealing, from Hampstead, from Forest Gate, and the other parts of London which most of their compatriots

ON A BANK HOLIDAY: HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

frequent, and vie in "dressing up"—a sport as beloved of the mature as of the little ones in the nursery. The exiled sons of the Fatherland bring with them their national customs, so the Christmas tree and the merry dance hold a place of honour amongst the Yuletide festivities.

To those who associate the licensed victualler only with the bar, and the cabby only with the box, it will be news that they too have each their annual dance in connection with benevolent societies which afford relief to necessitous members of their class.

This article would be by no means complete if it failed to take into account the children who dance in the London streets. Go where you will, you see these little ones, sometimes comfortably clad, but oftener in rags and tatters, moving to the merry strains of a piano-organ. How lightly they bound, and twirl, and wheel. With what grace and skill they finish their steps. Though their boots be broken, and a world too wide, though their hair be innocent of comb and brush, and their frocks torn, what matter these drawbacks? They dance for sheer joy in rapid motion, and it is a pleasure to watch them. Where and how have they learned? Heaven knows. It may be that they picked up the steps by instinct, as it were, or copied them from other children on some never-to-be-forgotten day when they were taken to the gallery to see the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane. There they go, heel and toe, double shuffle, glissade, battement, high kick, all correct.

And the others—the lucky ones whom they copy, the children who dance at Drury Lane or possibly in the Empire ballet—where do they get their training? Why, of course, in the Tottenham Court Road, from Madame Katti Lanner. Katti Lanner is the queen, the mother of the London ballet, and lucky indeed are the little dancers in embryo who come to her. These children undergoing instruction at the Athenæum Hall on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, when school is over, make a pretty picture. They are so lissom, so interested in their work. The bright little maids come in chattering like so many magpies, and after greeting their teacher and their companions with an affectionate kiss, change in a twinkling from their ordinary outdoor garb into orthodox ballet skirts, or a costume approximate thereto. At a given signal they post themselves at the back of certain rows of chairs in the centre of the hall, and, holding on with one hand, go through their preliminary exercises, bending, and so on, making each limb as supple as whalebone.

Here are the celebrities of the future. Later on, some of these faces will be pictured in every shop window, some of these now unknown names will be in every Londoner's mouth. Exercises over, orthodox ballet dancing follows when the chairs are cleared away. The little ones bound, twirl, and pose; and how they enjoy it all. The smallest practise their steps in the background, with grave faces, while awaiting their turn. Indeed, the smaller they are the more interested they seem. Experience shows that grown-up English girls are seldom willing to devote as much time and energy to this arduous profession as their Continental sisters. They will not work as hard. This is why, despite their natural advantages, England can set no native-born dancer against a Taglioni, a Fanny Essler, or a Pauline Duvernay.

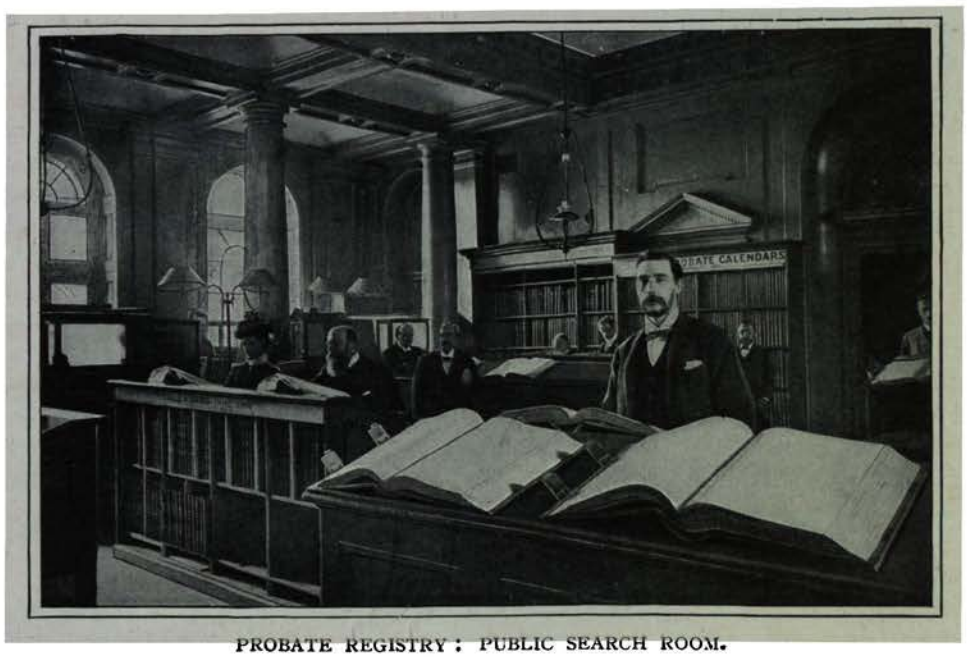
Though they are not hard-working at the profession, we have already shown that English girls are exceedingly fond of dancing as a recreation. If anyone doubts it, let him visit the girls' clubs in Stepney, or Hoxton, or the Mile End Road. After a long day's labour in a mineral water factory (whose employées are sometimes distinguishable by their bound-up hands, or faces scarred by bursting bottles), in a match factory, a jam factory, or a tailor's shop, they will start to their feet at the first sound of the piano, and circle with an activity fairly surprising. They dance with each other, and seem to desire no other partners. Typical East-Enders are these lasses, with a shock of dark hair combed forward and forming an arch from ear to ear. Their dresses are bright blue or purple for choice, but often the original colour is only to be guessed at. There is always a tendency in the East-End costume for bodice and skirt to part company, but an apron generally bridges the gap. A difficulty that besets the ladies who have established factory girls' clubs is found in the social differences existing between those working at different

trades, alike as they appear outwardly. Experience shows that girls who work in a jam factory do not always care to associate with girls engaged in a rope factory, while those who work in a rope factory do not readily become intimate with others employed in making matches, and so it goes through all the branches of labour in which the club members are employed. Very fine distinctions are drawn, and nothing gives greater offence than to class one girl with another whom she regards as her inferior.

For those less exclusive and socially ambitious than the East End club girl there are penny dances in rooms at the back of public-houses, where the coster and his "pals" male and female disport themselves. There are also dances "free, gratis, and for nothing," when weather permits, in any asphalted side street with a convenient public-house at the corner where refreshment may be obtained in the pauses. The girls are the first to start. Their "young men" lounge around and guffaw until they are pulled or pushed into the circle and compelled to take their share, which they do after a fashion more uncouth than the girls, some of whom waltz admirably. A Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath affords, too, an excellent view of this side of Dancing London. Here many such groups may be seen, groups beguiled from the fascinations of "kiss in the ring" by the superior charms of rhythmic revolution. And thus goes it through all classes, from lords and ladies to costers and their "donahs."

"Soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, rich man, poor man, beggar, thief," as the old rhyme has it, they all dance, which reminds us, by the way, that we have not mentioned the soldiers' dance at Wellington Barracks, when the ball room is gay with the regimental colours, and the non-commissioned officers do the honours. This is a night of nights to the daughters of the regiment, not excluding its sweethearts and wives, who, active and indefatigable, must by no means be omitted from our brief survey of Dancing London.

AT AN EAST-END WORKING GIRLS' CLUB.



PROBATE REGISTRY: PUBLIC SEARCH ROOM.

SOMERSET HOUSE.

By CHARLES OLIVER.

A DOOR-KEEPER.

THIS is the place which earns for the Government most of its money, which sees that we pay our taxes, which cuts off a slice of any legacies that are left to us, which keeps our wills when we pass over to the majority, which stamps our legal documents, which records all the births and deaths and marriages, and which with its three to four thousand employés does a hundred and one other things for the benefit of the nation.

Stand for a while in the great quadrangle within a stone's throw of the roaring Strand. A stream of anxious humanity is hurrying hither and thither, now forwards, now backwards, pouring itself into this door, emptying itself into that. There are young clerks and old clerks—you can tell them by the pens behind their ears—private individuals both ancient and modern, curiosity-mongers, liars, cranks, impostors, touts. Every conceivable class is represented. If you follow the black-coated portion of the crowd you will see something which you have probably never seen before. You will enter the Public Search Room of the Probate Registry where amongst others—solicitors' clerks and the rest—those who have waited for dead men's shoes discover how little those shoes were worth. Perhaps two dozen persons are present. They are of all sorts and all conditions. Yet in one particular they bear a common resemblance, for on every face is a mingled air of uncertainty and expectation.

Young and old, male and female, the healthy and the sick—each one is poring feverishly over an index. One lady in rusty black can perhaps scarcely turn the pages, so shaky are her hands. And watch the old fellow with the grizzled beard and beetle brow by her side. He has presented the clerk with a shilling, and in return has received a search ticket which entitles him

to look up the indexes to the wills. He has just discovered the entry and has filled in a form explaining which will he requires.

A messenger appears and conducts him to an adjoining room. Flushed and excited this is one of the supreme moments of his life. The fact is that his brother has recently died—Heavens! how long he has waited for the event!—and his hopes are high. The executors of the departed one have declined to afford him any information, but there is £10,000 down in the will and the rogues want the money for themselves — he is certain of it.

Presently he gets the registered copy of the will, or, if sufficient time has not elapsed for a copy to have been made, the actual will itself. The searcher has explored the vaults below and brought it up with almost lightning despatch. An official sits at a table in the centre of the room, but he is not in the least interested in the stranger. He has seen too much of the working of the human passions—too much of the greed of gold. The duty he has to perform consists simply in satisfying himself that no one does more with a will than copy the names and addresses of the executors and the date and private number of the document. To take voluminous notes is contrary to the regulations. To return to our fortune-hunter: his jaw has dropped, and as he continues to read it drops more and more. An oath escapes him. Throwing the document angrily on the table you hear him mutter:

"£10,000, and the whole lot gone to a dogs' home!"

A CHEQUE-STAMPING ROOM.

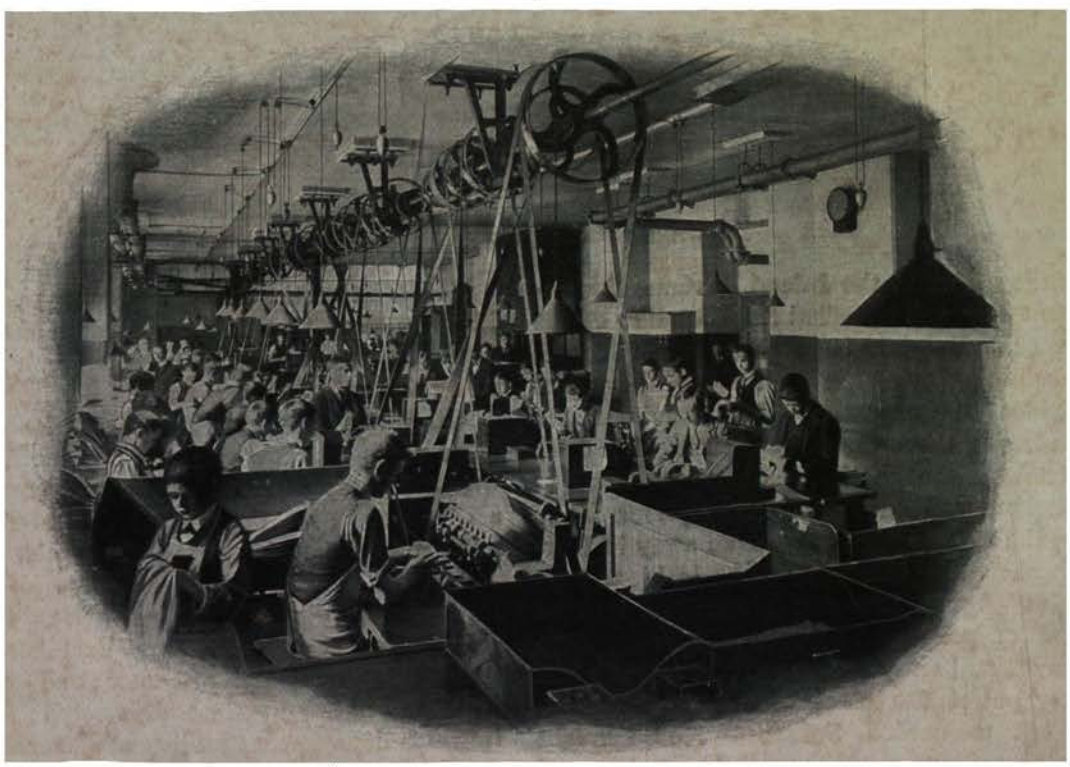
Linger a little longer and more food will be provided for your reflection. A spendthrift scapegrace sails jauntily in. Isolated from his family, he has heard in a roundabout way that his father has died. Convinced that the "old boy" relented on his death-bed he has come to Somerset House anticipating to be told that a few thousands are due to him. Eagerly scanning the will he is soon out in the Strand again. The measure of his success can be gauged by the cloud on his brow.

The will side of Somerset House is one of its most extraordinary features. The constant succession of black-robed figures provides a study in the human emotions which cannot possibly be obtained elsewhere. Side by side with the widow who is genuinely full of grief and tears, and whose face is a picture of sadness, there is another type of widow. You can see her on most days. She dresses in the deepest mourning and wears the most cheerful of expressions. She is one of the philosophers. She has come into £15,000, and has already another husband in view.

It is time now that we inspected the Inland Revenue Department, which brings in more money than any other office in the world. With its huge staff—in number second only to the Post Office—it earns not far short of £80,000,000 a year, and may be appropriately termed the grumblers' paradise. Hither come those who feel that they have reason to dispute the assessment of their income; and every attention is paid to complaints by the courteous officials. Here, for instance, is

a studious-looking gentleman who puts his case with business-like precision, and departs with a satisfied expression. Next comes, perhaps, a stout, red-visaged man who talks in loud tones to the harassed clerk at the desk. He has sent a furious letter to Somerset House addressed, "The Income Tax Man, London." His earnings amount to £2,000 a year, and in his righteous rage he has put them down at £150. An impudent Assessor, however, has charged him on £500. He'll starve rather than submit to the extortion.

has eventually resulted. Yet in strict truth one is bound to say that the tender solicitude evinced at Somerset House for the fair sex is only a part of the duty demanded by the authorities of their employés. For example, when a lady lodges a claim for repayment the clerk asks her whether she is married or single. It doesn't follow because he does this that there is anything the matter with his heart. He is instructed to apply for the information. Yet who can wonder if such a touching request sometimes leads to



STAMPING ROOM.

There are many like him. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost annually to the country by people who succeed in evading the income tax. They will tell you as much at Somerset House.

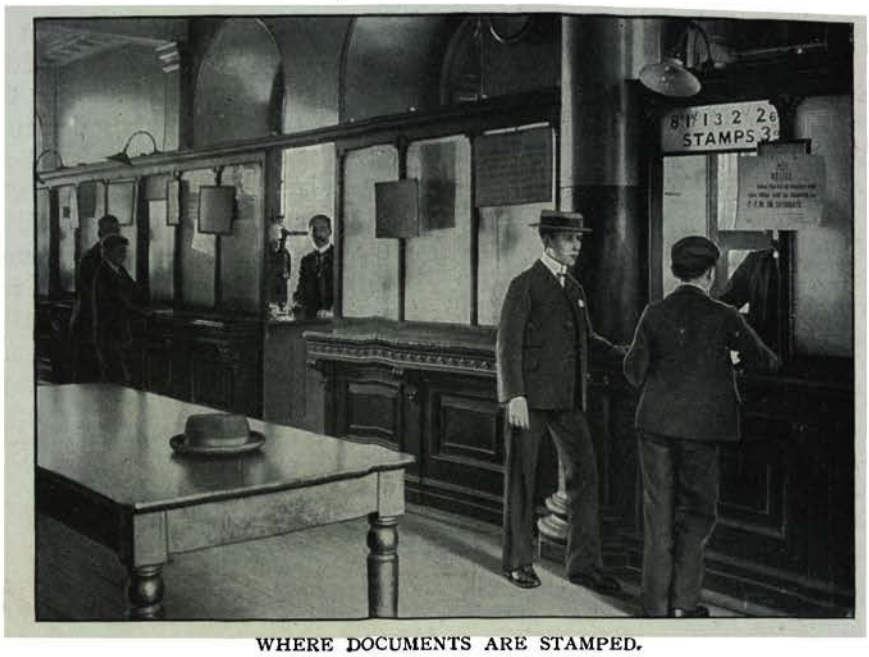
It is worth mentioning perhaps that the Repayment Department—the branch where you get your money back if you have been taxed too highly—is a fine field for eligible bachelors, inasmuch as it is patronised extensively by ladies of considerable charm and susceptibility. There are cases on record of fair claimants for the return of income tax being so impressed with the courtesy of Somerset House young men that marriage

matrimony? An official who put this query to a lady the other day received the following answer by letter:

"I am eighty-six, and have been a spinster all my days. I expect there is very little chance for me now."

Everybody connected with the Income Tax Department, it may be useful to remark, from the Surveyors of Taxes down to the youngest clerks, has to take an oath of secrecy—that is to say, on entering the service they are called upon to swear that they will not disclose particulars of any person's income.

Raking in as it does over a million pounds



WHERE DOCUMENTS ARE STAMPED.

sterling a week, the Inland Revenue Department may well be called the Klondike of the Strand. Burglars have gazed upon it with speculating eyes, but so far they have not yielded to temptation. The heads of the profession taboo Somerset House. The truth is that, although the clerks of the Bank of England call once every twenty-four hours for the money, which they take away in four-wheelers, they invariably do so in broad daylight. Again, Somerset House has its own staff of police. They are old police pensioners and army and navy men, and at night they patrol the place with lanterns. Were it left unguarded Somerset House might stand to lose a million. The stamps and stores office must itself be worth a millionaire's income, for it is from here that all the stamps required by the countless post-offices distributed throughout the kingdom are despatched. Nor must one forget that all our postcards are stamped and all our cheques embossed at Somerset House.

It is difficult to get away from the Inland Revenue Department, so far-reaching are its ramifications. Take now the Estate Duty Office. Gaze upon the crowd. Look at the frail, complaining widow trying to excite the compassion of the young man at the desk. She doesn't want to pay a penny duty on the £10,000 that have been left her. She is alone in the world.

No less interesting is the Excise Department. Licences of various kinds and excise matters generally are attended to here. If you keep a dog and refuse to pay for the privilege the Board, which consists of four Commissioners, takes steps to show you the error of your ways. A lady declined recently to take out a dog licence on the ground that she disapproved of the war in the Transvaal.

Full of life is the busy office of the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies. For a shilling you can learn a good deal here, as the shady company promoter and other impostors have long since discovered; for it is in this department that lists of shareholders can be seen.

We now arrive at the Registrar-General's bureau, which, of course, is human to the core. In safe-keeping here are the records of all the births, deaths, and marriages that take place in England, Scotland, and Wales. This department may be said to be surrounded by a halo of romance. Apart from litigants and lawyers, who flock there by the dozen, it is held in much esteem by lovers and ex-lovers. For instance, supposing a man has a horrible doubt as to the age of a certain young lady, supposing he wishes to know whether she is thirty-five or forty-five—whether she is growing younger or older—he can invest a trumpery shilling at Somerset House and see the entry of the lady's birth

in the register. He can do even more. For the absurd sum of two and sevenpence—half a crown for a copy of the certificate and a penny for the stamp—he can arm himself with documentary evidence. And he very often does—in the coldest of cold blood. Such is human nature.

Much could they relate of love in the Registrar-General's Department. The office doesn't look a palace of Cupid, but Cupid is ever straying thither. The young Romeo and the old Romeo—they both turn to it. You can see the latter frequently, a man of seventy, bald, grey-bearded, tottering, yet warm of heart. He is hungering for the woman who was his flame fifty years ago. They parted one night, went different ways, and have never met since. In his old age the old love has returned, and he takes a 'bus to Somerset House to ascertain if the angel of his youth is still a spinster. And so it is with the young Romeo. Six months ago he had a difference with his sweetheart, and all communication between them has ceased. What he wants to be sure of is that the girl has not married someone else.

On the other hand there are the Romeos who want to satisfy themselves that their Juliets have not been led from the altar by any other man, the henpecked husbands who imagine that their wives *must* have been married before, and the bigamist trackers from New Scotland Yard. Indexes for five consecutive years may be searched for the sum of one shilling; but for a general search of them a sovereign must be paid.

The Exchequer and Audit Office hard by is about as dry as it looks, yet it is all important, for within its walls the Government's accounts are audited.

Continuing our round we enter the vaults, where millions and millions of documents are stored—wills, birth registers, marriage registers, death registers, books and papers of every imaginable description. And as we wend our way Strandwards we cross the quadrangle again, which is the drilling ground of the Civil Service Volunteers. Here every evening during the summer one can watch a batch of raw recruits being initiated into the mysteries of the goose step: while if you are an early riser, and find yourself opposite Somerset House between seven and eight, you can witness the interesting spectacle of dozens of charwomen of all ages entering its portals. These excellent ladies are burdened with the responsibility of cleaning the building every morning by half-past nine of the clock.

AN INCOME TAX COMPLAINT.

CHRISTIE'S.

ROUND THE LONDON AUCTION ROOMS.

By F. M. HOLMES.

AUCTIONS form a notable feature of London life. Let us go first to Christie's —one of the most fashionable and one of the most interesting auction rooms in London. The finest paintings, the choicest porcelain, the most sumptuous furniture fall under the hammer here. Queen Victoria's wine was put up for sale in these fine galleries. The "smart" set condescend to look in, to examine old Lord A's canvases or Lady B's china, and hear the prices they fetch.

The green baize-covered walls are hung with pictures, the wide ceilings rise into large glass lanterns which flood the rooms with light, and the floors are smooth and unencumbered. You would hardly think these well-kept galleries formed an auction room; they might even be a part of the Royal Academy itself. But there is the famous rostrum, used by the "original" Mr. Christie himself—and a fine specimen of Chippendale work it is—whence many a great collection has been dispersed; and in front of it are assembled those who have come to buy or to look on.

"Lot 1," says a quiet, level-voiced gentleman, mounting the rostrum. "What shall we say? Five hundred guineas?" And without more ado, the sale begins. Porcelain and pictures to-day—some of them fine specimens indeed, but there is no particular laudation of them, for their excellence seems accepted as a matter of course.

"Five hundred guineas? Six? Seven? Eight? Nine? A thousand?"

Where are the bidders? You hear no sound. But do you see that gentleman in the first row of chairs round the table? He almost imperceptibly nods his head; and he in the rostrum, who sees everything like a hawk, interprets that gesture of assent to mean a hundred, and announces it accordingly. You cannot see the other bidder, and

the rivals do not know each other; but at last our friend in front shakes his head impatiently, and temporarily retires behind his neighbour's back. The hammer falls, but not with a startling clang as at less well-bred establishments, and the unknown has purchased the piece.

Some extraordinary prices are realised at times. Thus, a pearl necklace once fetched no less than £20,000. It started at £10,000, and, rising by bids of £500, reached double the first offer before the hammer fell. Again, a pair of Louis XV. cabinets began at £5,000, and running up by thousands, after reaching £10,000, were sold for £15,000. On the other hand, many a piece begins at a guinea, and rising by half-guineas is sold for three or four guineas.

From Christie's we may go to Sotheby's. The change is from the art gallery to the library. The spacious room is walled with books, and the business proceeds very quietly. It seems almost more like a calm conversation than a sale. Some of the rarest and choicest of volumes may be seen here, and the amount of money that changes hands—as witness the £33,000 for the Ashburnham Library—is on occasion very large. There are genuine book lovers present, as well as dealers; you can see them bending low down to examine a rare folio on a shelf near the floor, or peering closely into varied editions of Thomas à Kempis. It has been the work of a lifetime to collect these editions, and now at a blow of the hammer they are to be scattered to the ends of the earth.

Equally interesting is Stevens', in King Street, Covent Garden. This is the great place for curiosities. If you want an idol, or a South Sea islander's canoe, the skin of a wild animal or the stuffed animal itself, you can probably buy it here. Mr. Stevens' reputation is so great that the strangest things from all parts of the globe are sent to him. The crowds that throng his rooms are large and varied—larger, perhaps, than in any other of the famous auction rooms of London. All sorts of people crowd hither; but there is no disturbance, there are no commission touts worrying you at every turn. Ladies can come and turn over at their ease these beautiful silken coats from China; bric-à-brac collectors, with hat on back of head and spectacles low on nose, may examine with loving care these small bronze ornaments from Benin; business-faced dealers who, of course, crowd to every auction, may ponder their prices for this

SOTHEBY'S.

old jewel-box of Tonquin work encrusted with mother-o'-pearl, or these relics of the Boer War; while a ministerial-looking layman, whose hobby it is to collect heathen idols, may gaze with intense interest on this hideous head from the West Coast of Africa.

Lot after lot Mr. Stevens puts up in a quiet conversational voice, never telling anecdotes, or expatiating on his curiosities, unless they are of exceptional character; the description in the catalogue is generally sufficient. Now it is a large Japanese idol, presently it will be that curious light Chinese coat cunningly fashioned of bamboo; one day it will be a Transvaal flag — the Vierkleur — taken at Johannesburg; again it will be a Chinese Imperial seal, large, square, and heavy, made of solid silver, and a relic of the capture of Pekin; on another day it will be a mummy of ancient Egypt.

Or do you want a horse? London auction rooms can supply you. Not far from Stevens' flourishes Aldridge's, where, as at Tattersall's, horses are sold. No ladies here in the crowd. A few gentlemen who want horses, substantial tradesmen who require ponies for their businesses, dealers and grooms everywhere, and of every kind, examining hoofs and teeth, vehicles and harness; interested spectators, as at most auctions; and many others.

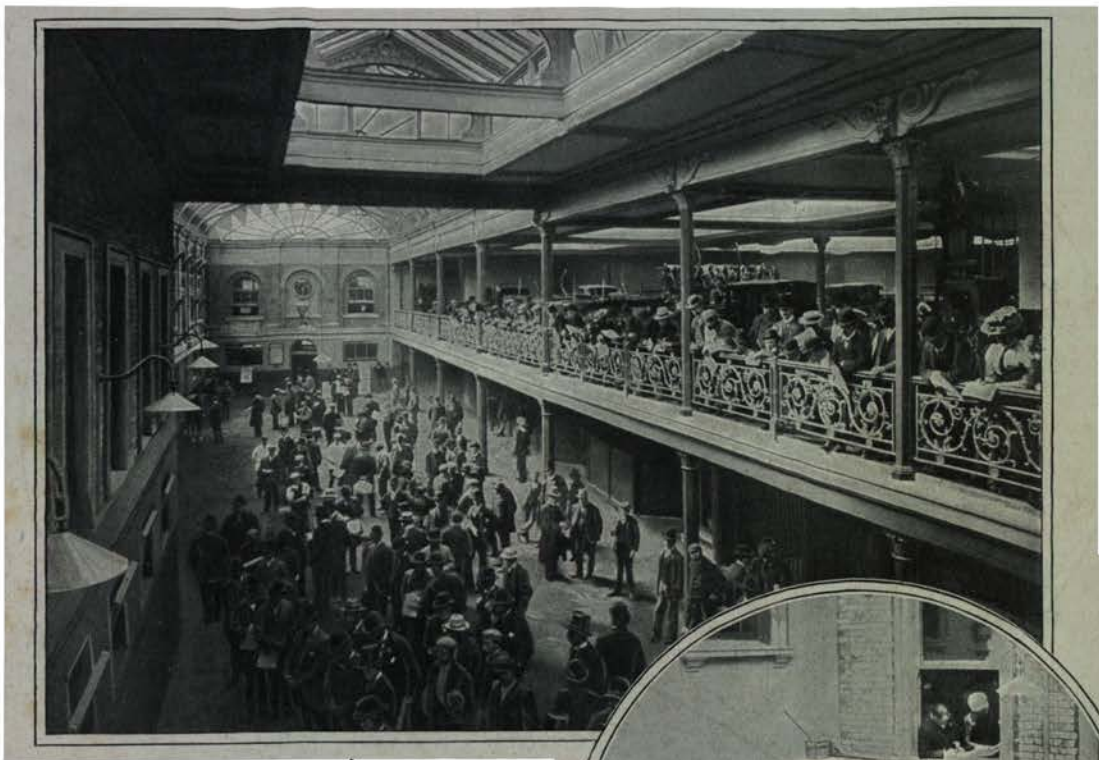
The large sale yard is thickly strewn with sand and is roofed with glass, so that auctions can be conducted in all weathers. Stables have been rebuilt and electric fans fitted to keep them cool in summer. The rostrum stands in a snug corner on our left as we enter, while a powerful hydraulic lift on the other side raises vehicles for sale up to the carriage gallery on the right hand, whence also bidders and spectators look down on the horses and the crowd.

"Lot 20," says the auctioneer, glibly running the words off his tongue, "quiet-to-ride-an'-drive,-sound-in-wind-an'-eyes! Twenty! Twenty guineas! Half! Twenty-one—ride-an'-drive,-sound-in-wind-an'-eyes! A half! Twenty-two! See-him-go-again."

And once more the groom trots the animal up and down the sanded yard, and the group of buyers close round or give way as the horse passes them.

"Ride-an'-drive," repeats the gentleman in the rostrum. "Twenty-three! Half! Twenty-four! Going at twenty-four!" Tap! The

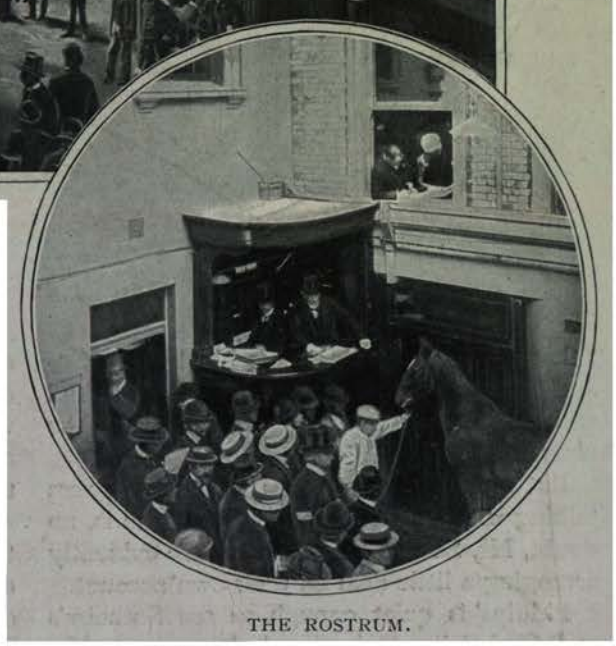
STEVENS'.



ALDRIDGE'S.

hammer falls, and another groom appears at once with the next lot. Wonderful is the variation of the prices realised. Some animals will go for five guineas and some for five hundred, and even more.

Astonishing, too, are the prices realised occasionally by rare postage stamps. At Puttick and Simpson's you may see a well-dressed crowd taking part in the dispersion of a great collection. Earls and dukes, ladies and boys, are in the throng, as well as dealers. The stamps are fastened by little gummed paper hinges to a stout sheet of paper which has a protecting cover, and are handed among the purchasers as if they were pieces of old plate or pottery. Some stamps are costly enough, and the bidding runs fast and high. Here is an 81-paras Moldavia, first issue, knocked down at £227; a Canada, 1851, twelvepence, black, at £57; and a United States, 1869, thirty cents, with inverted centre, at £54. At this rate you are not surprised to hear that a four days' sale of varied stamps will probably total over £5,000. But the auctioneer runs them off in most matter-of-fact manner, though some of them are worth more than a £100 bank-note.



THE ROSTRUM.

You may see something more for your money—in size—at Phillips' in Bond Street. Here a whole houseful of furniture crowds the rooms. Everybody seems to be a dealer, the women as well as the men, and quite as keen for a bargain. The careful matter-of-fact manner in which these ladies turn over the household gods, as if considering what they shall give and what they will get, suggests the sharp business experience. And a little feminine impatience manifests itself at times. The hammer has fallen on a picture, and a buxom young Jewess begins to expostulate.

"I told you," says the auctioneer decidedly,

PHILLIPS'.

"that thirty-six shillings was bid by Mr. So-and-So, and that it was against you." And without another word he proceeds with the next lot.

But after the sale you notice the Jewess talking with a shabby genteel man who is, no doubt, Mr. So-and-So, and they are evidently arranging a little deal on their own account.

Phillips' is quiet enough, as are Sotheby's and Christie's. Debenham's has a name for diamonds, and the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, as everybody knows, for land and houses. But we change indeed if we plunge into an auction of goods left in railway carriages. An extraordinary collection of things accumulates in the course of twelve months or so, and their sale by auction proves a very rough-and-ready business compared with the quiet and refinement of Sotheby's or Christie's.

"How much for the umbrellas!" cries the auctioneer, as a lot of twelve is put up. "Two shillings! Six! Three shillings! Six! Four!" Bang! And a dozen umbrellas have been sold at fourpence apiece. But there are more to follow. Hundreds and hundreds of umbrellas are offered in lot after lot, as well as boots and socks and old silk hats; and the dealers who push and crowd round the rostrum pick up many a cheap bargain.

We sink a good deal lower when we come to the mock auctions, and see something of the seamy side of London sales. A distressed widow instructs Mr. Smooth Tongue to offer her houseful of furniture because her husband has died, or, to vary the tale, the lady may be going abroad to rejoin her beloved spouse. All kinds of goods, some of which have been picked up cheaply at genuine sales and some manufactured for the purpose, are put into such an auction; and under the plausible speech of the man in the rostrum, and the excitement of competition, the profit realised by the unscrupulous vendors is very satisfactory.

Then there are the doings of the "knock-out" gang at a genuine private-house auction. The members of the ring meet together, and agree not to bid against each other, and to prevent, if possible, anyone else from

bidding. The consequence is that the gang are often able to get the goods at very low—or knock-out—prices, and afterwards hold an auction among themselves and divide the profit. If an outsider bids against them they may punish him by running up the price, and then suddenly leave him in the lurch; or a couple may proclaim in loud conversation that they intend to purchase at any price, and so discourage bidders or force up the cost.

Once more, there are those temporary auction rooms which spring up suddenly in a public thoroughfare, and then disappear. "Sale now on! Sale now on!" cries an individual at the wide entrance. The shop window has been taken down, and the room is invitingly open to the street. A few men are sometimes hired to stand round the rostrum and begin the bidding. Many a story of heartbreak, it is to be feared, is hidden behind these rooms. A struggling artist urgently in need of cash sends his painting, for what it will fetch. Some of the pictures are rubbish; the man in the rostrum admits with a fine air of frankness that "they are only furnishing things," and he starts the bidding himself at a shilling. Finally a pair of such pictures are knocked down to a man who may be a prosperous mechanic at seven shillings apiece. Then up come a better pair. "The Academy contains many worse," cries the auctioneer, "and very few superior." But you will not get these at seven shillings each; the man in the rostrum knows how to put a reserve upon such things.

There are all kinds of London auctions—the fashionable and the aristocratic, the curious, the tricky, and the commonplace. Some are not without their pathos as we think of the owners who loved these things now dispersed in such matter-of-fact manner; some are businesslike enough; but all attract their bargain hunters and their interested spectators, for there is scarcely a thing that can be sold which does not at one time or other fall under the ivory hammer.

A SALE OF UNCLAIMED RAILWAY LUGGAGE.

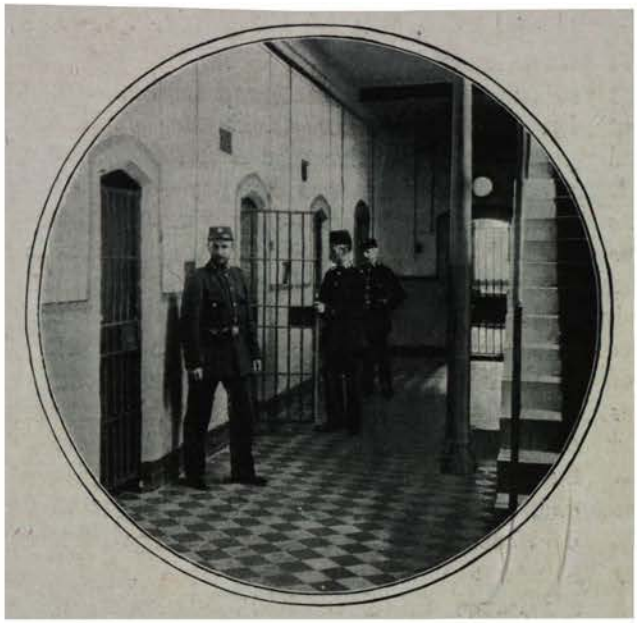
WARDRESSES' RECREATION ROOM.

IN HOLLOWAY PRISON.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

HOLLOWAY in certain circumstances is open to all comers. The heavy gates fly back at once before the official visitor; the outsider, who has armed himself with a permit from the powers that be, will be allowed to see something of the inside. Yet another way remains, within reach of all who choose to try it and of many more that have it forced upon them: to offend against the law, or be supposed to have broken it. For Holloway, the cabman's "castle," is the House of Detention, the place of passage between freedom and imprisonment — perchance a shameful death. It is essentially the "trial prison" for London, and chiefly occupied by those suspected of crime, or directly accused of it.

All day long the movement to and fro, in and out, and often back again, progresses without ceasing. The van arrives with a doleful load of committals from one or other of the courts; a policeman who has made a long-delayed capture, or has secured his man on the very scene, in the very act of a crime, brings his prisoner handcuffed in a cab; the bailiff walks up quietly with a contumacious debtor whom the county court judge has sent to gaol for a brief space as a warning to meet his engagements. They are all sorts and conditions of men, these Holloway lodgers, as you may see at a glance if you survey them in the yards in the hour of morning exercise, when they tread the great pavement that encircles the green grass plots brightened in summer with colour, and especially with the luxuriant sunflowers that do so well within these walls.

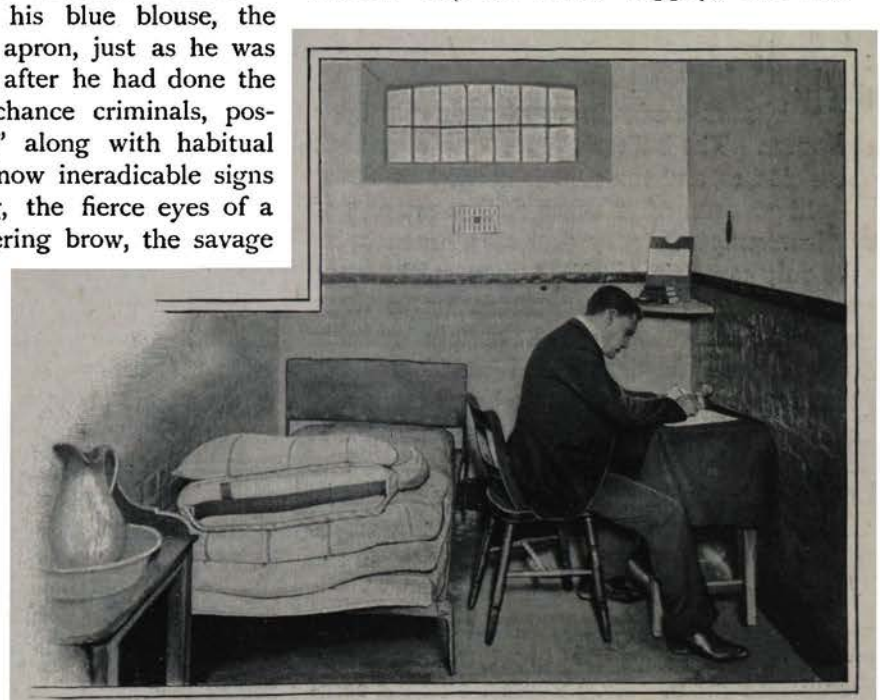


A CORRIDOR.

Here is a "swell" in frock coat and tall hat; he is of good presence, with a pleasant face, and is charged with being the moving spirit of a Long Firm fraud. Behind him walks a London pickpocket—small, active, with a foxlike face and the loping gait that carries him fast beyond pursuit; followed by costers and riverside characters, seafaring men —a Lascar, perhaps, or a heathen Chinee—the butcher, still in his blue blouse, the artisan in green baize apron, just as he was taken from his bench after he had done the deed. Hither come chance criminals, possibly "first offenders," along with habitual criminals, bearing the now ineradicable signs of their dread calling, the fierce eyes of a bird of prey, the lowering brow, the savage truculent mouth.

They are fair game for the police, and the hunters are at hand. Three days a week there is a great gathering of detective officers at Holloway; they come from all the London divisions, and their business is to run down the men they know, often enough a man "much wanted" who has long evaded pursuit, but having been caught for some minor offence is now "remanded for inquiry." He comes at Holloway under the search-light of many practised eyes. Our police use both the Bertillon system of identification by measurements and that by "finger prints," but they cling still to the older aids of memory and instinct. Again and again people are "picked up" in Holloway, recognised with absolute certainty as having passed through police hands. Reference to many ledgers and photographic albums will follow, much conference and collecting of facts, but error is not common, and few of those detected really escape.

Police day is naturally dreaded, and often dramatic scenes ensue when the long-missing fugitive is collared and run in. Other scenes are enacted of a more serious, often murderous kind. It was in the exercising yard at Holloway that Fowler came across Milsom, when full proof of the Muswell Hill murder was obtained by the admissions of the latter, and Fowler, having openly threatened his too outspoken confederate in the dock, attacked him, here, the first time they met. A sufficient force of warders was at hand, happily, and mis-

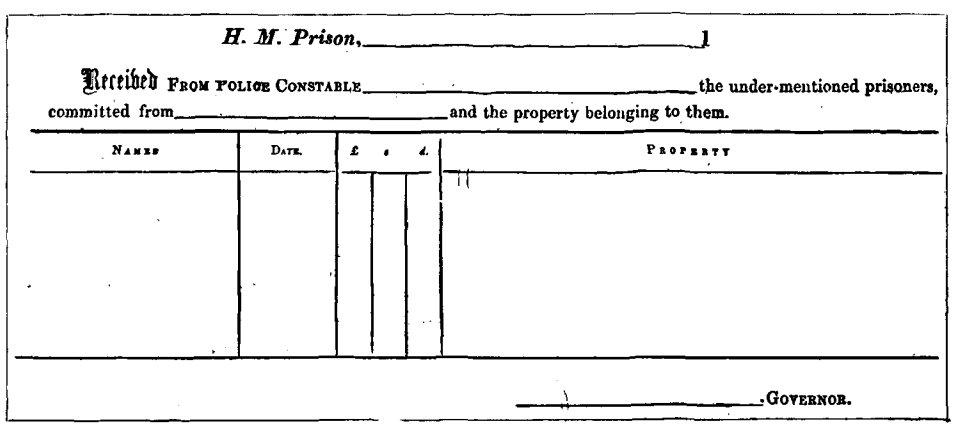


PREPARING HIS DEFENCE.

chief was prevented, but after that the two accused murderers of poor old Mr. Smith were exercised widely apart in different corners of the yard. It was the same at Newgate, nowadays a branch or succursal of the greater establishment. Holloway is the headquarters, but sends its detachments from time to time to the Old Bailey, there to remain until their fate is sealed.

Holloway, as the home of the unconvicted, of prisoners kept in durance on no better excuse than that of safe custody, has few of the aspects of a common gaol. Hard labour is unknown in it, save for a small handful kept there for menial service, and a few hundreds of convicted women. There is no treadwheel, no stone breaking, none of the bookcases needed to make their daily life more tolerable.

Yet, again, in the matter of food Holloway has its own peculiar privileges. While the poorer prisoners must be satisfied with the prison diet, those who can pay—and so the world wags always!—may "supply themselves." There are eating houses just outside the gates ready to contract on the official scale for breakfast, dinner, and tea, or the prisoners depend on their friends to bring in their meals. A large amount of work is thrown upon the prison officials in this matter of food. It is brought in tins, and basins, and bundles, tied up in towels or red handkerchiefs—great slices of meat, cold vegetables, cold bacon, eggs, and loaves of every variety,



H. M. Prison, _____

Received FROM POLICE CONSTABLE _____ the under-mentioned prisoners, committed from _____ and the property belonging to them.

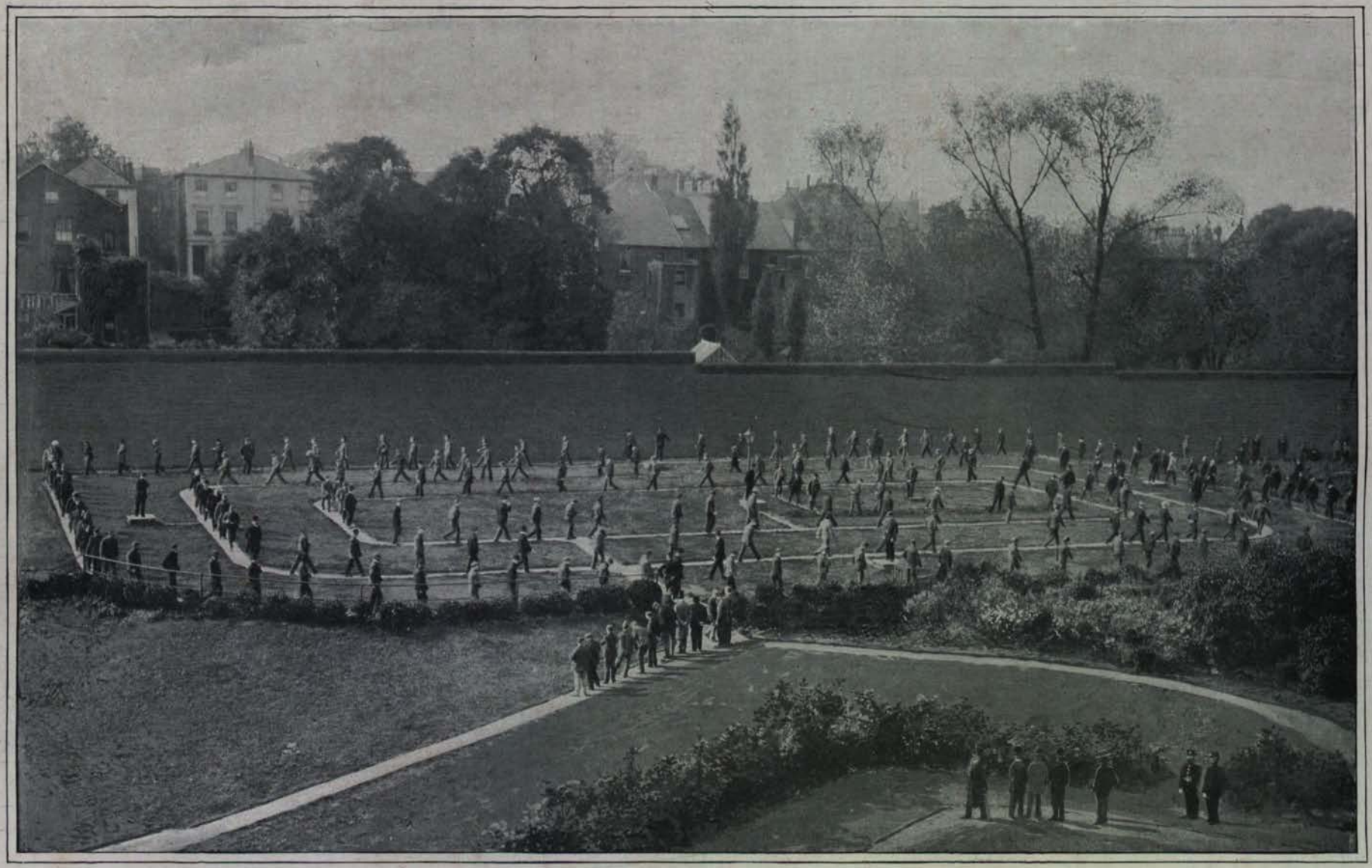
NAMES	DATE.	£	s	d.	PROPERTY

_____ GOVERNOR.

RECEIPT FOR PRISONERS.

more irksome trades imposed upon the felon labourer. The bulk of the inmates wear their own clothes, and the rule is carried as far as it will go, even when those clothes are ragged and unkempt, decency and cleanliness being the only conditions insisted upon. Holloway, too, offers superior accommodation to those who can pay for it. A certain number of cells are furnished and fitted up, not luxuriously, but with bedstead, and table, and chest of drawers, for which the occupant is charged a shilling or two per week. The concession of so-called comfort is carried even further, and more distinguished prisoners of the kind called first-class misdemeanants are at liberty to draw upon the nearest upholsterer. Thus, a certain duchess was permitted to beautify her quarters, albeit one room—no more. Dr. Jameson and his companions hired the armchairs, and carpets, and and the utmost care must be observed to give each his own proper allowance. The regulations, too, allow a small quantity of stimulant, a pint of beer, or half-a-pint of wine, and here, again, there is endless trouble among the bottles, and tankards, and cans.

Another peculiar aspect of Holloway is afforded by the character and status of its principal occupants. They are mainly for trial, on their defence that is to say, and they are entitled to every facility in preparing to appear in court. Certain hours are set aside for interviews with legal advisers; lawyer and client sit alone in the room specially provided, quite private as regards sound, but with a glazed side so that the warder on duty may keep his eye on all that goes on. Solicitors seldom work without fees, and the penniless prisoner—once more it is money that rules—must work unaided by advice. He may have

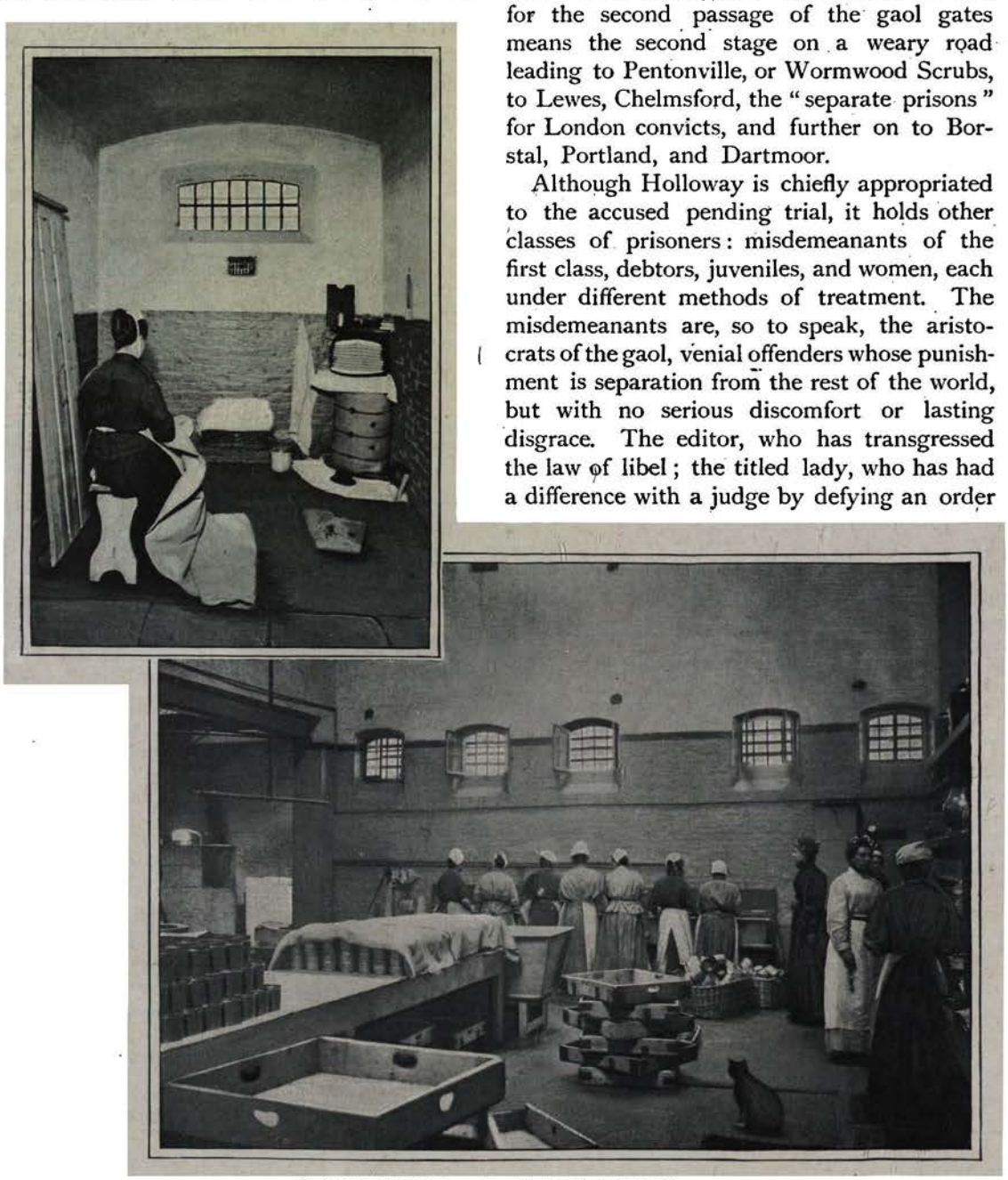


EXERCISING YARD.

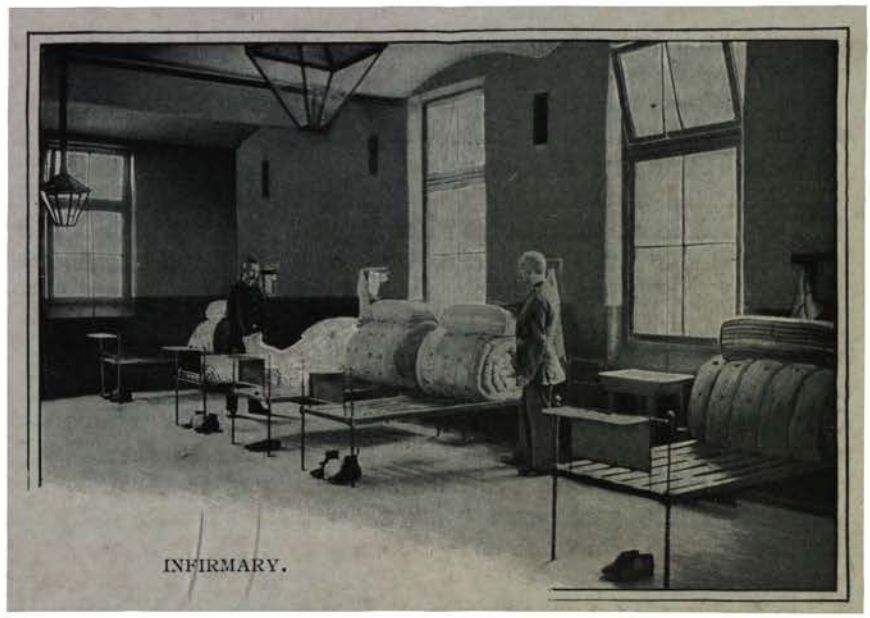
as much paper as he pleases, and can draw up any number of statements. Some of the high-flyers in crime do both, and spend their days awaiting trial between interviews with their lawyers and preparing most voluminous documents.

Session days are the busiest in Holloway; the great vans are loaded for the journey down to the courts, and escort duty falls heavily upon the officers. It is not merely the safe keeping *en route*, the certain production in court of those about to plead, but there is much business in connection with papers, and especially the personal property of the accused, which must go down for immediate restoration on acquittal. No one can be detained after a favourable verdict is given, and all effects—money, watches, jewellery, and so forth—must be handed then and there to the discharged prisoner as he leaves the dock a free man. The van takes back a lighter load—fewer people, but with heavier hearts, for the second passage of the gaol gates means the second stage on a weary road leading to Pentonville, or Wormwood Scrubs, to Lewes, Chelmsford, the "separate prisons" for London convicts, and further on to Borstal, Portland, and Dartmoor.

Although Holloway is chiefly appropriated to the accused pending trial, it holds other classes of prisoners: misdemeanants of the first class, debtors, juveniles, and women, each under different methods of treatment. The misdemeanants are, so to speak, the aristocrats of the gaol, venial offenders whose punishment is separation from the rest of the world, but with no serious discomfort or lasting disgrace. The editor, who has transgressed the law of libel; the titled lady, who has had a difference with a judge by defying an order



I. SACK-MAKING. II. IN THE KITCHEN.



INFIRMARY.

of court; the filibusters who have levied war on their own account and have had to stand the racket of failure—all these have been relegated to Holloway. I have seen an eminent *littérateur* warming his own soup over the cell fire while his proofs lay on the table awaiting correction, for the misdemeanant is permitted, in reason, to attend to his business: the ladies have been occupied with millinery and art wool-work; the raiders, whose military achievements had not been brilliant, still studied war, and I can call them to mind busily engaged in constructing miniature fortifications in the prison yard.

Imprisonment for debt, as such, is thought to have been abolished, but those who "can pay and will not" may still find themselves locked up in Holloway. These victims to impecuniosity are sometimes to be pitied; the debts have often been incurred by their wives without their knowledge, or they are owing through a misunderstanding with the tax-gatherer or the agent for School Board rates. Boys nowadays are seldom sent to gaol, the law having been greatly improved in that respect; but it is still possible to hear a child crying his eyes out in the loneliness of a Holloway cell, to which he has been committed because his parents or guardians have not done their duty by him, or because some vindictive employer will not forgive a petty theft. It is sad to see those of tender years already clothed in felon garb, but the humane practice now is, as much as possible, to lead them back to the right path by education, physical development by drill and gymnastics—above all, by instruction in useful trades.

The "female side" is the same here as in most prisons. Holloway takes both kinds of women, the "tried" and "untried," as well as the debtor and the misdemeanant. The police inspection is made three times weekly for the same purpose and with much the same results as with the men. The contrasts between individuals are perhaps more marked, for there is more variety in female costume; in bonnets alone, every style, every fashion almost, may be seen in the exercising yard. A notorious dipsomaniac, who for years was a well-known figure in the Metropolitan police courts, used to be brought in fresh from some wild revel, still splendid in a crimson silk skirt and white opera cloak; immediately behind her stalked some virago who had blackened her husband's eyes (excusably perhaps), or a poor starving soul with a baby nestling in her arms, whose offence was no worse than a theft of food. The pains and penalties of wrongdoing are also inflicted in Holloway. There is hard work and plenty of it for the convicted female: in the laundry, a spacious apartment amply provided with wash-tubs and wringing machines, mangles, and flat irons; in the kitchen, for the whole of the cooking in Holloway is done on the female side; and endless employment in stitching and sewing and knitting—also in sack-making—throughout the prison.

An axiom holds with prison officials that women are more difficult to manage than men. Certainly it is so in Holloway: misconduct, chronic and persistent, is intensified by hysteria, and these unsexed creatures respect no authority. At times the place is like a pandemonium. Yet I have known the most savage and seemingly intractable con-

quered by a kind word. In the babies' ward —for many inmates of gaols are mothers still nursing—tenderness and affection are constantly shown. Before we condemn these degraded specimens of the softer sex we should remember what they have suffered. It is enough to see them in the "Reception" ward on the morrow of arrest, torn and bedraggled, sodden with drink, their faces bruised, and with other marks of ill-usage, to realise how cruel often is their lot. For many, indeed, the prison is a haven of rest. Old hands have been known to commit themselves on purpose to secure a snug winter retreat. It is a common practice with women to get sent into gaol from "Saturday to Monday," certain of a warm bath, food, and a general "clean up."

The female officers—the wardresses—have a life full of anxieties, even dangers, for assaults are not uncommon; yet are they mild mannered, forbearing to their troublesome sisterhood, and have strong claims to the respect and esteem of the public at large. As Holloway is their home, the authorities, not forgetting that there should be play as well as hard work, have provided comfortable quarters for them, and a large "recreation" room well furnished and supplied with music, games, and so forth.

The intimate connection between disease and crime has given increased importance to the prison hospital. Holloway is well provided: that for females is spacious, well mounted, a model, far superior to most workhouse infirmaries. It is generally filled with genuine maladies, and much suffering is to be found among the prisoners, though numbers are always "trying it on" with feigned diseases that seldom deceive the experienced doctors. On the male side the sick are fewer, but mental cases abound. Many are sent in really for "report"—for medical evidence as to their responsibility for crimes committed—and it often rests with the prison doctor whether Broadmoor, the great criminal lunatic asylum, or the condemned cell is to be the murderer's ultimate portion. The conscientious, anxious care with which this solemn duty is discharged reflects the highest credit on those entrusted with it. One and the same encomium must be passed upon all prison officials, from the Governor, bound to uphold discipline, the chaplain, untiring in his ministrations, the surgeon, painstaking and considerate, resolved to bring his best scientific knowledge to bear upon his business, to the warders and wardresses, ever hard worked and sorely tried, but ever well disposed to their unfortunate charges.

MEETING DISCHARGED PRISONERS AT THE GATES.

BERWICK STREET ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

COSMOPOLITAN LONDON.

By COUNT E. ARMFELT.

NO part of the world presents in such a small area so many singular and interesting pictures of cosmopolitan life as Soho, which is the cherished home of foreign artists, dancers, musicians, singers, and other talented performers, and the sanctuary of political refugees, conspirators, deserters, and defaulters of all nations.

To the initiated Soho is a land of romance —a Bohemia and an Alsatia. But to the British country cousin it is mainly a conglomeration of odd characters. He may imagine himself in the Quartier Latin, or in Santa Lucia, or within the boundaries of a far-off ghetto; he finds himself in a crowd of men, women, and children of alien types—hatchet-faced Greeks, strong-featured Jews, sallow Frenchmen, yellow-skinned Levantines, Swiss and Italians, fair and dark, turbaned Moors, fezzed Kabiles, and ebony sons of Africa. To behold these people on their arrival in the little hotels of Soho is both interesting and instructive. Many of them have undergone sea voyages, as the labels of their luggage denote; and they reveal themselves in the curious garbs of their native countries. In a day or two they will, with few exceptions, be all dressed in the clothes of modern civilisation. The red and white turbans and the fez of the Turks, the yellow koofieh of the Syrians, the conic headgear of the Persians, the toques of the Montenegrins, the fur caps of the Russians and the Poles, will disappear, and so will the stately kaftans, the picturesque baggy trousers, the embroidered vests, the ample kilts, and the greasy sheep-skins. They will all be relegated to the bottom of old-fashioned hair-covered trunks.

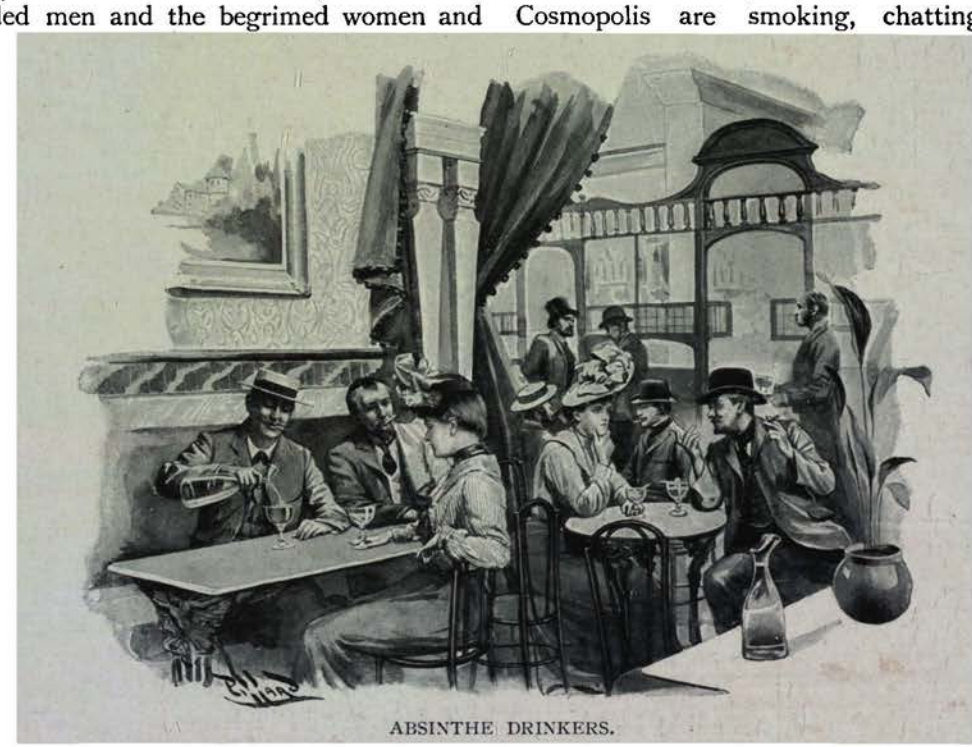
Everywhere in Soho there are queer

announcements of foreign wares and eatables. Wine shops, too, are numerous, and at night attract small groups of foreigners who indulge in heated discussion.

Thoroughly representative of cosmopolitan life in its humbler aspects is Berwick Street, the main artery of Soho, through which pulse and throb the foreign throngs of workers who make it their High Street and market-place. See it on Saturday night, when the shops and the stalls flare their naphtha beacons on the swarthy faces of the bearded men and the begrimed women and children, and you will never forget the weird scene. But the Saturday market, though carried on long after midnight, still leaves one-tenth of the working population without provisions for the morrow; so the Sunday morning market becomes a necessity, the people are in the street early, and a fair is established on the kerb and in the middle of the roadway.

The Jewesses who on the previous night were selling petticoats, bodices, and baby-linen have sent their husbands and sons with bundles of second-hand clothes and sacks full of old boots vamped to make them look quite presentable. Coats and waistcoats are tried on in the street, and the fit is always pronounced most excellent. In Berwick Street you can buy and sell anything and everything. The Italian, French, Swiss, and German waiters and others sell or exchange watches and trinkets which have been lost at cards, or endeavour to persuade you to buy the pledge-ticket of a gold watch or a diamond pin. Further on men, women, and children listen to the patter of medicine vendors, and a tall red-haired man harangues an excited crowd of German tailors and bootmakers.

While the fairly well-to-do dwellers in Cosmopolis are smoking, chatting, and



ABSINTHE DRINKERS.

shrugging their shoulders by way of doubt or disbelief, the poor foreign artisans and their wives may be seen bargaining for pieces of meat outside the butchers' shops, and buying the supply of cheap rye-bread which will last the family the whole week. Such are the humours and pictures of Sunday morning life in Soho.

In Walker's Court, which is the continuation of Berwick Street, and in Old Compton Street and Rupert Street, the cosmopolitan gourmet and epicure can procure the *tripes à la mode de Caen*, the delicate *andouillettes*, the *nouilles* or *Nudeln* which are the delight of the Frenchmen and Alsatians; all the varieties of garlic and sausages; the cheeses from France, Germany,

Italy, and Greece; and in the season the lovely frogs' legs sold on long sticks, and the esculent *escargots*—the luscious snails—which French *rentiers* (retired tradesmen) breed in their gardens and tend with patriotic pride.

There are foreign shops where all commodities generally required by foreigners can be bought or hired. There are emporiums where French and Ticinese chefs and scullions, German, Austrian, Italian, and Swiss waiters, can, without crossing another threshold, choose kitchen utensils, boots, slippers, wooden shoes or *sabots*, vests, overalls, cigarette papers, caps, dress shirt-fronts, and where dress suits can be hired by the day or the week—for Cosmopolitan London contains an enormous number of culinary artists and table attendants; and not infrequently one meets with the oddest and most incongruous assortment of goods in the same shop.

There are any number of employment agencies and so-called clubs and homes, which are also registry offices. Some of them have reading-rooms, where unemployed aliens smoke, drink, and play at dominoes and cards for small stakes. If you care to see where all these men in and out of employment sleep, just peep into the lodging-houses of Gerrard Street, Church Street, Frith Street, Greek Street, Dean Street, Wardour Street, and the by-streets, where "Apartments," "*Chambres Garnies*," "*Möblirte Zimmer*," and "*Appartementi Mobiliati*" can be read over the doors and in the windows.

AN ARAB CAFÉ.

There, in the lodging-houses which were mansions, mostly with three windows to the street on each floor, you will see the stairs bare of carpet or oil-cloth, your steps will sound hollow, and the walls will echo with every movement you make. You will find the drawing-room partitioned into three little bedrooms, which are occupied by head-porters and waiters, who are the aristocracy of the house. The accommodation is of the barest. The back room has one window, the light of which is divided, for there is a thin match-board wall which makes two bedrooms; the second floor is very much the same as the first; on the third floor there are two public dormitories. One contains from four to six beds; the other perhaps three double beds. There are tawdry-framed pictures of actresses on the first floor; illustrated sheets from periodicals and coloured almanacs on the second floor; and little pieces of looking glass on the walls of the top floor. The garrets are occupied by musicians who practise instruments, painters, composers, and professors of foreign languages out of luck. The single beds in the dormitories are let at five shillings a week; the double beds are charged three shillings to each occupant. The cubicles fetch from eight to ten shillings.

Other lodging-houses devoted exclusively to the gentler sex are commodiously furnished, though all in them is old and worn. The crockery is chipped, the sideboard has its corners knocked off, the gas and lamp globes are cracked.

The parlours are let to governesses who give lessons in

I. STREET SCENE. II. IN LITTLE CROWN COURT. III. AN 8D. TABLE D'HÔTE (WITH FACSIMILE OF MENU). IV. SUNDAY MORNING SHOPPING.

French, German, Italian, and Spanish, and to Parisian modistes and sempstresses; and the top rooms are let to *demoiselles de comptoir* and restaurant and pastrycooks' assistants.

All these people eat and drink in restaurants according to their means. In them one may breakfast and dine at almost any price: one may partake of the *cuisine bourgeoise*, which allows a variety of dishes, in addition to two vegetables, a dessert, a *petit café* and *pain à discretion* for eightpence; or if one prefers the *cucine alla casa lingua*, which includes a *minestra*, a *regaglia di pollo*, a piece of Gorgonzola, a glass of Italian wine, and a large piece of bread, the expense will be the same.

In the German houses, which also cater for Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, the *Mittags Essen* (midday meal) costs as little as fourpence. It is simple and filling, but then these Northerns are thirsty souls, and spend in *Lager Bier* what they economise in other ways.

There are restaurants where one may dine at eighteenpence, wine included, and others again where the table d'hôte costs three or five shillings. Many of them send dinners and suppers out at any hour, even in the middle of the night if required. Again, there are not a few that have hardly any customers in the daytime, but in which at night men and women pass through the dining-room upstairs, and through a side door. You hear laughter, and sometimes shrieks and sounds of quarrelling. Soon after all the lights disappear, and all is silent. Someone watching from an upper window has seen the police. This is one of the commonest phases of Soho life.

In England, where the law closes the cafés early on Sundays, and where music and dancing and card-playing meet with restrictions, the foreigner finds himself utterly desolate when the clock strikes eleven. It cannot therefore be wondered at that clubs, where men and women can eat and drink, and enjoy themselves, are common in Soho. The Artistes' Club, in Lisle Street, is one of these modest and inexpensive institutions. Its furniture and decorations are of the simplest, and its walls only show tasteful photographs.

Sauntering through the streets you will see houses the ground floors of which were shops. The lower half of the plate-glass window has been painted, and the upper one discloses a huge blind closely drawn. In the daytime the house is still as the grave. About four o'clock there comes a man with a bunch of keys. If you have secured his good will, you may examine the house. The entrance has two doors, an outer and an inner one. The room which was the shop is laterally curtained off by heavy tapestry. The wall-paper is red; the pattern conceals a shallow cupboard or clothes press, which is in reality a door that leads to the back parlour. There, and in the spacious first floor room, all is green and red—the favourite colours. This is the dancing-room. The upper rooms are bedrooms. Higher up there is a trap-door leading to the roof, and a movable ladder can be pulled up in case of necessity. Men have escaped the police through the roof to adjoining premises. A part of the yard has been built upon. It is the bar. The kitchen is below, but the suppers are generally cold. Such are the usual arrangements in the Soho gaming houses. When the proprietors are fined or imprisoned, a bootmaker may turn the parlour again into a shop, and a dancing master may use the other parts for himself and his pupils. The Terpsichorean art has many adepts in Soho.

Most interesting characters are the men and women who have travelled the world over to exhibit marvellous talents. One may see them every day in the lodging houses of Lisle Street; at the stage entrances of the neighbouring variety halls and at the Hippodrome; in Shaftesbury Avenue, and on the broad pavement of Leicester Square—their favourite promenade, their boulevard, and their Champs Elysées. There may be met Andalusian dancers; Bohemian acrobats and fiddlers, Cossack horse whisperers and trainers, Bulgarian wire dancers and dagger jugglers, Austrian and German gymnasts, lion-tamers, and strong men, Moldavian gipsies who play on weird instruments, Hungarian equestrians lithe and elegant, Tyrolese whose peculiar songs are imitative of their mountain calls, Neapolitan ballerine who have been admired in San Carlo and

IN THE ARTISTES' CLUB.

at La Scala, and the nightingales of the North and the South whose voices may raise them to the positions of world-famed prima-donnas. But their nationality is nothing to them. They are cosmopolites, and they call themselves by fancy names. Go to the cafés and the brasseries of Leicester Square, and you will be astonished at the stories these people can tell you.

No picture of cosmopolitan life in London would be complete if it did not include the absinthe drinkers. For Frenchmen the spirit of wormwood has a strange fascination, almost akin to that of opium in the case of Chinese. The perfect preparation of absinthe is an art which can only be acquired after long practice. The pure absinthe is brought in a French claret glass, and over it is a cover through which water can percolate. A little piece of sugar lies on the cover. The *carafe*, or decanter, is of a peculiar shape, and has two openings, one large and the other very small. It is through the latter that the water falls on the sugar and ultimately into the glass. When carefully prepared absinthe takes the hues of the opal. But its effects? You will unmistakably see them in the pallid faces, the trembling hands, and in the general nervousness of the habitual absinthe drinker.

There are houses in Soho which are celebrated for their absinthe, and on Sunday evening, as soon as the law permits, male and female absinthe drinkers crowd round the tables reserved for them. It is among them that polyglot Scotland Yard detectives discover their long-sought prey, and that the French *mouchards* find the *insoumis* who have refused military service, but who may be likely to make a short visit to France for business purposes. Their arrival on French soil is telegraphed at Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe. Years will pass before they come to London again.

A few of the cafés are worth special notice. One in the west of Soho, a few hundred steps off Berwick Street, has for some years been the resort of strong men, and their portraits can be found in the windows and on the walls of the place. Another is a Turkish, or rather an Arab, café. Over the door are seen the crescent and the five-pointed star. Here Turkish coffee, pronounced *gahweh*, is prepared to perfection in an Arab *tanake*—a long-handled copper pot which holds one cup for one person.

There is a little bar, and enough room for about a dozen people. The proprietor is a native of Algeria, and he speaks Arabic and French.

There are many other quaint places in Soho, which are interesting not only because they are picturesque, but also because one meets there so many odd characters. Such is Little Crown Court, a passage which leads from Wardour Street to Rupert Street. It is a short cut to the West-End, and is thoroughly representative of Soho. On one side you will see French "comestible" and foreign tinned provisions; on the other is a double-fronted shop, where on the right you will see in the window the Spanish *diarios* by the side of the German *Zeitungen* and Belgian, French, and Italian newspapers; on the left there is a watchmaker; and in the centre a shoemaker, who works "while you wait." Dutch diamond-cutters, Kabile table-cover hawkers, East Indian curiosity mongers, French clairvoyants and fortune tellers, foreign women who enamel faces, treat the throat and the bust, and beautify the features by the Arabian process, men of sinister aspect and jovial *bons vivants*, ice cream merchants and organ grinders, *grandes dames* and *petites dames*, use Little Crown Court to and from the West. And long after the shops are closed and semi-darkness prevails, there and in the labyrinths of little streets and courts of Soho you will see them pass again—some to sleep, some to work, some to carouse and game. At all times there is something to study for the student of human nature.

Soho has always had, and always will have, its romance and its mysteries. Its most glaring pictures of cosmopolitan life are being rapidly obliterated; but, though it is no longer Babylon, it will ever remain Babel.

IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

IN LONDON THEATRE-LAND.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

AT A STAGE DOOR.

FOR the price of a seat the theatres of London are open to all of us. Night after night we crowd the play-houses, and "Under the Clock" every day we find the bill of dramatic fare arranged to suit every variety of taste. The side of theatrical life presented to the public has many attractions. The side with which the public is less familiar is equally interesting. Let us take a trip, then, through Theatre-land, arranging our route so that our journey shall be principally in the domain outside the theatre itself.

To-day there is a rush for the stage. It has become a profession for the well-born and the highly educated. Peers have taken to it for a livelihood, and ladies of title have not only made their appearance on the London boards, but have become members of provincial touring companies.

But though the status of the profession has been considerably raised, and the salaries of the leading members are princely, it still remains for the great majority both Bohemian and precarious. For many weeks in the year the rank and file are "resting"—a poetical phrase for being out of a berth or, as the argot of the profession has it, "a shop."

In the summer months, when the spring tours are over and the autumn tours are not coming on until the August Bank Holiday—many not until September—the offices of the agents are crowded with actors and actresses anxious to make sure of an engagement when the theatrical season begins again.

If you walk along the Strand between twelve and four in the month of July you will come constantly upon little groups of clean-shaven men chatting together. You will see the pretty faces of musical comedy ladies under dozens of pretty hats, and their trim figures in dozens of dainty blouses.

If you turn into Garrick Street or saunter through Maiden Lane you will find quite a little crowd of professionals going and coming continually from eleven to four. For in these streets are situated two of the principal agencies.

Here is a brass plate which informs us that a musical and dramatic agency is on the first floor. Let us ascend the flight of stone stairs and take a hurried glance around.

It is no easy task we have set ourselves. In spite of a notice that "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to wait on the staircase" we find that so many are disobeying the injunction that we can with difficulty make our way through the crowd. When we reach the landing that also is filled. But we see an open door and passing through it we find a large room filled with members of the profession. Some are sitting down, others are chatting together in the middle of the room. One or two are standing by the open windows looking into the street.

The rooms and the landing and the staircase are crowded to-day because it is known that a touring manager is making up his company for the new musical comedy which he is producing in the provinces.

The latter is in the manager's room with the agent. With him is his musical conductor, and possibly the librettist and composer of the new "opera." The leading *rôles* are already filled. The engagements now being made are for small parts and chorus. Every now and then the agent opens the door, steps into the waiting-room and looks round at the company. He sees a young lady and beckons to her. "Miss

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

AN AGENT'S OFFICE.

So-and-So," he says, and the young lady rises and follows him to be interviewed by the manager. The pianist of the establishment is at the piano. The young lady is asked what her voice is, and is then invited to sing. She has a song with her and hands it to the accompanist.

When she has finished she is politely ushered out and her qualities are then discussed. If the manager approves of her she is called in again, terms are settled, and she steps into an adjoining room where a young lady—generally a typist and shorthand writer—fills in a printed form of contract. The artist signs it and departs with a smile. She has "settled her autumn."

With dramatic companies the arrangements are somewhat different. The manager calls on the agent and tells him the kind of part he wants an actor or an actress for. The agent turns to his books and runs over a list of "disengageds." One or two strike the manager as likely. The agent writes to them asking them to call at his office at a certain hour the next day. If a London manager has made the inquiry the artist is told to call at the theatre.

"Rehearsal" figures largely in theatrical life in London. It is a far more elaborate and painstaking business than it used to be in the old days, when the bill was constantly changed. To-day plays are expensively mounted, and weeks are given up to the preparation of a play which, it is fondly hoped, may run many months.

The early rehearsals of a play are not inspiriting. If we are privileged to watch any of the tedious rehearsals of a drama or a comedy before it "shapes" we shall probably yawn. The theatre is only dimly lighted—the ladies and gentlemen of the company are sitting at the side of the stage with their "parts." The stage manager and the author are discussing "a point." The prompter is sitting at a wooden table. The walls are naked and the boards are bare. Now and again the theatre cat crosses the stage wearily. When at last one or two of the characters get together for a scene they read from their parts, leaving off every minute or two to write in with a lead pencil the stage directions given them by the manager. Towards the end of rehearsals, matters improve—as shown in the photographic picture on the opposite page.

The dress rehearsal is, of course, a very different affair. But if there are no invited guests in front it is generally very dull. There is no applause to punctuate the lines, and no laughter unless the orchestra is in. The orchestra occasionally laughs at a dress rehearsal. When the play is a comedy the author is very grateful to the orchestra. But no one minds a flat dress rehearsal. It is a theatrical superstition that a bad dress

rehearsal means a good first night. The superstition is not always justified.

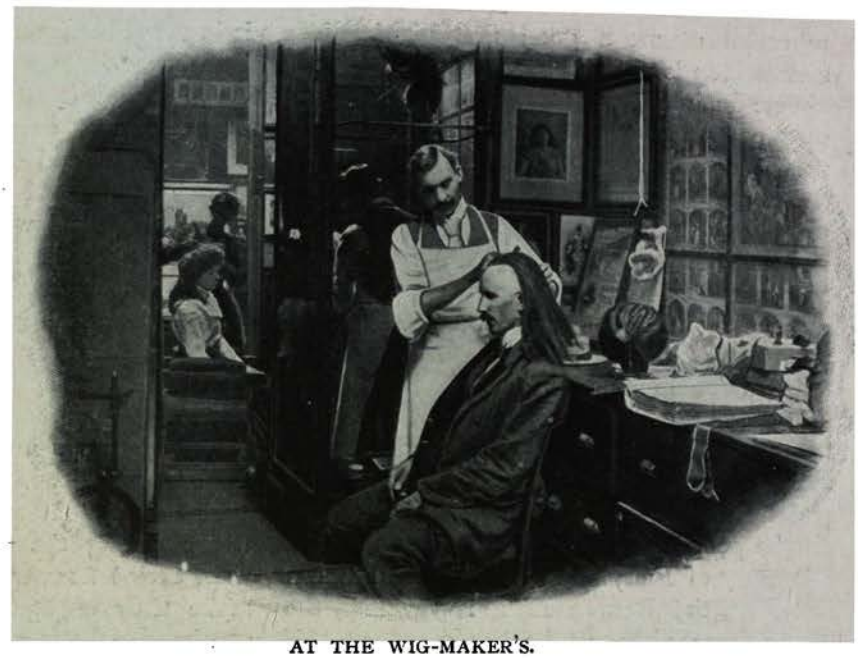
The quaintest dress rehearsal scene is that of a pantomime, and that is only to be witnessed on the eve of Christmas. If we push open the stage door of a famous London playhouse on the evening of December 24th, we shall find a crowd of carpenters, painters, and scene-shifters mixed up in absolutely hopeless confusion with fairies and demons and princes.

Here are marvels indeed. Lolling about are kings with features which must strain the loyalty of their subjects to the utmost. Here are ferocious giants and wolves and sprites, and huntsmen in tights, and princesses, and all the people whose names are in the Court Directory of Fairyland. The Wicked Baron is asleep, the Demon King is yawning, the Giant Ogre, although he has devoured half the village, is talking gloomily of a hot supper that is waiting for him at home. Everybody seems tired and worn out. One sweet little fairy mite is asleep upon her mother's lap. The mother isn't a bit like a fairy mother, for she is in faded black and wears a widow's bonnet. The sweet little fairy is the bread winner. To-night she is late because it is the dress rehearsal, but every other night she will be at home and in bed when the clock strikes ten.

The theatrical world has its own special clubs. At the Garrick we find the aristocracy of the profession. The Eccentric, though largely theatrical, is also open to the liberal professions and commerce. The Green Room is essentially an actors' club, and there supper is an institution, for supper is the meal that the actor enjoys more than any other. His day's work is done.

The Actors' Association has its own rooms where during the day members may rest, write their letters, transact their business, and make their engagements. The ladies and gentlemen of the profession have found the Association greatly to their advantage. It is to a certain extent a union for self-protection. The Association frequently takes steps on behalf of its members which they are not perhaps strong enough to take for themselves.

REHEARSING A PLAY IN ORDINARY DRESS.



AT THE WIG-MAKER'S.

It is not only an excellent business institution, but its rooms are a haven of rest to many a tired artist who has to remain in town during the day either waiting to see a manager or an agent, both of whom are occasionally given to being engaged and to saying "Come again in an hour or two."

Sometimes a theatre is filled with a purely professional audience. At the Annual Meeting of the Royal General Theatrical Fund at the Lyceum, when perhaps Sir Henry Irving takes the chair, all theatrical London is represented in the vast audience. For the profession, if it is not distinguished for thrift, is filled with the spirit of generosity. There is no other profession that gives itself so willingly to charitable work, not only for the benefit of those in its own ranks, but for the poor and suffering generally.

Their charities for the benefit of their own people are many, for the earnings of the profession being precarious, and the favour of the public fickle, it often happens that the willing worker has to drop out of the race long before his days of usefulness are over.

One of its most admirable charities is the Actors' Orphanage Fund. The object of this Fund is to provide for the maintenance, clothing, and education of the orphan children of actors and actresses and stage managers who have been in the profession for at least two years. An excellent feature of the Fund is that outside the Executive Committee the most perfect secrecy is observed as to the names of the children who are benefited. There is no Home, but the children are placed with suitable guardians, or in thoroughly good schools, and are liberally educated. The taint of charity is never allowed to touch them.

A DRESSING ROOM.

Every suburb now has its theatre, where at a moderate price the inhabitants can see the plays that have been successes during the preceding season at the leading houses, and many which live for years entirely on a provincial and suburban reputation.

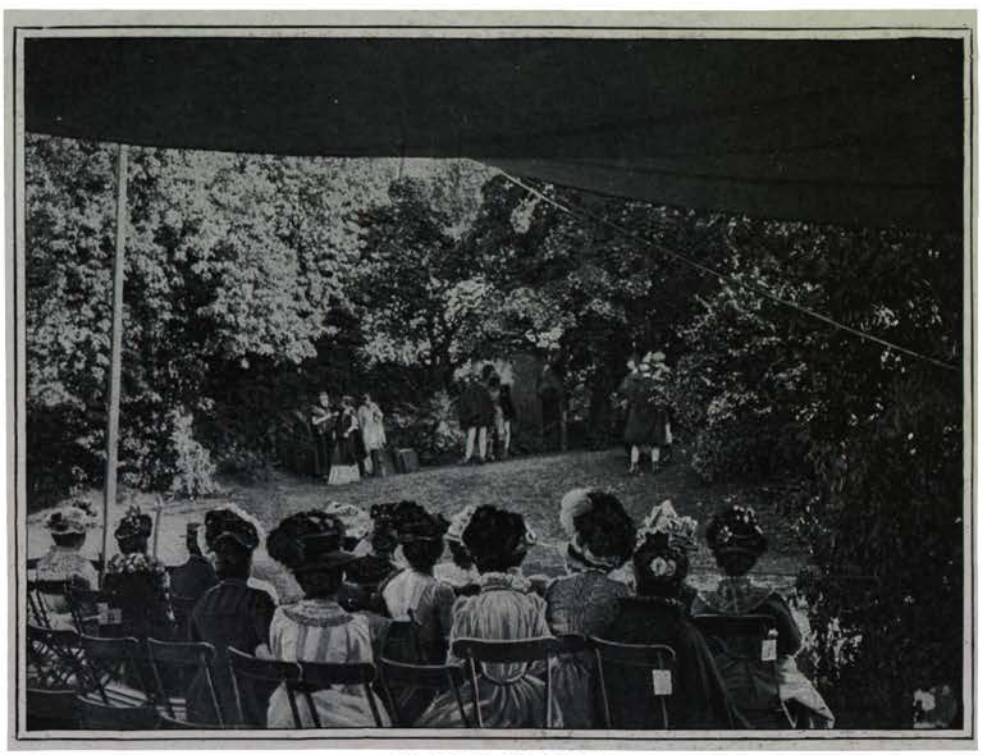
The practice of these houses of

giving hospitality to a different company every week has brought into existence theatrical lodging-houses in every part of the Metropolis. Here the guests change week after week, and the change always takes place on a Sunday.

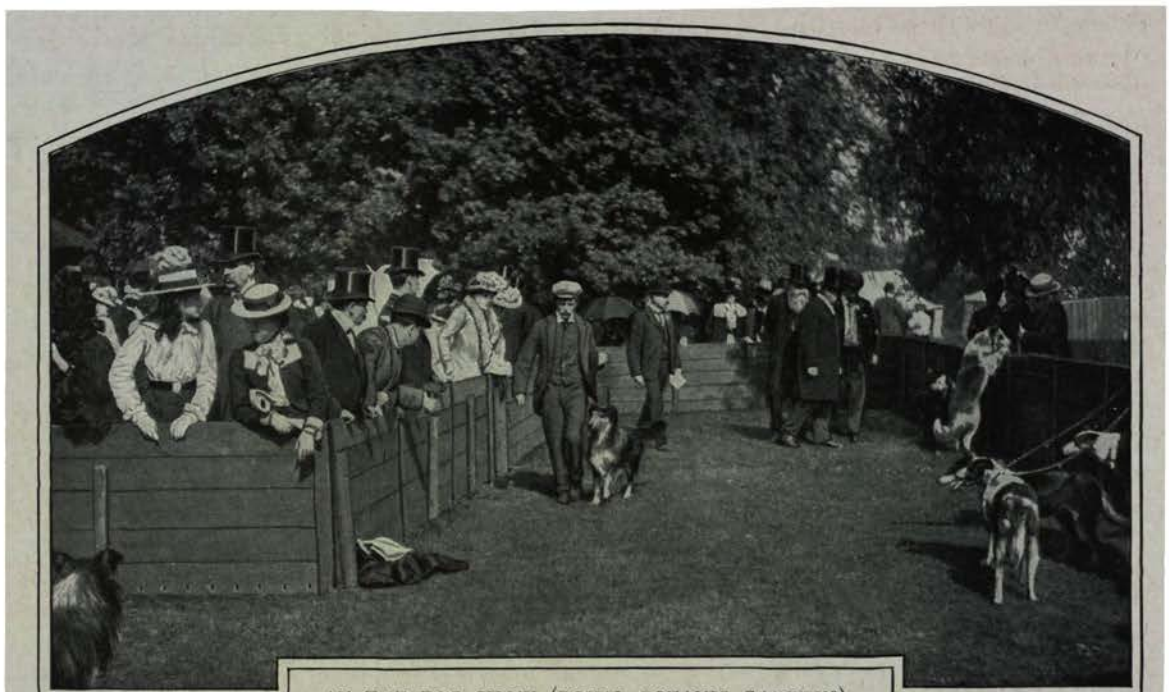
These theatrical "diggings" are known to all the travelling members of the profession, and are always situated within easy distance of the theatre. A feature of them is the landlady's collection of photographs which adorn the mantelpiece, the piano, and the side tables. They are mementoes left by grateful clients, who are also given to poetry and humour in the landlady's "Visitors' Book."

The old portable theatre with its troupe of strolling players is rarely to be found in London to-day. Now and then one is pitched on the outskirts, but the day of the "barn stormer" is past. High class dramatic entertainments are, however, occasionally given *al fresco* during the summer months. Under the trees at the Royal Botanic Gardens come now and again the Pastoral Players to delight us with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *As You Like It*, played amid nature's scenery to the singing of birds and the soft sighing of the breeze.

Connected with and bound up with Theatreland are many arts and industries. The scenes that are painted to charm our eyes, the mountains and valleys, the cottage gardens, the frowning battlements, and the palatial banqueting halls, hang in various stages of completion in the painting shops of the scenic artists, who now live frequently a considerable distance from the theatres. The costumiers and the wig-makers are all highly important citizens of the playhouse world. Nor must the theatrical bootmaker be forgotten. The wig-maker's shop is always suggestive of the world of romance. In his window we see hair of impossible colour, beards that if worn by an ordinary citizen would cause him to be mobbed, the heads of giants, the noses of wicked barons and spiteful sisters, the wand of the fairy, and the property vegetables of the clown. Wellington Street is the typical street of the theatrical market, and here, especially at pantomime time, you may study the lighter side of the theatre world to your heart's content.



AN OPEN-AIR PLAY.



AT THE DOG SHOW (ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS).

CAT AND DOG LONDON.

By FRANCES SIMPSON.

Photo: A. Flint. Camberwell.

BEGGING FOR CHARITY.

NOTHING much has been written on cats and dogs in our great city; but how seldom, if ever, we can pass down a London street by day or night without seeing one or other, and probably both, of these animals! We have a census of human beings taken from time to time, but the task of enumerating either dogs or cats in the Metropolis has not been attempted. Licences for dogs would fail to give the figure by several hundreds; and as for cats, who shall number them? It has been stated on authority that there are four times as many cats as dogs in London.

The dog being the nobler animal, let us first glance at his life in our capital. We see the pompous pug, the tiny toy terrier, or quaint "Jap" spaniel seated beside "My Lady" in her carriage and pair as it dashes through the fashionable streets or slowly winds its course along the Park. Their lines have fallen in pleasant places, yet their lives are often shortened by too luxurious and over abundant feeding. To lead the "life of a dog" is usually suggestive of an unhappy career, but truly many a human being might envy the lot of the pampered pet of a high-born dame, whose yearly expenditure in the canine *ménage* may be counted by hundreds.

There used to be a Dogs' Toilet Club at the West-End, but this has been done away with. There are, however, several professionals and amateurs of both sexes who attend to the

toilets of fashionable dogs. The clipping of poodles is quite an art in itself, and requires the skill of an artist. Dentistry forms an important item in the canine toilet, and expert seamstresses are employed in making suitable and well-fitting coats for dandy dogs. And there is, of course, the London dogs' doctor.

Let us go to a Dog Show at the Royal Botanic Gardens. This annual fixture is always a very smart gathering, taking place in the height of the London season. Sometimes as many as a thousand dogs of all sorts and conditions, sizes and breeds, are entered for competition and exhibition. Similar shows are held at the Crystal Palace, the Royal Aquarium, Earl's Court, the Agricultural Hall, and at the Alexandra Palace. Her Majesty the Queen is patron of the Ladies' Kennel Association, under whose rules many of these shows are held.

Of late years there has been a surprising increase of foreign dogs introduced into our midst, and very high prices are asked and obtained for Japanese and Pekinese spaniels, griffons, and schipperkes. There are fashions in dogs as in everything else, and money is literally no object when some choice specimen of the canine tribe is desired by one of fortune's favourites.

So much for the aristocratic dogs of the Upper Ten.

Let us turn our attention to their humbler brethren, some of whom think themselves well off if they can pick up a crust from the gutter or a bone from a dustcart. It is no unusual sight in the London streets to meet a sandwich man leading a dog, and to read on the board that valuable animals may be purchased at moderate prices from such and such a shop. In Regent Street the dealer plies his trade carrying a tiny pup under each arm, perhaps another in his pocket. Leadenhall Market provides dogs of all sorts, and sometimes such good specimens are offered at such low prices as to cause the purchaser to wonder where they were picked up! In Bethnal Green there are dog sellers and buyers, who group themselves in certain streets to carry on their trade. A photographic illustration on p. 256 gives a good idea of an East-End crowd taking an interest in the sales. In all parts of London there are dog stealers and dog smugglers, and it is a common occurrence for a valuable dog to disappear and a reward to be offered, followed by a speedy reappearance of the precious pet, and no questions asked!

At the Dog Market in the East-End a well-known figure is the rat seller. He arrives every Sunday morning with scores of rats, and people crowd round him with rat traps to be filled. We notice the eager face of the dog in the man's hand, watching his opportunity and yearning to get at the rats which the vendor holds in each hand.

There is a touch of pathos given to the beggar standing at the corner of a street by his faithful dog sitting patiently beside him with a money-box slung round his neck. It is difficult to resist the silent appeal of the dumb creature, who never attempts to move from his position, though he may be cramped and shivering with cold. A pang of pity is added for the blind man trusting himself to be guided by his clever dog, who steers his sightless master in safety through the crowded

RAT SELLER AT THE DOG MARKET.

DOG SELLERS AND BUYERS IN THE EAST-END.

streets. A dog will run for miles after a London omnibus in or on which his master is seated. He never seems to get bewildered with the moving mass of surging vehicles, and will be on the spot when his master gets down.

At one or other of the many music-halls in London there are generally some performing dogs; and we wonder as we watch their marvellous antics whether kindness or cruelty has brought these creatures to such a state of implicit obedience and perfect submission. The London beggar makes use of his dog to extract sympathy and coins from passers-by. Dogs are also frequently used as beggars for various charities. There was a brigade of begging dogs organised for the sufferers in the South African war, and large sums were collected in the streets and at entertainments, shows, and bazaars. At Paddington Station there is a dog called "Tim," and royal personages now and then place a gold coin in Tim's basket. This animal has collected close upon £1,000 for the widows and orphans of the Great Western Railway employés.

At Waterloo "London Jack's" effigy is exhibited in a glass case, and a brass plate records his deeds in the name of charity. There is also a money-box into which the charitable are invited to drop a coin, and a notice on a brass plate announcing that contributions will be placed to the credit of the deceased dog and the Orphanage Fund. Another dog has been appointed to carry on Jack's work. He lives at Vauxhall, and comes up to the busy London terminus on state occasions and race days. The firemen of London have their Brigade dog, who takes part in the exciting scenes of conflagrations, and has been known to assist in the work of rescue. The police force had also a fox terrier for some time, who was a sort of daughter of the regiment.

Who has not heard of the Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, where every year about 22,000 poor wanderers are received? These are generally brought by the police, who are enabled under Act of Parliament to take from the streets those dogs which are apparently ownerless. All animals are carefully examined on entering the Home, and should any be affected with contagious disease they are forthwith sent to the condemned cell. If seriously injured they are destroyed at once. At stated hours the Home is open for receiving visitors, restoring or selling dogs. Our photographic illustration on p. 257 was taken at a time when visitors were searching for their lost pets. The wonderful instinct of these creatures is often shown by the instant recognition of their master or mistress, and no better proof can be needed by the authorities as to the legal

CLAIMING A LOST DOG AT THE BATTERSEA HOME.

claim of the rightful owner. Sir Benjamin Richardson's improved lethal chamber is used to dispose of valueless animals by means of a painless death, and the dead bodies are consumed in a crematorium erected at great cost on the premises at Battersea. The number of dogs that enter the chamber of death every week averages between three and four hundred.

Comparatively few Londoners know of the Dogs' Cemetery hidden away in a quiet corner of Hyde Park, near the Victoria Gate entrance. This burying ground is not a public one, and does not belong to anybody in particular. Dwellers in the neighbourhood of Bayswater have been allowed from time to time to bury their dead pets here; but the space is now completely filled up, and the custodian has to refuse further applications for interments. The graves in this canine necropolis number about three hundred. The headstones are mostly of uniform pattern. There is one Ionic cross and a broken column. Fresh gathered blossoms mark the spot of the more recently buried pets, all the graves are nicely planted with flowers, and many have short but very touching inscriptions telling of a lost one mourned. How full of suggestion are the following:—

"Sleep on, dear little faithful heart.—May, 1901."

"Two little veterans,
Bob and Jack."

"Could love have saved
Thou hadst not died."

"In ever loving memory
of little Nellie."

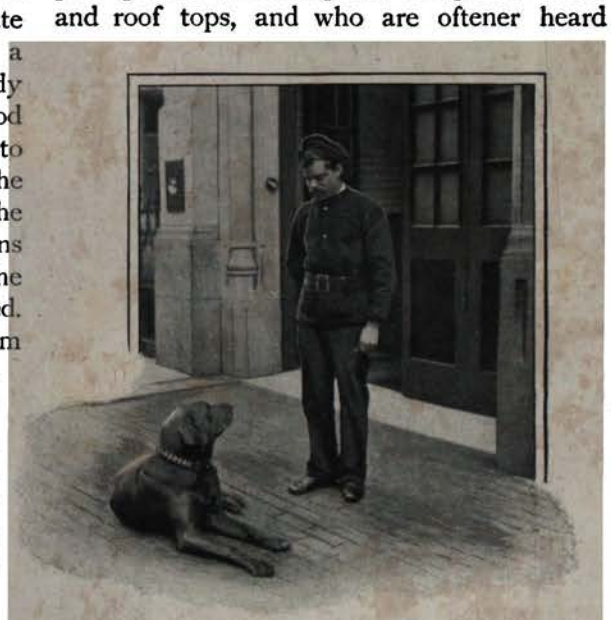
"Could I think we'd
meet again
It would lessen half my
pain."

The short inscription,

"Fritz, a martyr,"

makes us wonder how the poor creature met his death. To give dogs this decent burial seems a fitting tribute to their loving faithfulness. They are such a short time with us, and we hardly know and feel their worth before the cruel hand of death snatches them away. In St. Pancras Cemetery at Finchley there is a monument raised by the dogs of London to the memory of William French, who lost his life in saving Mr. George R. Sims' little Yorkshire terrier from drowning.

So much for the dogs. Let us briefly consider the cats of London; and in doing so our thoughts naturally turn towards those poor pussies who frequent the garden walls and roof tops, and who are oftener heard



THE FIREMEN'S DOG.

than seen during the hours of darkness. All the year round there are poor stray cats wandering about the London streets, but during the summer season the number of forlorn, frightened, and forsaken animals to be seen is really piteous. Their owners have gone to enjoy themselves on the Continent or brace themselves at the seaside. They close their houses; and if they give a thought to their puss, it is that she will pick up something or that the neighbours will look after her. Away they go, and the poor cat is left behind to get her living as best she can. Some householders make provision for the cats' meat man to call and put a stick of meat through the letter-box. These men are frequently generous to stray dogs and cats, flinging them odd pieces, but one has been known to thrust an empty stick through, and thus deceive the purchaser and rob poor puss of her meal.

THE DOGS' CEMETERY (HYDE PARK).

SELECTING A PET AT A CATS' HOME.

It is a mercy that there are institutions in London such as the Gordon Home for Lost Cats and the Camden Town Home. The excellent institution started by Mrs. Gordon at Shepherd's Bush, and now removed to Argyle Road, Hammersmith, was the first organised attempt to deal with the question of stray cats in London. Its chief object is to find an immediate refuge for the poor wanderers, and to put an end to their misery by the sleep of death. It is a pathetic sight to visit one of these homes, and to see the deplorable condition of some of the animals brought in from the streets. There are, however, from time to time, really nice specimens to be found at Gordon Cottage. The accompanying photographic illustration was taken during visiting hours, when ladies desirous of securing pretty pets can search amongst the strays.

At the Camden Town Home, started in 1896, the number of cats received during the first five years amounted to

the huge total of 33,635! These figures speak for themselves, and all honour is due to those kind ladies who have given their time and energies to such a truly noble work of charity. A cart from this institution goes round collecting the waifs and strays, and will call by arrangement at any house. No fee is charged if the owner is poor. All injured cats are destroyed at once, whether strays or otherwise. To lovers of cats such an attempt to alleviate their sufferings must appeal very strongly; and even those who have an instinctive dislike to these harmless creatures cannot fail to see the very great utility to the public at large in clearing our London streets, squares, parks, avenues, and empty houses, where a poor friendless animal hides in terror and misery.

Photo: E. London, Ealing, W.

JUDGING CATS AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS SHOW.

It is not necessary to point out that there are cats and cats. Until recent years Pussy was regarded as merely an animal supplied by Providence for the destruction of rats and mice. The common backyard cat and the perturber of our midnight hours no better represents the well-bred puss than the pariah cur of Eastern cities represents the domestic dog. The cat fancy is making great strides, and is patronised by a large section of fashionable people, mostly ladies. There are two cat clubs, with specialist societies; and several shows are held in London every year. At these some of the choicest specimens and best bred cats are exhibited, such as Persian, Siamese, Manx, and Russian. Cats, however, are not seen at their best in the pen; still less do they show to advantage when carried into the ring to be judged, as depicted in the reproduction below of a photograph which was taken at the Royal Botanic Gardens Show. Notice the only cat who is standing on his legs. The judge awarded first prize to him, as the others positively declined to do anything but crouch on their stomachs! At a cat show held at Westminster in 1900 a cat — of which we also give a picture—earned about £10 for the Transvaal War Fund by standing on her hind legs begging and saluting for Queen Victoria. There have been clever performing cats at some of the London entertainments. One of their trainers asserted that it took many years of patience and perseverance to arrive at a satisfactory result as regards teaching a cat to do any tricks.

What an air of homeliness is imparted to a house by a large, sleek fireside cat, and for a drawing-room pet nothing is more suitable than a fluffy Persian puss reclining on the hearth-rug. It is true that a London house or flat is not best suited for cats, for they

love to have a garden to run into at will. It does not answer to allow a valuable Persian cat to stray outside on the London pavement, where her beauty may not only attract but tempt the passers-by. After the last census the following statement appeared in the press:—"A census enumerator in going over a return paper found that the household cat had been included as a member of the family. It was described as 'Jim,' the relationship to the head of the family being 'lodger.' The entry then stated that he was of the male sex, single, aged one last birthday. His occupation was also given—'mouse-catcher, worker on his own account.'"

The cats' meat man is a familiar figure in the London streets, as he hurries along with his cart, his barrow, or his basket filled with slices of horse-flesh run on small wooden sticks. His nasal call of "Meat, meat!" is answered by a rush of hungry cats who follow him for some distance, hoping to touch his heart, and by persistent mewing to get a bit of meat thrown to them.

Amongst the dogs' graves in the Hyde Park cemetery there are two headstones showing that pet cats have also found a resting place in that quiet corner. One inscription reads thus:—

"In Memoriam
My dear little cat Chilla.
Poisoned July 31st, 1895."

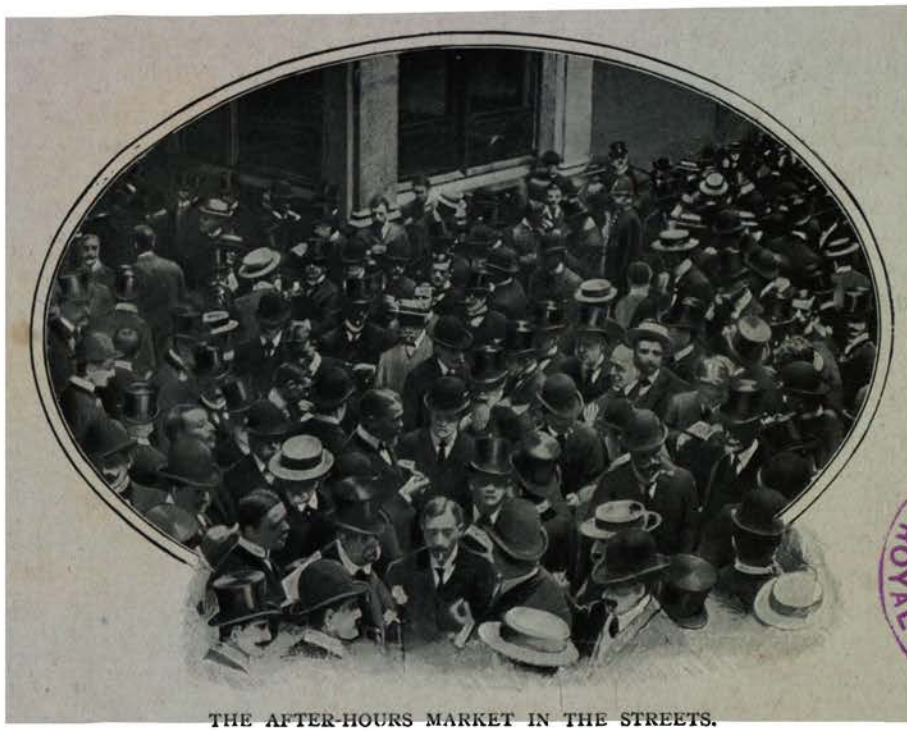
And the other:—

"Our darling Coodey,
A faithful, loving cat.'

If dogs are the friends of mankind, their companions in their walks and partners in their pleasures, cats may be considered the special pets and chosen allies of womanhood. Londoners, for the most part, lead a life of high pressure, and have but little leisure time to consider the cats and dogs that inhabit their great city; but, nevertheless, the busiest would miss the dear animals from their midst. So whilst they are with us and we with them, let us—

"Do the work that's nearest,
Tho' it's dull at whiles,
Helping when we meet them
Lame dogs over stiles."

"MEAT, MEAT!"



THE AFTER-HOURS MARKET IN THE STREETS.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

THE LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

By GODEFROI DREW INGALL, F.I.S.

ENTRANCE-WAITER IN BOX.

IF you desire to view the "House" during business hours and see some of its methods of working you will have to encounter insuperable difficulties. No strangers are admitted within its sacred precincts. But we are provided with the invisible cloaks of Fairyland, and so we enter boldly and unchallenged.

Approaching the Capel Court door we find one of the "waiters," as the janitors are termed, a stern and watchful sentinel, attired in gold-bound hat, Oxford blue coat and red facings. His duties are to jealously guard against the entry of unauthorised persons, to take charge of letters left for members, and of the coats, sticks, and umbrellas of a few, and to pass on to his colleague inside the name of any member or firm whose presence is desired outside by their clerks or clients.

The inside waiter stands in an elevated "box," receives telegrams from the telegraph boys who have special permission to perambulate the floor, and "calls" the members who are required for any purpose. Needless to say, the possession of a sonorous voice is a very necessary qualification. Each door has two waiters, and one or two other boxes are distributed near the centre of the building, as the area is so great that during busy times the most stentorian voice could not be heard across it.

It is popularly supposed that any stranger who may by chance elude the vigilance of the waiters is bonneted, and generally rudely treated by the members. Such is not the case. What happens is, that any member

"BONNETING" A STRANGER.

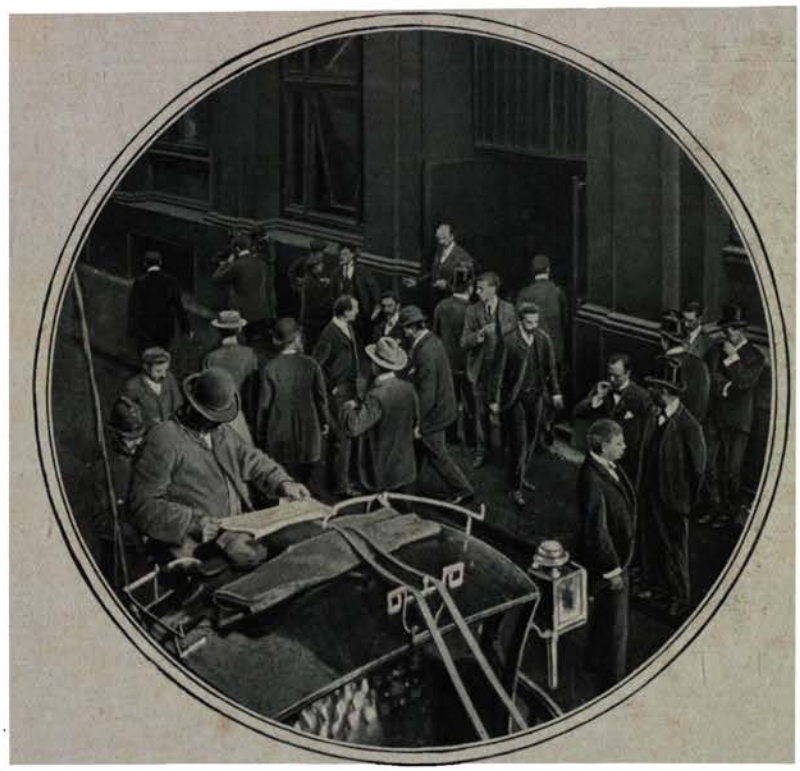
observing a stranger calls out "Waiter! 1400;" and that official takes possession of the intruder, informs him the place is private, and requests that he will accompany him to the door. The origin of the cry "1400" is lost in obscurity, but it is believed that one year the members numbered 1399, and with their usual witty grasp of such facts they named the next stranger the even century. In earlier times, instances have sometimes occurred of slight practical joking with an outsider, but the good sense of the members discountenances it now. On only two occasions has any violence been done in the recollection of the writer. In the first a foreigner appeared and refused to go, whereupon a number of members surrounded him, knocked off his hat, pulled his coat tails, hustled him, would not let the waiter take him for a few minutes, chaffed him, and made him so furious that he challenged to a duel a perfectly inoffensive member standing by. The second was on the occasion of bringing Captain Webb into the "House," accompanied by a policeman. The dignity of the members was hurt, and they bonneted the officer, tore his clothes, took his bâton, rushed him right across the floor, and fired him out of the door like a cannon ball—returning to complete the ceremony of honouring Captain Webb.

Each market has its own particular position. To name them approximately in the order of their age, they are, after Consols, the Railway, Foreign, Colonial, Bank, Miscellaneous, American (or "Yankee"), South African (or "Kaffir"), West Australian (or "Westralian"), and the West African (or "Jungle"). It will be noticed that several of these have nicknames, commonly applied also to the various stocks and shares dealt in; for instance, the first British Loan issued after the opening of the South African War was known as "Khaki."

From about 10 to 11 a.m. the members assemble, according to whether there is a "boom" going on, or a dearth of business. Eleven is the official hour of opening, and is announced by a waiter springing an ancient watchman's rattle. In exciting times, such as those during which a crisis was reached on the last Saturday of the nineteenth century, and those subsequently caused by the New York financial troubles, business has been commenced in the street at a very early hour before the "House" was open.

Three p.m. is the official time for closing; the doors are closed at 4 p.m. At 3.55 p.m. the waiters announce the fact that the closing hour is approaching. (On settlement days the doors are kept open half-an-hour later.) Business is then resumed in the street (almost *always* in Yankees, owing to the fact that New York cannot get into cable touch with London till about 2.52 p.m.), and there is a large amount of "arbitrage" business to be completed between Berlin, Amsterdam, London, and New York, which naturally centres in London. Business in Kaffir, Westralian, and other markets also takes place in the street when there is any particular cause.

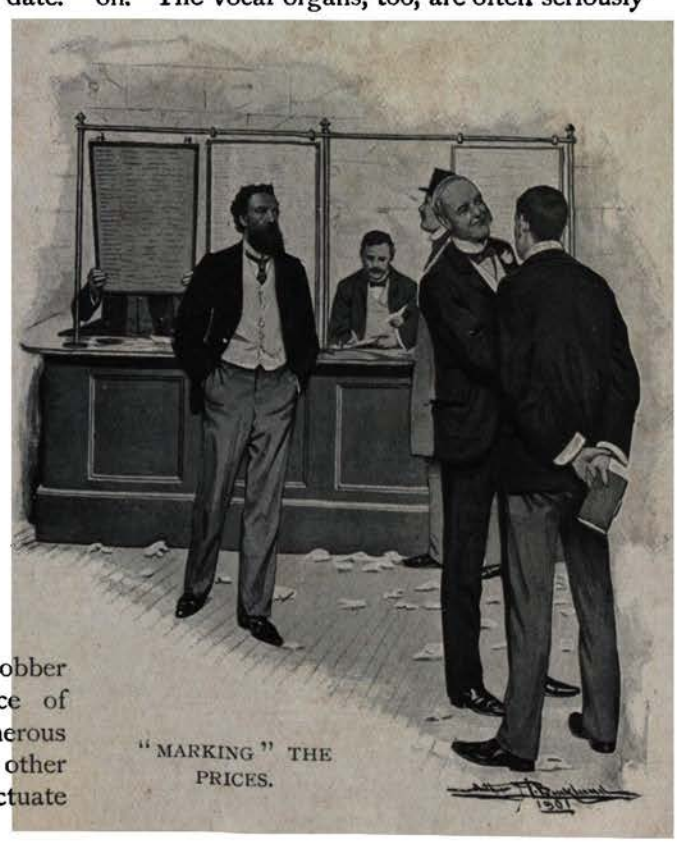
The theory of Stock Exchange business is, that it is conducted inside by two classes—the broker and the jobber. The first receives his orders from the public, and is supposed to execute them with the jobber (who enters into an agreement with the broker on behalf



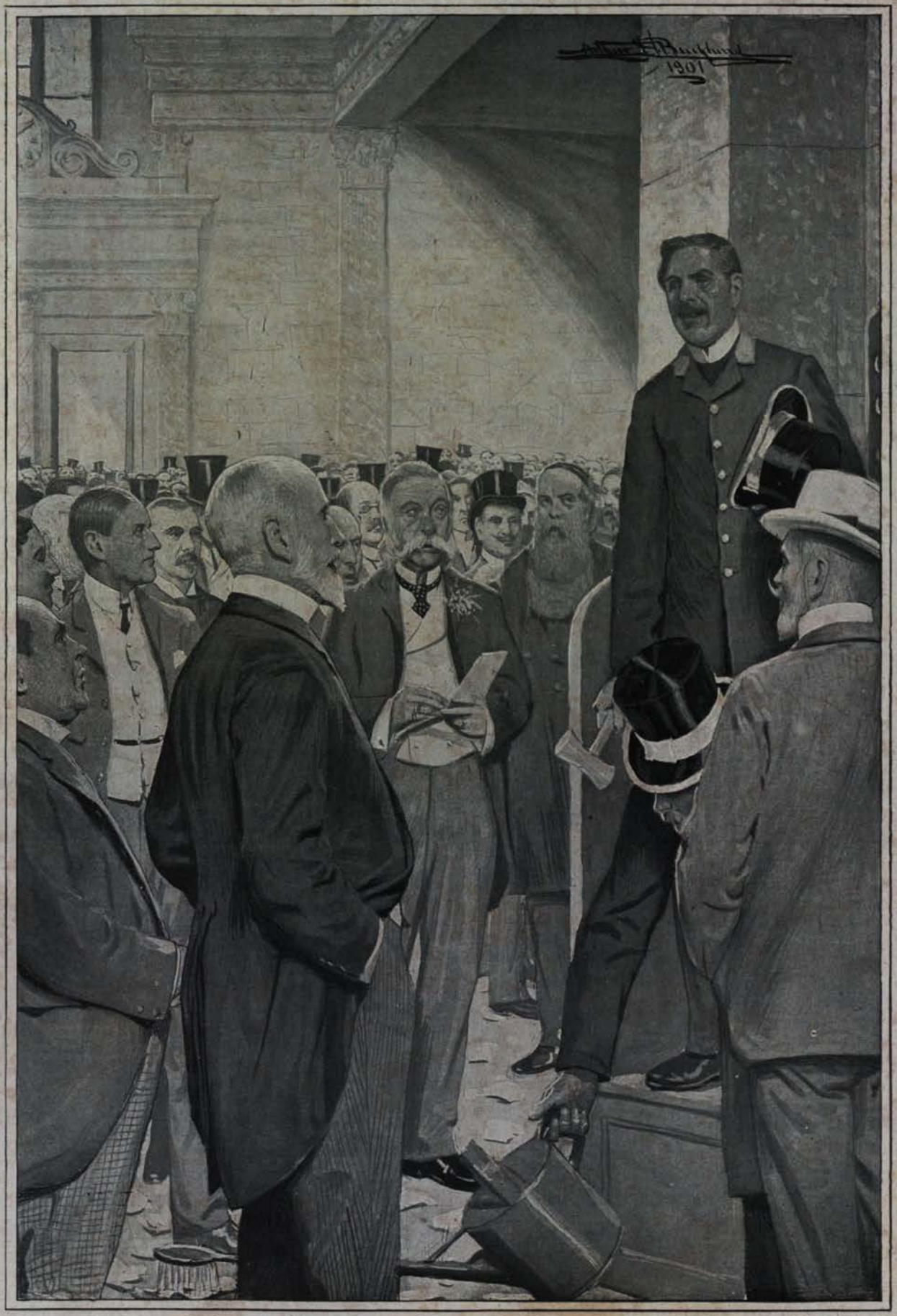
THROGMORTON STREET ENTRANCE ON SETTLING DAY.

of his client) to pay him for stock or deliver it to him at a fixed price and on a fixed date. The jobber remains in the "House" during the day. Some brokers pass frequently between their offices and the market, others remain in the Exchange and have orders sent to them, either by clerk or telegrams from other exchanges. Many of the public think the jobber an unnecessary middle man, but without him they would find it very difficult to deal, either in investment or speculative securities. Supposing I give a broker an order to buy one thousand Chartered Shares, he proceeds to a jobber and asks for a price without revealing whether he is a buyer or seller. The jobber "makes a price," say 3¼ to 3⅜, meaning that he will buy at the lower or sell at the higher quotation. My broker says, "I buy 1000," and the bargain is done at 3⅜ per share. The jobber may not have them, but his chance of getting them is favoured by the numerous transactions daily, either with him or other jobbers. The market price may fluctuate against him or move in his favour. Did not the jobber exist brokers would have to seek around among others. As a consequence, much time would be lost to the public, and the cost of making or changing investments would be largely increased.

When business is particularly active, or during a panic, the scenes in the market are most exciting. Jobbers throw themselves into a central mêlée, haul each other out of the margin of the mass of members, shout each other down, bid for, or offer stocks or shares in the most frantic manner. Instances have occurred where perspiring members have had to change their collars and even their shirts several times during business hours; others have had clothes torn, and so on. The vocal organs, too, are often seriously



"MARKING" THE PRICES.



"HAMMERING" A MEMBER.

affected for a considerable time. Such cries are heard as "⅝ buy Eries," "¾ buy 1000," "⅞ buy 2000," "½ buy Norfolk Pref.," etc., etc.

All bargains are checked by the clerks next morning, and considering the confusion of a scene as described above and the difficulty of writing the transactions in the "jobbing books" in such a scrimmage, remarkably few disputes take place, and such as do are settled, either by halving profit or loss, or, if that is not possible, by enlisting the friendly services of a brother member as arbitrator. As a last resource an appeal may be made to the Committee, but this course is seldom taken.

Listen! A heavy and hollow resounding blow of wood upon wood. In an instant every face is turned towards the central waiter's box in each division of the "House." A great "hush" falls around. The waiter is observed with a large mallet in his hand, striking the side of his box. At the second blow dead silence prevails. A third blow falls, the waiter straightens himself solemnly, removes his hat, and announces with great distinctness: "Gentlemen," (a pause) "Mr. Blank begs to inform the 'House' he cannot comply with his bargains" (or in another form, *after* the pay day, "*has* not complied with his bargains"). Before he has finished the formula there are exclamations of "Who? Who?" The name is repeated from member to member; numbers hurry off to their offices to see if the defaulter is on their books, and, if so, what is the state of his account. All accounts are sent to the official liquidator who at once visits the various markets in which the defaulter had accounts open, and, in consultation with his debtors and creditors, fixes the "making-up" prices at which all transactions with him are to be closed. This is called "hammering a member." It has led to curious scenes at times. On one occasion the waiter announced the name of the hammering creditor instead of the hammered debtor. The creditor, a rather excitable man, happened to be standing by, and in a second the astonished waiter found himself replaced by the indignant member, who announced, "Gentlemen, it's a lie!" (The stooping waiter shown in the illustration opposite is engaged in watering the floor—an operation rendered necessary several times a day by the accumulation of ground-up dust from the tread of so many feet.)

What is this desk? It is the "marking board," where the actual prices of "Business Done" are recorded. An examination of the Official List or the columns of the financial papers will show Opening and Closing quotations and "Business Done." Every member possesses the privilege of having the price of any transaction "marked" upon the board. This is a great safeguard to clients, as they are enabled to check whether their contracts have been transacted within reasonable limit of the closing quotation of the day.

A sudden mild excitement in the Consol Market. It is the Government broker buying for sinking fund purposes. There he stands behind a small desk, with a little knot of members below him making signals with their fingers in a dignified way, as becomes such an ancient and sedate market.

Below the "House" are the Strong Rooms, most substantially built and containing separate lockers. The doors to the rooms are secured by sets of keys fixing the bolts. Each set is in the custody of a separate official, and can only be used when all are present. A special waiter guards the entrance. Millions in value are stored there, and I have heard it stated that it would take at least from sixty to one hundred hours to effect an entrance.

The Share and Loan Department is on the ground floor at the north end or Yankee door. Here an immense quantity of information is daily collected and recorded, and is available for reference. Here also the stamped transfer deeds are obtainable.

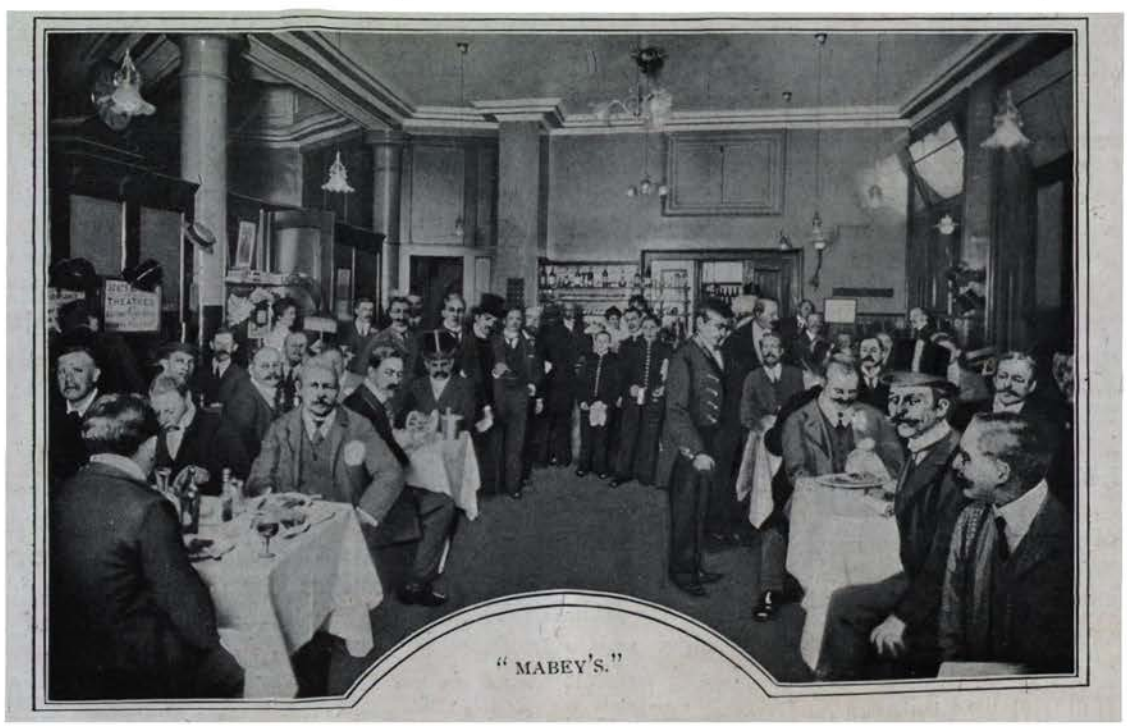
The Clearing House is in the basement, and is a department which makes present day Stock Exchange business possible of settlement at the necessary speed. Before its establishment each member received stock or transfers from the man he immediately dealt with—thus, A delivered to B, B to C, and so on to Z. Now, members send in to the Clearing House statements of their accounts open, and that department eliminates all intermediaries and puts A and Z into direct communication for delivery and

payment of the approximate value of stock or shares delivered. All intermediate accounts on both sides are closed at an official "making-up price," and any discrepancy between that and the actual price is settled on pay day by a "difference" cheque. The Clearing House staff generally work all night on two or three nights during each "account."

The Committee Rooms and Secretarial Department are on the first floor. The work of administration is so enormous that a committee or sub-committee meet almost daily, and a daily luncheon is provided for the committeemen—the only reward they receive for their labours. And reference to luncheon reminds us, by the way, that in Throgmorton Street is "Mabey's," the well-known chop house frequented by members of the "House"—an interior view of which is shown in the photographic reproduction below.

The Stock Exchange member is not always a frantic, yelling dealer in stocks and shares. There are not infrequently times when he has to suffer from enforced idleness, which he fills up by play and exchange of wit and jokes. On special public occasions, too, the members express their loyalty with no uncertain sound. On the day when the King (then Prince of Wales) visited the "House" to view the new extension, printed slips were distributed with "God Save the Queen" and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." His intention to be present leaked out, with the result that an official reception was arranged by the Managers, and a daïs was erected with a velvet-cushioned chair, to which H.R.H. was solemnly conducted through a lane of members. Several members of the Stock Exchange Orchestra attended to lead. The members' choral singing is proverbial for its power and harmony. After the first two chords the band was drowned in the volume of sound. On other occasions also, such as victories and jubilees, the members spontaneously sing the "National Anthem" on the rattle going at 11 a.m.; and the effect is overwhelming.

Such is the London Stock Exchange—an institution with sternly inflexible rules of self-government, with a world-wide reputation, and standing supreme as the financial centre of the Empire.



"MABEY'S."

BROWNING HALL: ENTERTAINING THE CRIPPLES.

LONDON'S SOCIAL SETTLEMENTS.

By HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY, M.L.S.B.

THE wise men came from the East; and now, thank heaven! a few of them are going back there—back to the deserted, though crowded, East-End of London. In that densely-peopled wilderness they are settling, in little colonies, to live helpful and simple lives among the poor, not as missionaries or as "superior persons," but as neighbours, brothers, and fellow-citizens. A "Settlement" is a veritable beehive of industry; and these altruistic bees, instead of laying up honey for themselves, are toiling without rest and without reward to sweeten the lives of others, and to develop the neglected human and social resources of the Empire's heart.

Come down to Whitechapel and see. You think of Whitechapel as the prowling ground of Jack the Ripper, as a labyrinth of reeking slums, or a Ghetto crowded with foreign Jews chaffering in Yiddish over piles of old clothes. Yet when you have passed through the arched entry of Toynbee Hall you might imagine yourself in the "quad" of some old college at Oxford or Cambridge. There is a feeling of refinement and distinction in the very air. In front, an ivy-clad porch; on one hand, a turreted library rising from its cloistered foundation; on the other, a dove-cote and a clock-tower. The illusion is deepened when you enter the spacious dining hall and hear the unmistakable 'Varsity accent of the diners; but as you listen to the talk you soon discover that these Oxonians and Cantabs have become naturalised and enthusiastic Londoners—for London's sake.

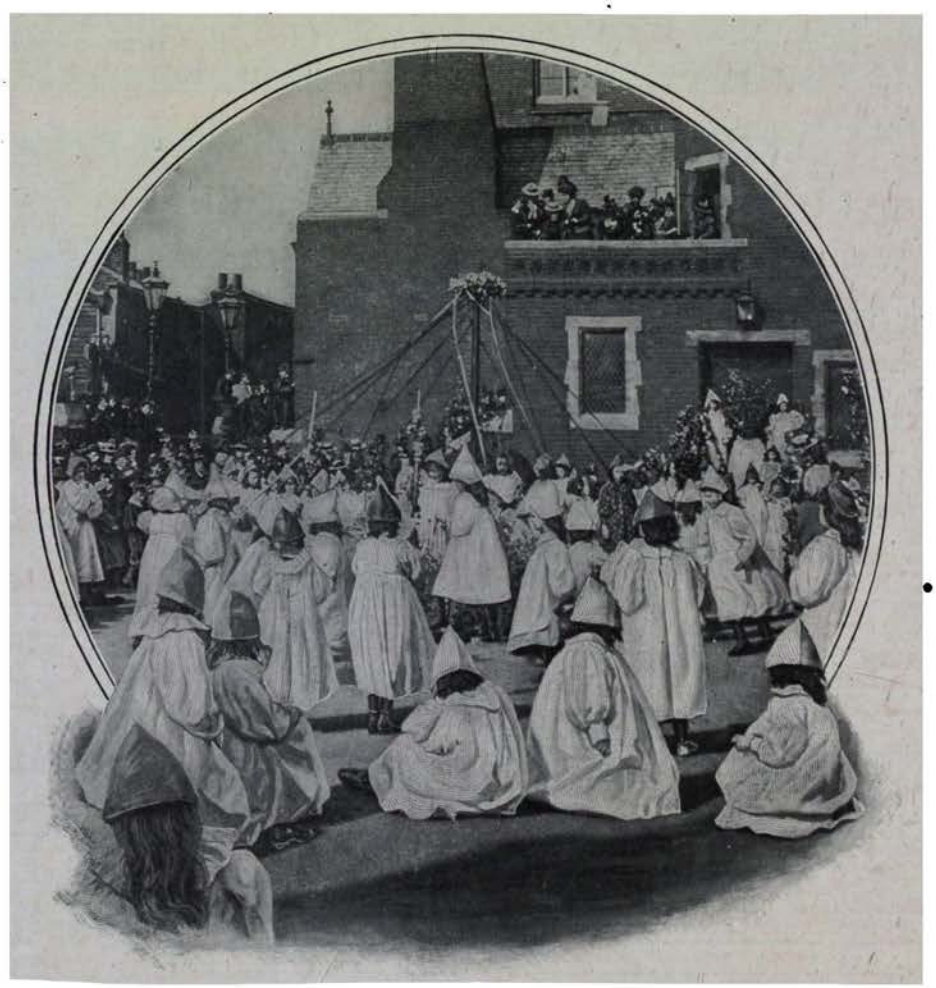
And when the company have separated, you learn that three or four have gone off to manage clubs for working-men or for the "old boys" of some neighbouring Board school; one is going round arranging for parental payments to the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and another is presiding over a conference on old age pensions, or the water

supply; this one is to give a "University Extension" lecture, and that one is taking a class of pupil teachers in his own room; while a couple of others have volunteered to patrol the streets—narrow and gloomy like mountain gorges, bounded on either hand by the forbidding fronts of common lodging-houses—to investigate a complaint that the street lighting is not equal to the needs of such a doubtful locality.

Festoons of fairy lamps begin to twinkle and glow among the creepers that beautify the "quad"; and presently the people of the neighbourhood will flock in to enjoy an open-air concert. But not one of the settlers is thinking of his own enjoyment. Nevertheless, there is not a sign of boredom or discontent on a single face. Evidently, helping other people is an exhilarating and even a fascinating business.

"I shall have to go out to a Borough Council committee," says our Settler-guide—"there are three of us on the Stepney Borough Council, and two on the Board of Guardians, one on the County Council, and one on the School Board—but I've got time to show you into the Tenants' Defence Association first." And he leads the way through courts and corridors till we halt at a door placarded with an inscription in Hebrew and English.

Behind a table at the far end of the room sits a sharp yet benevolent-looking attorney, with a venerable Hebrew interpreter sitting on the edge of a desk close by. An old lady, not unlike the Duchess in "Alice," stands in front of the table pouring forth, with tearful voice and gestures of despair, a Yiddish tale of woe. "What's that—what's that?" asks the presiding genius. "She says," replies the old interpreter, "that her landlord has taken all the doors off their hinges because she wouldn't get out when he wanted her to; and



BERMONDSEY SETTLEMENT: A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

CANNING TOWN WOMEN'S SETTLEMENT: PHYSICAL DRILL.

it's terribly draughty." The forceful landlord's name and other essential details are gradually sifted out from among the old lady's voluble irrelevancies, and she departs happy, confident that her wrongs will be righted. Her place is taken at once by a melancholy young man, from whose Roumanian tongue rolls off another string of grievances. "He's a 'greener,'" the interpreter explains, condensing as he translates: "only been three weeks in England: thought he had left all the cheats behind him in Roumania, and finds he's mistaken. He gave a certain man of our landlord's acquaintance 10s. 'key-money' for a house that's supposed to be going to be empty, and that man's been taking 'key-money' for the same house from I don't know how many other poor people."

One of these owners of slum property actually took the roof off so as to freeze out, or flood out, his unfortunate tenant—who, invoking the authority of Toynbee Hall, got substantial compensation for this undeniable "disturbance." In a still more celebrated case this beneficent Association obtained a decision from the High Court that the "bedding" which is beyond the landlord's power to seize for rent includes the bedstead—a judgment for which thousands of unlucky folk all over the land have cause to bless the name of Toynbee.

"Before you leave Whitechapel," says our guide, "you really must pay a visit to Balliol House"—and away he hurries us over an asphalt court, where a company of the Boys' Brigade is at drill, to what at first you take for a block of "dwellings." And so it is, but the dwellers, whom you find enjoying a sociable evening in the big "common room," are young professional men, medical students, schoolmasters, clerks, and so forth, who form a charming little co-operative commonwealth under the mild sway of an unprofessional "Dean," instead of living isolated lives in lodgings. As we ascend a long stone stair the guide stops short on a landing. "If you had come here one night before the place was bought and christened, you might have stumbled over the mutilated corpse of a murdered woman. On this very stone one of Jack the Ripper's victims was done to death."

The Settlement for which the ground was broken by Canon Barnett's friends from Oxford and Cambridge was named after Arnold Toynbee, a still earlier pioneer in the way of living among the poor—a young man who died on the threshold of a life full of promise. And Toynbee Hall had not long been founded when another group of Oxonians, invited by Bishop Walsham How, arrived in the once rural suburb of Bethnal Green, a mile or so farther east. Their aim was to work on Toynbee lines, but under the flag of the Church of England. In an old disused schoolroom the adventurous newcomers laid the foundations of the famous Oxford House, under the guidance first of Mr. Adderley and then of Mr. Henson.

The Settlement prospered. The natives, who had been at first mistrustful of the invading "toffs," were gradually won over by

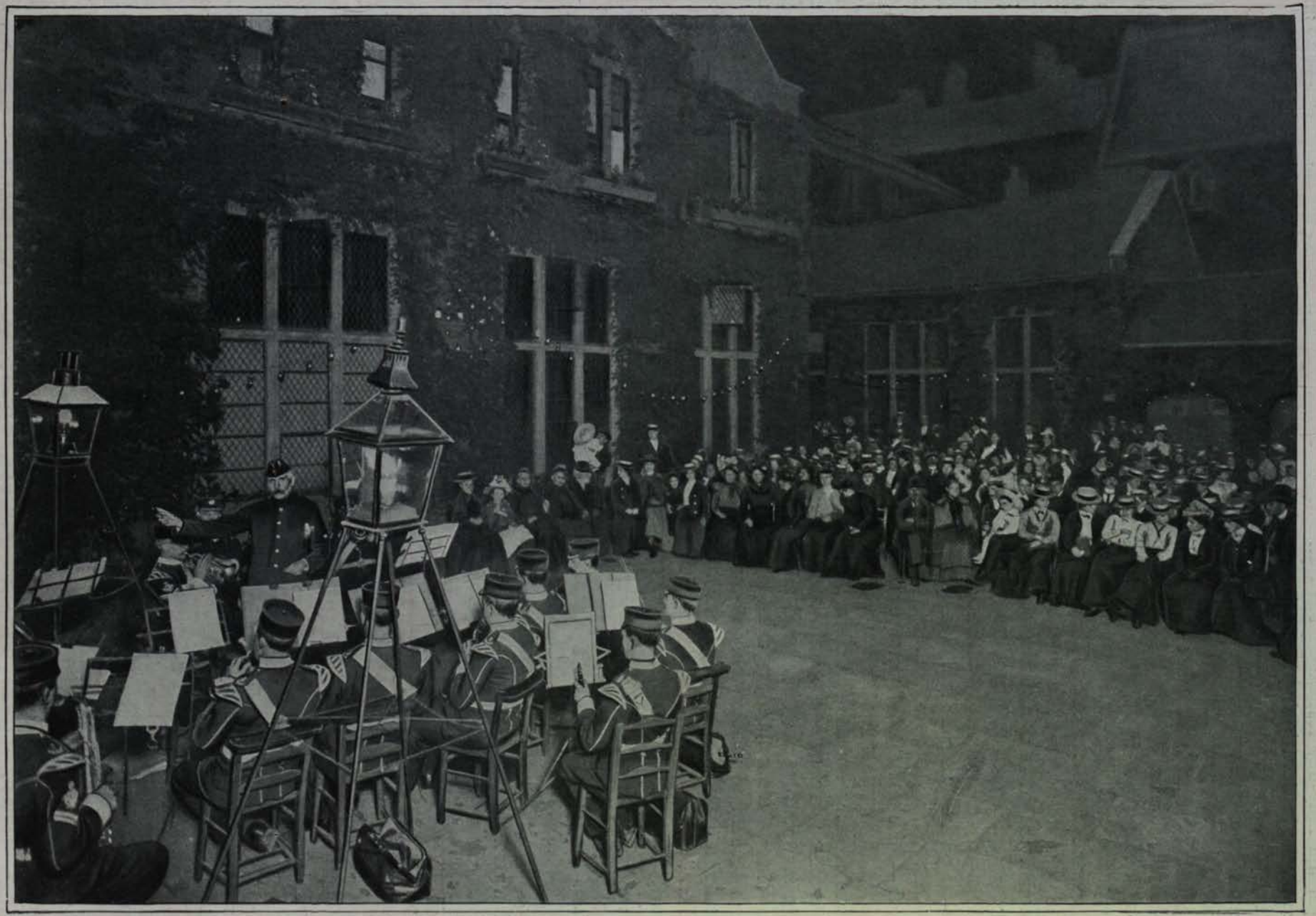
the enthusiastic brotherliness of the newcomers. A parson who arrived later on to head the little colony had a daring way of sallying into Victoria Park on a Sunday afternoon and taking the stump in opposition to the loud-mouthed missionaries of Secularism, opposing them, too, with such a genial humour and wealth of repartee that the crowd first laughed and then believed. He is gone now—gone to be Bishop of London, with a "kerridge" that is always ready to give a lift to any of his old East-End friends who dare to hail his lordship on his episcopal beat. He is gone, but his work goes on. Drop in with me now to the University Club—an embodiment of the "cut-out" principle, cutting out the public-house by energetic and common-sense competition. The air is musical with the cannoning of billiard balls; but the fragrance of tobacco smoke is unmixed with the odours of alcohol. You will find such clubs all over London now—independent in management, but united in a federation with Oxford House for headquarters.

East and ever more east we go, till we reach the edge of the London world. We are now in that extraordinary mushroom municipality called West Ham, with its vast population of dockers, factory hands, and toilers in every grade of poverty, dragging out their lives on a brick-covered Essex swamp, where herons nested thirty years ago. Here, too, it was an Oxonian voice that first raised the cry, "To the rescue!" I remember, about the year 1890, climbing to the top of a certain house in the dreary Barking Road and discovering a couple of Congregational students from Mansfield College camping out in an upper room, boiling their own tea and toasting their own bread. The little colony has done great things. All over Canning Town the colonists are known as the friends of the people. It was here that the "Poor Man's Lawyer" first started operations. A great peacemaker is he, smoothing over disagreements between husband and wife, getting compensation from employers by a little friendly letter-writing, and in a hundred ways oiling the wheels of society. "If Christianity means a lawyer wot don't charge nuthin', there's summat in it," is the judgment of the clients.

A little way from headquarters we enter—a common lodging-house, I was going to say, only this is a very uncommon lodging-house. "Full up," the keeper is saying to a very dirty applicant; "and if we were empty we wouldn't accept the honour of your company, not till you learn better manners. Why," turning to the visitors, "that chap came in here the other night and went to bed in his boots. He's an 'undesirable,' shipped home from the Transvaal. Our company is not what you might call select—not the 'submerged tenth,' but the 'submerged eleventh'—but we draw the line at a fellow that sleeps in his boots."

Mansfield House, by the way, has at Canning Town a sister colony, in which all the Settlers belong to what we men are pleased to call the weaker sex. And such workers they are, too! They have a regular hospital and dispensary, for one thing, and a school for crippled children. But we have only time to look in at their Factory Girls' Club. "You don't mean to say these are factory girls?" Yes, just the same class you saw on Hampstead Heath last Bank Holiday, flaunting in miraculous hats and dresses as "loud" as their tongues. Yet here they are drilling in sober uniforms of dark blue serge, with a regularity and discipline of which you probably thought 'Arriet incapable.

Hooliganism, which is a disease affecting both sexes, has met a deadly foe in the little army of adventurous and imperturbable Settlers, who lay hold of the young life running wild in the streets, and make it feel that there is a greater joy in less noxious activities. "Members are requested not to touch the ceiling with their feet" is the rather startling notice confronting us as we enter the gymnasium of the Wesleyan Settlement in Bermondsey. Short of kicking down the plaster in some acrobatic flight, here are innumerable ways of letting off youthful steam, such as fencing, footballing, cricketing, or enlisting as a modern Knight Templar in the Boys' Brigade. Not only the roughness, but the ugliness, of London life is being gradually dispelled wherever one of these wonderful little colonies has been planted. Here in Bermondsey, for instance—on the south side of the Thames, opposite Wapping—we might find a sight to gladden the eyes in the merry month of May: a



TOYNBEE HALL: A CONCERT IN THE QUADRANGLE.

genuine May-day festival in the Settlement court, the lassies tripping it merrily round the may-pole, to the unbounded delight of an audience crowding the very roofs around. For old and young alike, the Settlement is a radiating centre of interest and good cheer.

And who can tell what Browning Hall is to Walworth — Walworth, where human beings crowd like herrings in a barrel, a thousand to the acre? That transformed old chapel, where Browning's father and mother taught in the Sunday school and the great poet himself was baptised, you will find thronged on a Tuesday afternoon with the wives of the costerfolk and other poor women of the once well-to-do suburb. It is their club—their only relief, except the public-house, from the stuffy little rooms that they have to call "home." Nor are the children forgotten; and even the little cripples from the surrounding neighbourhood are brought in once a week to enjoy a happy hour or two devoted to needlework, fret-carving, and many a game beloved by girls and boys. Often, too, in the summer a "cripples' garden party" is held in the oasis where generations of bye-gone chapel-goers lie buried.

We must take one peep, before turning our faces northward again, at a vigorous colony of University Settlers in Cambridge House, Camberwell Road. These men have settled down to the every-day duties of neighbourliness, as well as to the semi-public duty of "running" clubs and societies. And just as the owner of a palace invites his friends to an *al fresco* entertainment in his noble grounds, so, in summer, you may see, if you are lucky enough to be invited, these young Cambridge men doing the honours of their beautiful little back garden to as many guests as they can get in from the mean streets all round their colony.

It is a far cry from Whitechapel or Walworth to Bloomsbury, where we are to take our last glimpse of Settlement life. But Bloomsbury is no longer a preserve of staid middle-class respectability, and the Passmore Edwards' Settlement is anything but a superfluity in Gordon Square. The building is a picture in itself—art could no further go—but you should see the living pictures inside! Here are potential Hooligans sitting clean and in their right mind, at tea with the refined and refining colonists. Here are young men and women enjoying a social evening and footing it together as Besant would have had his East-Enders do at the People's Palace. Every morning, too, you may see a horse-ambulance drive up to the door with a load of handicapped humanity for the cripple children's school. A pathetic scene: yet it is a good picture to carry away with you as you leave the last of the Settlements; for it is the pride and joy of these little communities that they have discovered how to bring strength to the weakest, light to the most ignorant, a lifting hand to those who are down, and hope to the most forlorn.

MANSFIELD HOUSE: "THE POOR MAN'S LAWYER."

BETWEEN THE COURSES.

BEHIND THE BLINDS.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

A DOCTOR has been compared to the driver of a hansom—he knows his way about the streets, but he cannot tell you what is going on inside the houses. But the great life of London is lived as much—nay, it is lived more—behind the blinds of the quiet houses than it is in the busy thoroughfares. In the streets, except on rare occasions and in isolated cases, we are all more or less "supers" in the great crowd. Our individuality is merged in that of the moving stream of humanity. Our joys and our sorrows are concealed behind a mask. It is only in the house that we take the stage and act out the story in which we are intimately concerned.

We have seen the front doors ajar and watched the little dramas of the doorstep. But these have given us but passing glimpses of the true character of the home. Like the parade outside the booth at the fair, these scenes have been but a hint, a suggestion, of the performance that is to take place within.

In the theatre the house has but three walls. The fourth is *behind* the audience. It is only by reason of this architectural arrangement that we can know what is going on inside the homes presented by the playwright. For us to-day, as we wander through the great city, that fourth wall must also be removed from its ordinary place. Only thus can we be privileged to become spectators of the *vie intime* of London—the life behind the blinds.

It is eight o'clock in the evening, and the blinds are down in this "desirable residence" in a fashionable suburb. But there is a light in most of the front windows, and that indescribable air about the place which whispers to the Londoner, "Dinner party." The last carriage has driven up, and the guests are assembled in the drawing-room. A few minutes' subdued conversation and dinner is announced. There is a little air of reserve at first. English people always require the chill taken off them when they gather together without all being intimate acquaintances.

"GOOD-NIGHT!"

As course succeeds course the weather, the Academy—if it is the season—the opera, a play that has taken the town, a book that has been criticised at length by the newspapers, furnish by turns an excuse for the people seated near each other to exchange remarks. The conversation seldom becomes general, or animated. Now and then a joke from a newspaper or a periodical is hazarded, but it rarely causes laughter. It is acknowledged with a smile when it is well told. But it frequently happens that the honoured joke introduced into dinner party conversation is so mutilated by the teller that it fails to impress the listener at all, especially if he or she has at that moment been handed the entrée, and is twisting round to secure the fork and spoon gracefully.

After the adjournment to the drawing-room, when the men have joined the ladies, everybody soon begins to think of going, and it is not long before some bold spirit decides to be the first to leave. The first departure is the signal for a general but dignified procession of good-byes to the host and hostess. A few stragglers outside stand and watch the carriages drive up to the door—a hansom cab or two and a four-wheeler hang about on the off chance. Soon after eleven the last guest has left. Mamma and the girls remain for a little while in the drawing-room chatting. Papa has retired to his den with the evening papers. Soon after midnight the lights on the lower floors go out. Only the light from the kitchen still illuminates the dark corners of the area. Towards one o'clock there is a light in the windows near the roof. The servants have gone to bed. The suburban household sleeps behind the blinds.

Here is a deserted street. The long white terrace of houses looks almost ghostly in the quiet moonlight. The policeman comes along with the slow swinging tramp of the night patrol, his lantern in his belt. He tries all the area gates and pushes the front doors. One house arrests his attention. He looks up, and sees the light still gleaming behind the blinds of a room on the second floor. There is a glimmer of gas in the hall. He knows what is the matter, because he has seen that light night after night, and once or twice he has watched a gentleman come out in the early hours and run to the cab stand, and has seen him return later with a doctor.

Behind the blinds lies a woman hovering between life and death. He wonders how the lady is to-night. The shadow of more than one figure crosses the blind, and he knows that there are other watchers gathered round the bed besides the trained nurse who keeps the nightly vigil as a rule. While he is lingering the door opens, and a man comes out hurriedly, nervously. The sympathetic policeman instantly volunteers to go for a cab. He has seen the man's face and read the latest bulletin. The cab comes and drives off. The policeman has heard the direction given to the cabman in a tearful, trembling voice. He knows what it means.

To-morrow the blinds of the house will *remain* down—a dead woman will be lying behind them.

The blinds down in a double-windowed room above a shop in an unfashionable quarter of London. The jingling of a piano and the sound of song. Laughter ringing out now and again, and the passing of many shadows across the blind. It is the "Missis's" birthday. Up in the sitting-room above the shop the honest tradesman and his partner for life are entertaining their friends in honour of the occasion. Presently the music ceases, but not the merriment. The supper is on the table—a good old-fashioned English supper. It is a squeeze to accommodate the guests, but an engaged young couple gladly sit on the sofa together and make a table of a chair. Presently "father" rises, glass in hand, and says, "Many happy returns of the day, my dear." The company stands up and re-echoes the wish, and somebody starts "For she's a jolly good fellow," and stops amid a roar of laughter. But the company quickly sees the humour of the suggestion, and presently the chorus rings out right heartily, and the passers-by stop and look up at the window.

Later a little crowd of half a dozen at the street door and many handshakings, and cheery good-nights, and kindly messages. A little lingering—they always linger at the front door after these homely little parties—and then good-night for the fourth and last time, and mother and father remain looking out into the night after their departing guests. Then the door closes and the chain goes up, and presently mother and father are again in the little sitting-room with the remains of the birthday feast. And if father doesn't put his arm affectionately round mother's waist when they are alone and kiss her and say, "Well, my dear, it's been a jolly evening, hasn't it?" I am very much mistaken. I am quite *sure* that is what you would see if they had not taken the precaution to avoid sitting down just behind the blinds.

Three o'clock in the morning, and the big square is wrapped in silence. A belated traveller looks out of his hansom and sees nothing but the drawn blinds with never a light behind them. But if he knew what was happening at No. 13 he would give it more than a passing glance. For with stealthy footsteps two men are creeping about the silent house and securing valuable plate and jewellery. All their plans have been matured beforehand. They have effected an entrance with consummate skill and daring, and have gone straight to the plate chest or the safe. Having finished their work, they are now enjoying a cold collation and a couple of bottles of wine. They don't smoke, because the smell of tobacco is very penetrating. But they have filled their pockets with the excellent Havana cigars of their unconscious host. It is quite possible that when they have finished their meal they will leave a polite little note thanking him for his hospitality. In the burgling season half a dozen people may pass the house in which the "cracksmen" are at work, the policeman may flit by like a ghost in his noiseless boots, but no living soul but the operators themselves know that to-morrow all London will be ringing with what is happening at that moment behind the blinds.

WATCHING THE SHADOWS.

Nine o'clock in the evening. This pretty little villa residence is quiet and peaceful after the fashion of villa residences. The postman goes up the garden path with the last post and wakes the echoes with his smart rat-tat. Mary the housemaid comes to the letter box and looks eagerly at the three letters that the postman has dropped into it. There is a shade of disappointment on her pretty face when she has glanced at them all. There is a letter for Master and one for Missis, and another for Miss Maud. The letters are taken into the dining-room. Papa and Mamma open theirs, but Miss Maud is absent, and her letter is placed on the mantelshelf. Under ordinary circumstances Mary would have taken the letter direct to her young mistress. But Miss Maud is in the drawing-room, and with her the young gentleman to whom she is engaged.

Mary knows better than to disturb that little *tête-à-tête*. She has a sympathetic heart, and is engaged herself. So the young couple sit on undisturbed, and talk below their voices and gaze into each other's eyes, and dream the old sweet dream in the cosy little drawing-room. For this is the sweethearts' hour, and in many a London home Love reigns supreme behind the blinds.

A humble little home this. Two rooms on the ground floor, and outside a noisy street in a working-class quarter. The blind drawn down in the front window is yellow and dingy, and the feeble light of the lamp within makes it dingier. The children have been undressed and put to bed, and the pale-faced young mother sits straining her eyes over her needlework.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY."

It is a pretty face, but a sad one, and every now and then tears come into the eyes. One big tear rolls down and drops upon the little frock that the young mother is mending. In the corner of the room are a little wooden sword and a paper cap, the soldier's sword and cap of the little boy who lies asleep in the next room. The children prattle of the war, and the little boy tells his playmates proudly that his father was a soldier and fought the Boers.

To-night the young mother's thoughts wander far away from the noisy street to a grave in a far-off land. Outside a couple of young men pass singing the latest music-hall patriotic song. The young widow drops

WHEN GUESTS HAVE LEFT.

her work and leans her elbow on the table and loses herself in a reverie. Then her lips move and her eyes are raised in tearful supplication to Heaven to watch over and guard her little ones, and give her strength to bear her sorrow and to live for them. Outside the song of England's prowess, the song of defiance to England's enemy, is shouted by the roystering lads. Every word of it is as the stab of a dagger to the soldier's widow sitting in tearful reverie behind the blinds.

A long street in Bloomsbury, one of those streets of gloom and sadness that make the foreigner marvel, and contribute to the melancholia of the native. Nearly every house in this street lets apartments. In the front room of one of them on the ground floor a man of about two-and-thirty is writing. He is an author, entirely dependent on his pen, and struggling to make enough to keep his wife and child in comfort. The paper in front of him is a blank. His thoughts have been disturbed again and again. Soon after he sat down to do an evening's work a group of children came and sat on the doorstep and quarrelled, and slapped each other, shouting separately and together. When they went away an organ grinder began to grind out the latest popular air. Then the author rose in his wrath and rushed frantically to the front door and shrieked at the man to begone. And the servants opposite thought him a brute, for to them the organ was a joy.

Gradually he has brought his mind back again to the imaginary people of his plot. But before he can quite "hear them talk" a boy comes up the street with newspapers, and shouts a tragedy. The author flings his pen down and waits. The cry of the hawker dies away in the distance. *Now* he will begin. There is the sound of a cab driving up to the door, a loud knock and a ring. Then through the open door the clamour of voices, and then the banging of heavy luggage as it is deposited in the hall. The people who have taken the drawing-room floor are moving in. The unhappy author flings down his pen with a cry of mingled rage and despair. All chance of writing a line that night has gone. For a time he sits gazing

A NIGHT REVERIE.

at vacancy, paralysed by the hopelessness of his task. Outside the noises of the street continue. No one seems to give a passing thought to the hundreds of brain workers who have to sit night after night in noisy London trying to earn their living behind the blinds.

What a marvellous human picture gallery London would be were the blinds all raised. What scenes of grief and joy, of love and hatred, of hope and despair, of low scheming and brave endeavour are hidden by the interposing veil. The student sits at his books, the tired mother at her work, the gamblers gather round the card table, the kitchen maid painfully scrawls a letter to her love. Fashion sits around the flower-decked dining table, the struggling tradesman pores over his accounts, the humble home toilers work on far into the night at their ill-paid handicraft. The coiner works in fear and trembling at his nefarious task. The clergyman writes his sermons. The criminal listens with a silent dread to every sound. A knock at the door puts his heart in his mouth, the murmur of voices below his window brings the cold sweat upon his brow. The children sit around the table in the happy home with their toys, struggling to keep awake long after the dustman has rung his bell; the widow sits in her loneliness and thinks of the days that are no more, the young bride nestles to her husband's side by the cosy fire where the cat purrs contentment, and the four walls shut in an Eden of happiness and love. From the cradle to the grave the joys and sorrows of life are there. The newly-born utters his first cry, the newly-dead has breathed his last breath—behind the blinds.

"BEGONE!"

SUNDAY MORNING EAST AND WEST.

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

A SUNDAY morning in the height of summer. The Trafalgar Square fountains flicker and flash dazzlingly in the sunlight, and the air is so quiet that from the edge of the glowing pavement you can catch the cool tinkle of the water as it showers back into the basins.

This time yesterday morning the roar of life was at its loudest here: a busy, innumerable crowd billowed restlessly into the Square and out of it on every side; carts, cabs, 'buses, carriages, rushing incessantly to and fro in the roadway, made the crossing difficult and even perilous. But to-day an obvious tourist, abetted by his wife, is leisurely erecting a camera to photograph the Nelson Column, and looks lonely in the middle of the road.

Nobody is in a hurry this morning. Most of the passers-by wear such an aggressive air of being out for pleasure, and not on business, as you may have noticed in schoolboys playing truant. There is a faded old man on the rim of one of the fountains hunched in an attitude that suggests years of bending over a desk in some dull office, but now he is reading his Sunday paper instead of writing in a ledger; and on the benches round about more or less seedy loafers are basking in drowsy contentment.

From the direction of St. Martin's Church a char-a-banc crawls hesitantly by the kerb, and a narrow board on the side of it indicates that it is prepared to take excursionists to Kew or Hampton Court. A straggling procession of similar vehicles is slowly approaching down the Strand: most of them have a few holiday-makers, male and female—emancipated shop-hands, steady-going clerks, and visitors from the country—already seated under their striped awnings, and the drivers and conductors are keeping an alert look-out for more.

For nearly an hour past a shiny, yellow, smart private brake has been standing opposite one of the hotels near this end of Northumberland Avenue, and now you are warned by the stiffening of the groom at the horses' heads that those it waits for are at length in sight. A very gay, very elegant party of Americans streams out of the hotel, making a sudden brightness in the shadow of the huge, sombre building: Papa, glorious in a blindingly white waistcoat, a Panama hat, and loose white trousers; Mamma, very stout, rosy and good-humoured, gowned in pink under a pink parasol; three young girls, one of them evidently her daughter, and a middle-aged lady youthfully dressed, all four a bewildering shimmer of white and blue and crimson; and with them are three young men and a middle-aged one clothed in summery tweeds and serges. As there is only room for eight inside, one of the young men reluctantly climbs up beside Papa, who is taking the reins; and away they go, whirling airily across the Square, a many-hued bubble of laughter and merry chattering, that switches off into Pall Mall, and is beyond sight and hearing at once, as if it had burst at the corner.

A little way down the Strand, where all the shops are asleep and the pavements but thinly peopled, if you look in under the wide archway of a certain hotel you shall see, against a background of loungers in basket-chairs, with iced drinks on spindly tables at their elbows, spruce cabs and carriages waiting for their owners or hirers; and conspicuous amidst them the dandy black and yellow coach that will presently start for a run to Walton-on-Thames. Its dapper, white silk-hatted coachman stands deferentially discussing his four horses with a prospective passenger; and from the long wicker sheath hung by the back seat protrudes the brazen horn that by-and-bye, when the full coach rattles gallantly on its journey, will waken jolly echoes in sober

suburban streets and green lanes by the riverside.

By this time the bells are ringing for morning service, and the out-of-door population is leavened with an increasing proportion of church- and chapel-goers, of both sexes and all ages, carrying red or gilt-edged books. Wandering west, along Pall Mall into Piccadilly and through the stately byways of Mayfair, you meet with more and more church-goers, more fashionably dressed, and more aristocratic of look and bearing. Generally there is one exquisitely groomed male to every two ladies, but now and then the ladies are unescorted; and occasionally, armed with the inevitable red or gilt-edged volumes, two or three of the sterner sex are stepping churchwards together, with no petticoated accompaniment to persuade them thither.

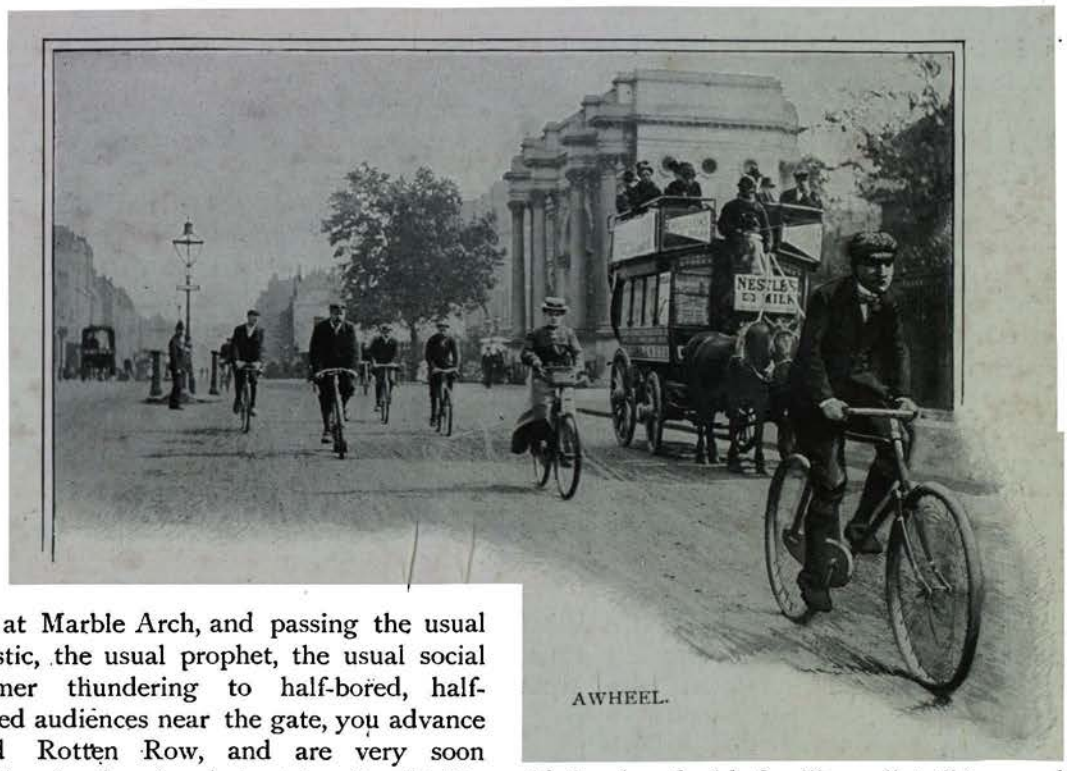
There are church-goers, too, in some of the few carriages that are rumbling demurely among 'buses and excursion vehicles down Piccadilly; and dashing past them, with a jaunty levity that has a spice of wickedness in it, comes a hansom carrying a blissful man in boating flannels. Beside him is a pretty river nymph in a sailor blouse, smiling out from under the sauciest straw hat that was ever made. The glimpse you have of them, and of the sly luncheon hamper on the roof, gives you such a vivid momentary vision of sunny, rippling water and two in a boat that you can almost hear the cool plash of the dipping oars.

FOUR-IN-HAND.

Whichever way you take, there are cyclists everywhere—women and men, alone, in pairs, and by the dozen. Turning back and up Regent Street to loiter for a while at Oxford Street corner, you see how the tops of outward-bound 'buses are bubbling and frothing over with gossamer white hats and dresses, and laces and ribbons; and occasionally, embowered among all this finery, you may pick out the mother of a family nursing the youngest, the father nursing the dinner-basket, and overheating himself with saving less manageable members of the family from tumbling off into the road.

Panting and snorting and bumping, there goes a motor-car; four knickerbockered men inside it, and the back of it bristling with golf-clubs. Here comes a dog-cart with a smart looking party out for the day; followed presently by a glossy, high-stepping steed drawing a natty trap, wherein is a large man, keenly conscious of his own dashing aspect, of the elegance and loveliness of the lady who sits by him as brilliantly arrayed as a very butterfly, and of the tremendous effectiveness of the white-breeched, top-booted footboy perched with folded arms at the back. Comfortable people are out sunning themselves in landaus; expected guests are spinning off in cabs to pleasant little luncheons in Suburbia; and all the time there are more cyclists, by ones, by twos, by threes; and yonder, spreading and thinning out and winding among the traffic like a flight of birds, comes a party of nearly a score, a flutter of feminine drapery here and there lending a touch of grace and gallantry to it, to say nothing of colour.

And now the pavements grow temporarily populous with pedestrians homing from church; and sprinkled among them are nursemaids returning from the Park, wheeling in dainty perambulators aristocratic infants who slumber deep in soft frills and laces under lace-edged canopies. Entering the



AWHEEL.

Park at Marble Arch, and passing the usual agnostic, the usual prophet, the usual social reformer thundering to half-bored, half-amused audiences near the gate, you advance round Rotten Row, and are very soon mingling in the church parade of a highly fashionable, highly decorous crowd that grows denser at every step you take into it, until your walking perforce slows down to the gentlest possible foot-pace.

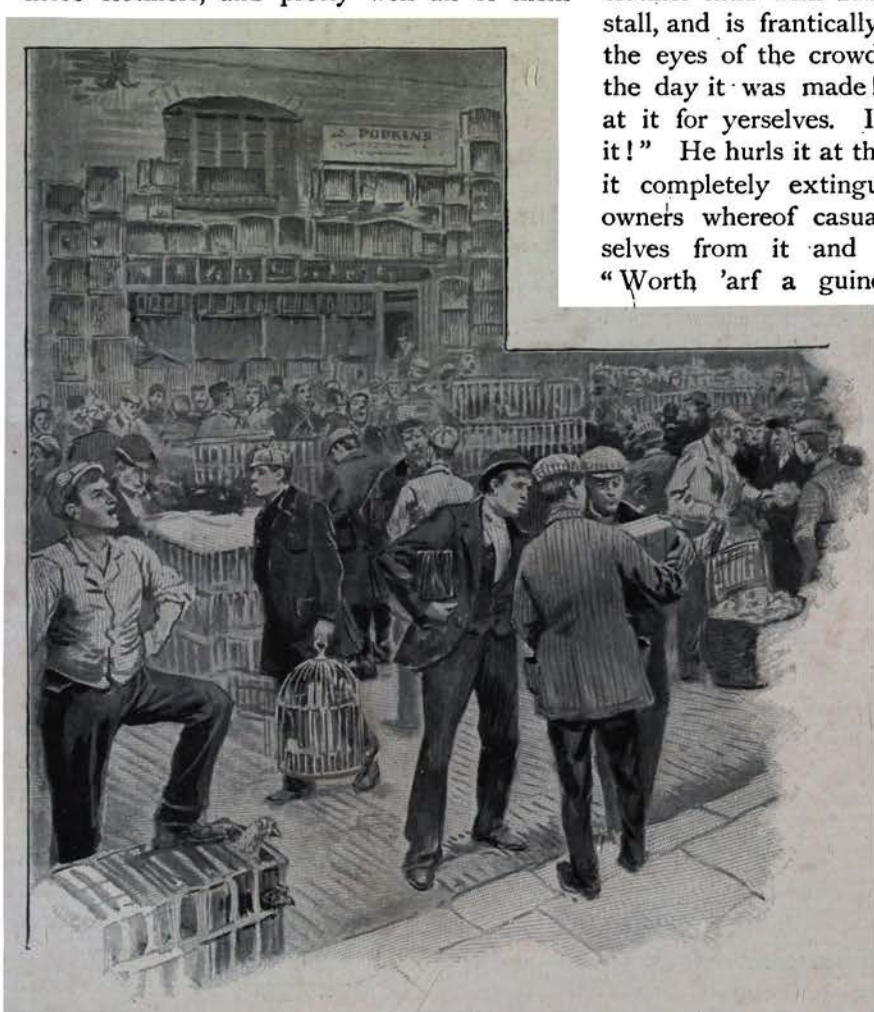
For under the trees here all the beauty and fashion of the West hold high carnival in the hour betwixt coming from church and going to luncheon; but the whole vast multitude is toned to such well-mannered harmony that there is no crush anywhere, no unseemly excitement, no haste—only a stately pacing this way and that, murmuring of sedate voices, and rippling of politely modulated laughter. On the garden seats down the centre of the broad path and at the side, and on the green chairs closely scattered between the seats and more closely across the grass behind them, one half of the crowd rests and looks on at the other half which is in motion. Members of Parliament, retired military officers, financial princes, men of title and rank, pompous, indifferent, affable, dignified; gay old gentlewomen quizzing the throng through their glasses, severe old gentlewomen disregarding it all with petrified stares; blushful maidens, callow swaggering youths, matured imperturbable maidens and bored men of experience, matrons and dames, and fussy or stolid old heads of old families, all talking and flirting and bowing and smiling and strolling and meeting and turning, and meeting and passing again, or pausing to shake hands and chat for a minute of last night's ball, or to-morrow's play, or this evening's little dinner.

Across the other side of London at this same hour, and from several hours earlier and for several hours to come, there gathers another crowd as vast as this, but differently composed and in a vastly different environment. In place of the grass and trees on one side of the road, and the gorgeous, neatly ordered flower beds on the other, you find two rows of squalid shops, wide open and roaring alluringly for customers; in place of the garden seats, here is a confusion of overloaded stalls fringing the pavements to right and left from end to end of the long, narrow thoroughfare; and, in place of the unimpeachable carriages and equestrians in the roadway and the polite gathering on the footpath, here the sun glares down through a dusty, malodorous atmosphere on a loud, surging, struggling, closely-packed mob, elbowing and shouldering hither and thither sturdily, and on eager shopkeepers and stall-keepers bawling and gabbling in diabolical concert. For you are in the East, and this

is Middlesex Street, unofficially known as Petticoat Lane.

Arriving in Bishopsgate Street Without a little before eleven, you might have seen the tide of well-dressed or decent church- and chapel-goers at the full, and have heard the church bells ringing placidly as they rang in the West; but the moment you plunged into the "Lane" their pealing would have been inaudible in the nearer clamour of human voices. This tall red building is the Jews' Free School, and the droning of scholars at their lessons floats out at the open windows and mingles with the howls of the fish salesman, the wail of the lemon seller, and the raucous patter of the cheap jack. You pass from a clothier's stall to a butcher's, to tinware, crockery, toy, fruit, hat and cap stalls, confectioners' stalls, boot stalls, more cheap jacks, more fish stalls, more clothiers, and pretty well all of them Jews. Now and then you collide with a man who, having no stall, careers about in the crowd with a stack of trousers on his shoulder, and flourishing a pair in his hand implores you to take your choice from his stock at "a dollar a time"; you meet men and boys adrift in like manner with braces, handkerchiefs, socks, boots; an old bearded Hebrew hovers at the corner of Wentworth Street with a huge bowl of gherkins steeped in a yellowish liquid, and reiterates drearily, "All in winegar—'apenny each!"

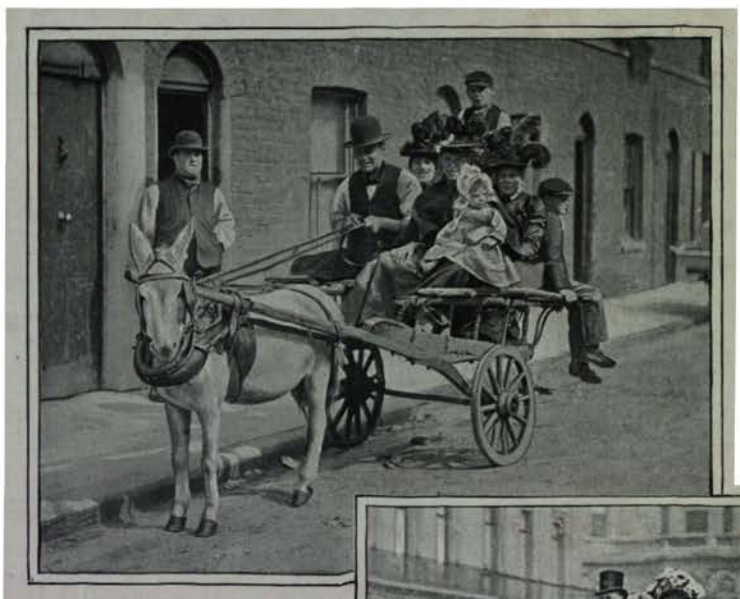
Opposite an earnest man in his shirt sleeves bellows over a glass tank, "'Ere yar! The champiun lemin drink—'apenny a glass. 'Ave yer money back if yer don't like it!" And close alongside a gramaphone is all the while reproducing a sharp, jerky imitation of the voice of a popular music-hall star singing a comic song. Just beyond it a clothier mad with zeal has leaped upon his stall, and is frantically waving a coat before the eyes of the crowd. "As good as it was the day it was made!" he shrieks. "Look at it for yerselves. It'll stand it. Look at it!" He hurls it at the simmering mass, and it completely extinguishes two heads, the owners whereof casually disentangle themselves from it and toss it back to him. "Worth 'arf a guinea," he insists. "It's goin' for eight bob—seven—six—five—three an' a tanner, an' not a farden less if I—— Now then, Sam, 'elp the genelman try it on." He pitches it to a paunchy, shirt-sleeved partner, and the next moment the customer, a weedy youth and shy, is trying it on. "'Ow's it fit at the back?" the partner demands of a friend who is with the customer. "Bit loose, ain't it?" "Loose!" interrupts the partner furiously. "Young fool—where is it? 'E'll never 'ave no better fit than that,



BIRD FAIR (SCLATER STREET, BETHNAL GREEN).

not at any price." He pats the customer encouragingly on the shoulder, has his money in a twinkling, and sends him shuffling off with his old coat under his arm.

The fair overflows all the streets branching from Petticoat Lane, and diverging to the west you may penetrate to Cutler Street and Phil's Buildings, which are wholly given over to clothiers; going farther east by doors and in the gutters hutches and cages, towering one above another, swarm with rabbits, fowls, pigeons, ducks, cockatoos, parrots, thrushes, canaries, and such smaller birds in amazing variety; and the sellers bawl against each other, and the birds crow, coo, quack, scream, and sing against each other deafeningly. Men without shops or stands roam in the crowd carrying a cage or two and crying their wares; men and boys waylay you in the crush or on the skirts of it with wriggling heaps of rabbits at the bottom of small sacks, and offer you the pick of the bunch for sixpence.



OFF TO CHINGFORD.

OUT FOR THE DAY.

Escaping through Cygnet way of Wentworth Street, which is as rampant and as congested as the "Lane" itself, you emerge on Spitalfields, where the Market is half open, trafficking with costermongers, whose trucks and donkey-carts are huddled outside it.

This turning by the church brings us to Brick Lane, and Brick Lane leads to Sclater Street, locally known as Club Row, where you will find Bird Fair in full blast. It is Petticoat Lane over again on a much smaller scale; with next to no Jews, hardly any women, less diversity, no side-shows (unless you count the betting tipster and refreshment stalls right out past the limits of the crowd); no frivolity in short, but strict attention to business.

Most of the shops in Sclater Street are kept by bird dealers, and their outer walls up to the first floor have all broken into an eruption of bird cages. Beside the shop Street, you stumble into a smaller, quiet market in Bethnal Green Road, for the sale of cycle tyres and second-hand accessories; and meat and vegetable stalls are moderately busy for some distance past it. Noon being gone, as you follow the Bethnal Green Road and Cambridge Road to Mile End Gate, people are coming away from Sunday morning services, many in Salvation Army uniforms, and loafers gathered at street corners are yearning for the public-houses to open.

SUNDAY MORNING IN HYDE PARK (CHURCH PARADE).

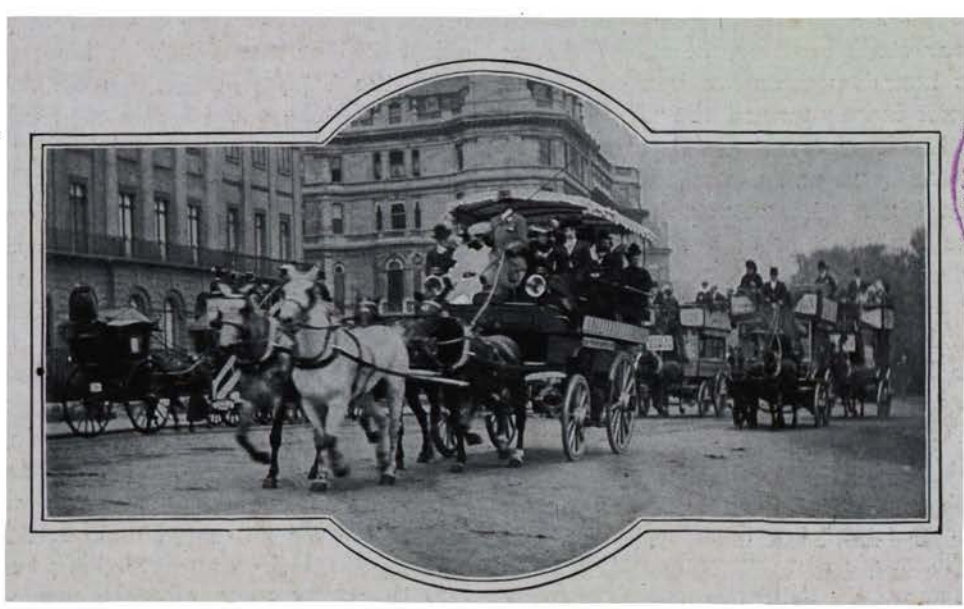
Photo: A. B. Hughes, Fulham, S.W.

SUNDAY MORNING IN MIDDLESEX STREET, WHITECHAPEL.

A drab, dingy, squalid neighbourhood; and yet you come upon Romance flowering in the heart of it. You will not see a carriage stopping every day in front of that grimy old house sandwiched between the shops yonder; and you may easily know why it is there now by the rose in the driver's buttonhole and the white ribbon bow on his whip, and by the sightseers who form a double line from the carriage door to the gate of the house, and include two frowsy women with babies, several small children carrying smaller children, and one unwashed infant who, propelled by a bare-footed sister, has arrived in considerable state in a soap box on wheels.

Whitechapel Road presents a very different spectacle from that to be seen at this hour in Oxford Street; and yet it has at least one point of resemblance, for all the 'buses and trams running away from London are packed with happy fugitives who are running away from it too. But here is no Oxford Street equipage, this coster's barrow racing and rocking towards Chingford under the weight of its owner and some friends, the former in his shirt-sleeves and the feminine members of the party in all the pride of bright dresses and big-feathered hats. Some little distance behind them a substantial family group jolts soberly along on chairs and boxes in a greengrocer's cart; and overtaking and passing them whirl a dozen of Epping-bound cyclists—factory lads and artisans, mostly in their working clothes—who will return under the stars to-night, tired perhaps and rather rowdy, with green branches and blossoms wreathed round their handle-bars.

Night is half a day off yet, however. It is only just luncheon hour in the West, where the gongs are calling pleasantly select gatherings to shady interiors of Belgravia; and here, in the East, the loafers have disappeared from the corners, for the public-houses are open, and you are meeting shirt-sleeved men and bare-armed women going for the dinner beer, and men, women, and children hurrying home with steaming dishes from the bakehouses—some one or other of the hungry urchins pausing, maybe, at a safe corner to raise the cloth from his dish and thrust a finger in after a well-browned, succulent potato, wherewith to propitiate his appetite by the way.



SUNDAY EXCURSIONISTS PASSING DOWN PICCADILLY.

SEARCHING A CHINESE SEAMAN'S CHEST.

HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

HARD by Billingsgate, stretching for a matter of one hundred and fifty yards or so along Thames Street, rises a large grey stone building, inhabited during business hours by three hundred clerks. It may be not inaptly termed the "King's Toll-Bar for London." It is the Custom House. Here is the home and centre of the revenue collection of the greatest port in the world. It is the headquarters of a small army of blue-coated and brass-buttoned functionaries familiar to merchants and mariners, tourists and travellers: all, indeed, whose business or pleasure leads them to foreign parts and home again to the heart of the British Empire.

But it must not be supposed that these numerous emissaries of the Custom House are ever gathered together within its four walls. They are distributed in batches—all save the actual clerical staff—and often many months may elapse before they so much as set eyes upon the chief establishment.

For instance, if you wend your way along the banks of the river east of the Tower of London, you will, at intervals, amidst the mass of closely-packed tall buildings and high walls, come across small, unpretentious structures, inscribed with the legend "His Majesty's Customs." Outside, maybe, an officer will be standing with his gaze bent upon the Thames, where his comrades are in a boat. These are the water-guard, whose duty it is to board ships coming up the river, and to superintend the unloading of such as carry bulk cargo. A group of officers and searchers taken at the Tunnel pier is shown in the photographic reproduction on p. 289. The men serve long hours—twenty-four at a stretch. If your curiosity impels you to peep into their quarters, you see in one room a couple of chairs and a desk littered with the latest official orders and notifications. Tobacco or brandy is expected to arrive carefully done up in the form of cheeses, or a large consignment of pirated English copyright works is to be seized. If you glance into the other room of these water-guards, your nostrils may be assailed by the aroma of ham or beefsteak, which our Customs officer himself is preparing against the return of his comrades.

"Oh, yes, we mess for ourselves," says your host, in response to a query on this

head; "Government furnishes the utensils, and we do the rest—that is, when we're ashore. When we're out on the river we carry our lunch with us, or mess on board ship."

Each group of the water-guard consists of four only, and the land-guard men make up most of the outside service.

They are vigilance incarnate, these Custom House men. It is no use trying to evade them. Day and night they are on the watch, waiting at the docks, rowing in the middle of the Thames, strolling about the railway stations, ready to pounce upon the incomer, whether he be master of a merchantman or merely proprietor of a modest portmanteau, with the query, "Anything dutiable?" or "Anything to declare?"

Every year it grows harder to elude or cheat the Customs. Yet the system in vogue to-day is infinitely simpler than it used to be. As has already been said, the "outside" staff of the Custom House is made up of a land-guard and a water-guard. There are no longer any "tide-waiters" or "land-waiters," such as appertained twenty or thirty years ago. At each of the great docks there are from forty to eighty officials. It is the duty of some of these to look after the cargo, while others inspect the effects of passengers and the crew. While this process is going on aboard ship, the master of the vessel is sending a report of her arrival and an account of her cargo to the Custom House, which he is obliged by law to do within twenty-four hours from entering port. Not a box or a bale may be landed until the master's declaration and that of the consignee have been compared by the indoor clerks at the Custom House, and what is known as the "entry," or warrant showing the duties on such goods as are dutiable to have been paid, is in the hands of the Customs men at the docks.

The process of examining luggage by the Customs inspectors at the docks is a sufficiently familiar one to all who have ever travelled out of this kingdom. The general air of bustle and excitement; the impatience and oftentimes the annoyance of the travellers at the delay; the occasional protestations on the part of nervous ladies; the grim determination of the inspectors to probe to the bottom of every mystery; and once in a way the discomfiture of a detected smuggler, unaware of the enormity of his or her offence; the strange apparition of cigars in the middle of steamer cushions, and of brandy or perfume dexterously concealed in under-garments: all this forms a twice-told tale. Rigorous attention, too, is required and given to the heterogeneous luggage of the aliens who land upon our shores.

Sometimes foreign—and, alas, British—members of the crew exhibit an ingenious pertinacity for smuggling. The officer who is told off to visit their quarters is usually acquainted with their devices; for it seems pretty hard to Jack Tar that he may not

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

bring his friends and family tobacco and spirits which he has bought "dirt cheap" in foreign parts.

But, as might be expected, by far the cleverest and most obstinate smuggler is the Chinaman. As an instance, a couple of Chinese seamen on board an Indiaman were imprisoned for concealing four pounds of tobacco and refusing to pay the fine upon detection—that is to say, treble the value of the goods with the duty added, which in

LUGGAGE AWAITING EXAMINATION BY CUSTOMS OFFICERS (CHARING CROSS STATION).

their case amounted to £3 13s. each. There are always some amusing cases of this description, especially on the arrival of a large vessel from the East whose crew has never before been subjected to a Customs examination.

At the railway stations, such as Charing Cross, about the hour that the Continental express is due, the little group of Customs officials are on the alert to examine such goods and luggage as have come through in bond, so to speak, from the port of Dover. England being a free-trade country, the returned tourist or the foreign visitor or immigrant misses, as well he may and with gratitude, those too assiduous attentions and impertinences which occasionally distinguish countries where a tariff wall has been carefully reared. The business here, be it said to the credit of our Customs officers, is often done with an adroitness which a conjurer might envy. Presto! and your largest trunk is "inspected" to its innermost depths, and a tiny cabalistic chalk mark affixed which enables you to pass the barrier with an air of conscious rectitude—forgetful, perhaps, of the two or three smuggled volumes of Tauchnitz, plainly marked "not to be introduced into the United Kingdom," reposing in the folds of your pyjamas.

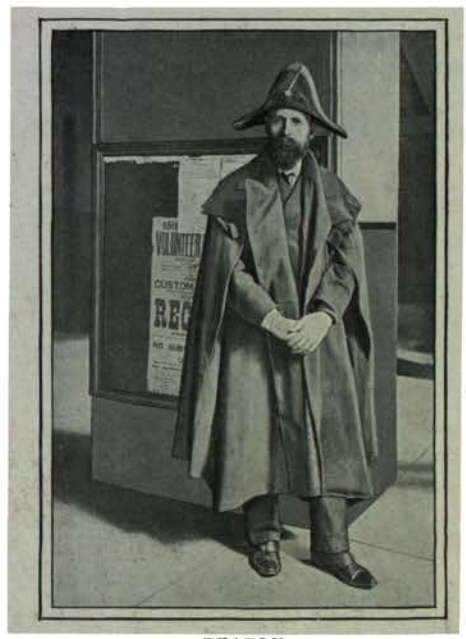
One mighty department of the Customs consists of the bonded warehouses beneath, above, and surrounding the docks. Herein are stored the vast quantities of wine, spirits, tea, tobacco, etc., not required by the importer for the present, the duty being therefore unpaid. These vaults and warehouses are guarded day and night, they are under Crown lock and key, and none may enter them for the purpose of removing goods unless he carries with him a receipt from the Long Room of the Custom House showing that the King's fee has been duly paid. The bonded

warehouses at St. Katherine's Docks can hold 110,000 tons of goods, those of London Docks over 250,000 tons, and the Royal Albert Docks have accommodation for an even larger amount. All the tobacco imported into London is stored at the last-named. There it stands, piled in huge casks, often millions of pounds' worth, with £100,000 worth of cigars in chests. The wines and spirits are in vaults at the London Docks; tea and sugar being distributed amongst various bonded warehouses. It is at the London Docks that one's eye catches sight of a door in the east angle inscribed "To the Kiln." This leads to a furnace in which adulterated tea and tobacco, pinchbeck jewellery, and other confiscated wares were for many years burnt.

"We burn few things here now," remarked one of the Customs officers; "most of what is done takes place at Deptford. The tobacco is given to the asylums, especially those for the insane, throughout the country."

"I suppose you destroyed a good deal of contraband merchandise in the old days?"

"I only wish I had a shilling for every hundred pounds' worth I've burnt. I've thrown a bushel of paste diamonds, 600 hams, 4,000 pirated novels, 2,000 pairs of gloves, and 150 pounds of tobacco into the kiln in the course of a day. I've burnt six crates of condemned pork-pies, fifteen dozen infected undershirts, and forty boxes of cigars during a morning. If you happen to be a smoker or a snuff-taker, it goes very much against the grain to see good material going to waste; but if importers won't pay the Customs dues they must, of course, be taught a lesson. Yet I, for one, am glad the Board has to a great extent abolished the old plan of burning."



BEADLE.

OFFICERS AND SEARCHERS (TUNNEL PIER)

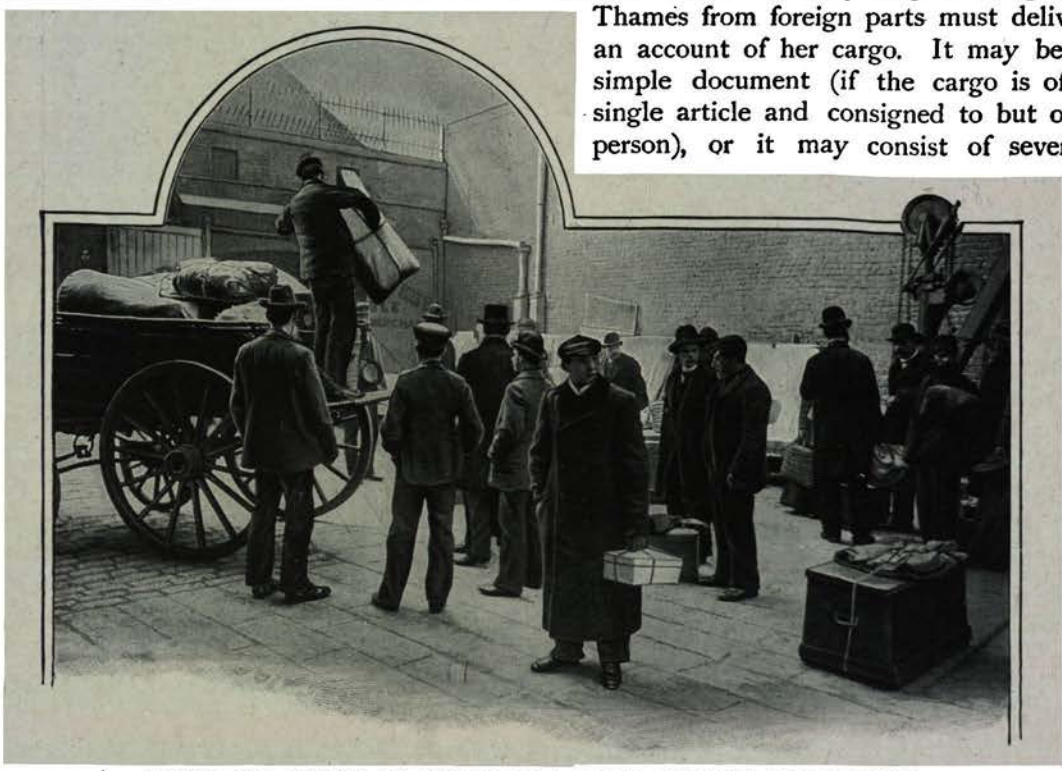
37

And now, after having taken a brief survey of the character, numbers, and duties of the outside staff, let us return to headquarters in Thames Street, at which as yet we have only glanced.

As you cross the threshold into the wide corridor you are confronted by a gorgeous beadle in a scarlet cloak and cocked hat.

"The Long Room?" echoes the beadle, marvelling that anyone could by any possibility be ignorant of the precise whereabouts of that mercantile emporium, "Upstairs to the left." And he waves his arm in the direction of a crowded staircase, by which two-score Custom House frequenters are ascending and descending. Half-way up the staircase a long

row of placards, proclamations, and official announcements, affixed to the wall, invite the attention. Mariners are notified that there is a wreck in the river which they are cautioned to avoid; there is an announcement concerning the sugar duty; John James is requested to take his goods out of bond; William Smith has been promoted to a first-class inspectorship; and so on, each fresh notice as it is pasted up commanding a due amount of respectful attention.



ALIENS AND OTHERS AT THE DOCKS: AFTER LUGGAGE EXAMINATION.

At last we have gained the Long Room, far famed wherever the merchant flag of Britain floats, which has given its name to a hundred and more so-called "long rooms" in Custom Houses all over the kingdom, rooms which are only long in respect of time, and often not even in that. But this—the original Long Room of the Port of London—justifies its name. It is really a huge apartment—190 feet in length by 66 in breadth, and of majestic height. Eighty clerks are seated behind the continuous counter which runs round its four sides. This is the department where the bulk of the documents required by the Customs laws are received by the King's officials. It is here, at the section marked "Report Office," that the master of every ship entering the Thames from foreign parts must deliver an account of her cargo. It may be a simple document (if the cargo is of a single article and consigned to but one person), or it may consist of several papers, and be somewhat intricate (if the cargo is a mixed one and belongs to several persons). It is the business of the Customs officials to compare the master's report with the one presented by the consignee. If they agree, all is well; otherwise an explanation is demanded. If the items of the cargo are of a dutiable nature, the duty must be paid; after which the consignee's papers, or "entries," are signed by the Long Room officials, and serve as a warrant to the Customs officers at the docks to release the cargo.

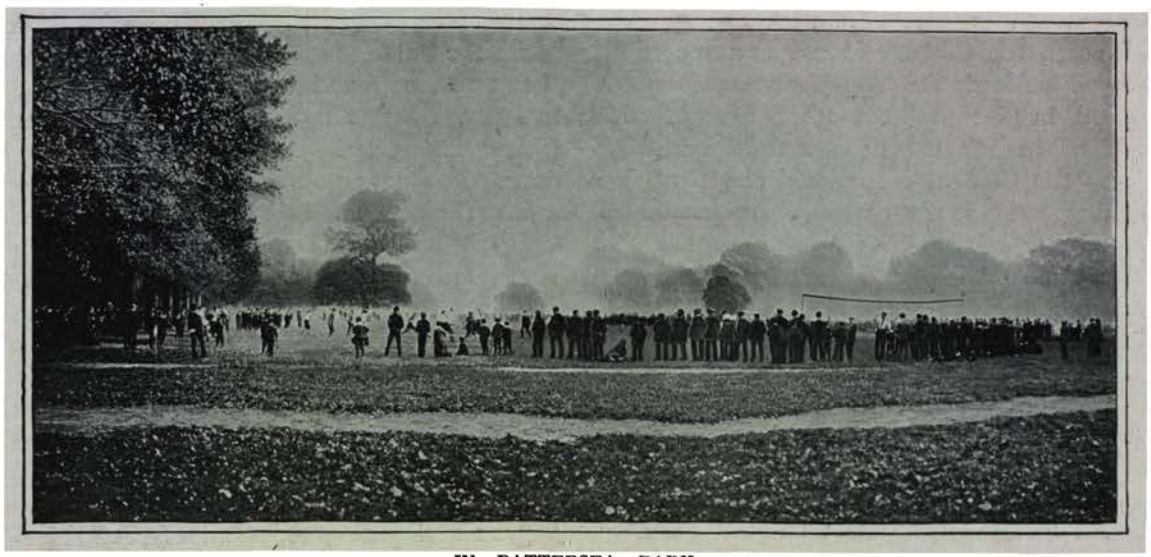
Sometimes, just before the announcement of the annual Budget in the House of Commons, the Long Room of the Custom House presents a very animated scene indeed; as, for instance, when a rumour got abroad, in the spring of 1901, that the Government had decided to impose a duty upon sugar. It so happened that the very day when the duty was to come into effect a ship arrived in the Thames laden with many hundreds of tons; the captain made the utmost haste up the river, and then

despatched the fleetest messenger obtainable to reach the Custom House and report his cargo. Alas! the messenger flew at top speed, but he was not quick enough. He arrived in Thames Street a few minutes too late—the Custom House had closed at four o'clock. Had the captain's emissary been a quarter of an hour sooner, or his ship a faster sailer, the consignee would have been saved a trifle of £4,000 duty. Where the goods are in bond—that is to say, stored in the Government warehouses, as sugar now is—the business of removing it must still be transacted at the Custom House.

The Customs duties levied here amount to £10,000,000 a year, or, in other words, about half the Customs of the kingdom are paid at the Port of London. To accomplish all the work that the collection of this vast sum entails there are no fewer than 170 rooms in the Custom House, besides the Long Room. But there is very little that is interesting in any of these; unless, perhaps the Board Room, where oil portraits of George III., George IV., and Queen Victoria adorn the walls.

But on the ground floor of the big building in Thames Street is an extensive warehouse, where confiscated goods which are not destined to undergo the ordeal of the flames await the annual sale in Mincing Lane. This is the King's Warehouse; and is simply but bountifully packed with the most singular and fantastic *omnium gatherum* of merchandise from the four corners of the globe. Cheek by jowl with a dozen boxes of raisins and a couple of cameras will be an imitation grand piano containing a hundred gallons of brandy, a couple of tons of chocolate, a hundred dozen bottles of perfumery, five hundred flagons of liqueurs, thousand of prunes, and figs and tea *ad libitum*. The sale of confiscated articles usually brings in a matter of £2,000 per annum, even though some of the merchandise goes for a mere song to the fortunate purchasers who foregather in November at the official mart in Mincing Lane.

THE LONG ROOM.



IN BATTERSEA PARK.

FOOTBALL LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

THERE is one section of London's vast population which doesn't care a jot for football, another which goes simply mad over it, and there is every reason to believe that the latter is increasing considerably. And these two sections, be it remembered, are not merely and respectively the old and the young. Whilst there are ragged urchins kicking paper balls in back alleys in Fulham and Whitechapel, there are top-hatted, frock-coated gentlemen with grey beards, who sorrow over the passing of sixty winters, but who yet on this same afternoon are kicking the boards in front of them on the stand at Queen's Club, so high and so uncontrollable is their excitement as they watch the fortunes of a great match. Only in the brief half-time interval, when the players are being refreshed, is the nervous strain the least bit slackened. A football ground, after all, is one of the best places in the world for the observation of raw human nature.

SCHOOLBOYS AT PLAY.

There have been many eras of London football, and of such stern stuff is the London football enthusiast made that for a period of adversity, extending over nearly two decades, he could still keep his mind steadfastly fixed on one great purpose and work unceasingly for its accomplishment. So in 1901, when Tottenham Hotspur won the English Cup, the equality of London with the rest of the football

world—not to say its superiority—was re-established.

Football in London rouses itself from its summer's sleep less readily than it does in the provinces, where they keep a vigil on the last night of August that they may the earlier kick the ball when September dawns. In London we are not so precipitous, and we recognise the right of King Cricket to prolong his life for a few more days if he may. Nevertheless, when the autumn comes football is in the air, and the great professional clubs lose no time in the commencement of their business. Even in August, when the sun is hot o'erhead, and when, according to football law, no matches shall be played under pain of the most grievous penalties—yes, even in this warm, mellow month, if you come with me down to Woolwich or to Tottenham I could show you crowds some thousands strong. And these would be criticising, praising and condemning, hoping and despairing, but all of them yelling, as they watch the first practice games of the season in which old and new players are weighed in the balance and accepted or rejected for the League team as the case may be. This is a time for nervous excitement for all concerned, and indeed in this respect there is only one other period which may be properly likened unto this one upon the threshold of the season's campaign. And that other one is eight months in advance, in the last days of March and the beginning of April, when the proven stalwarts of the season close together for the final bout in which the honours at last are the laurels of absolute and undisputed championship.

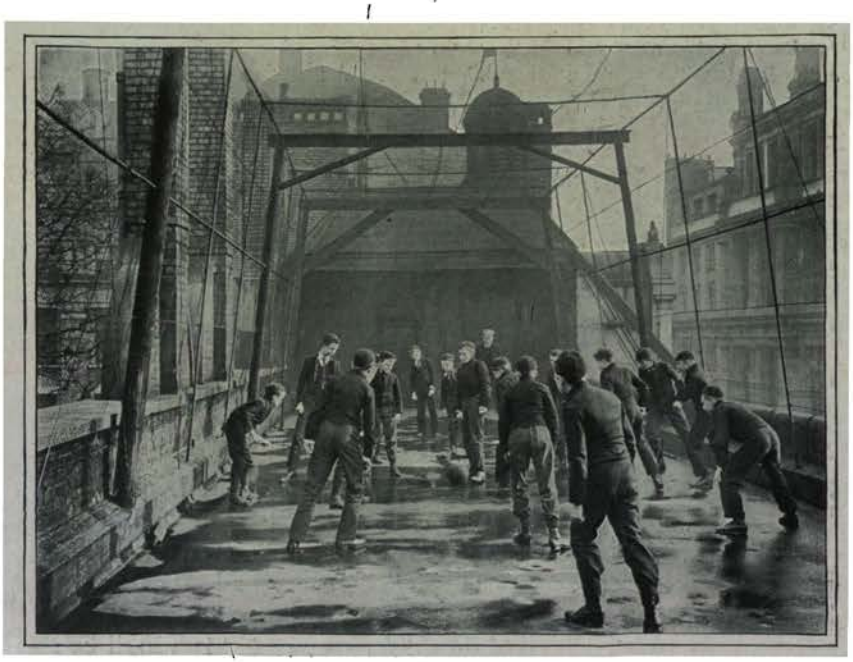
TAKING THE FIELD (BLACKHEATH CLUB).

It seems to me that few modern pastimes can so conjure up in one's mind a vision of the games of old as this practice football, when the qualities of the players are being tested, and when every mind is on the strain as to how the best possible team shall be selected. Every individual of the crowd round the rails has an interest in the result. Either he pays his half-guinea for a season ticket or his admission money every Saturday, and if the team is not to his liking he will want to know the reason why. Nominally the committee is the arbiter and it actually makes the choice of men; but no committee of a professional club in the metropolitan area or anywhere else would dare to neglect the force of public opinion to any substantial extent. You see, it takes some thousands a year to run these professional clubs, and those thousands have to come from the men who are shouting round the green.

A RUGBY "SPRINT" (BLACKHEATH CLUB).

And so it happens that when Sandy

McTavish, the new forward, who has come all the way from Motherwell, Dumbarton, or the Vale of Leven for four pounds a week, strips himself and bounds into the ring for practice and for judgment, his feelings on analysis are found to be much the same as those of the gladiator in the glorious days of Rome. Sandy skims down the wing like a bird in flight, such are his ease and grace and skill; and at the right moment—thud! and the ball has whizzed into the net, a splendid and most excellent goal. Sandy thus has made his mute appeal. The crowd is appreciative, it



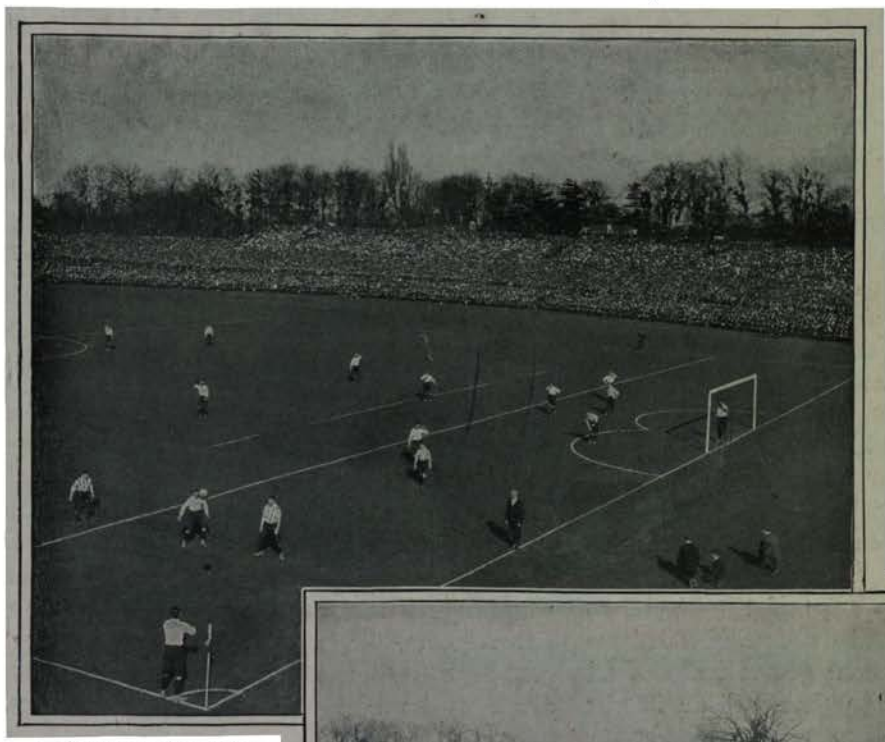
ON THE ROOF OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR SCHOOL.

screams its pleasure, the latest Scot is the greatest hero, and—it is thumbs up for Sandy. But what if he fumbled and fell, and, perhaps through sheer nervousness, did nought that was good upon a football field? None would know so well as Sandy that his fate was sealed, and that no mercy awaited him. There are scowls and murmurs of discontent from beyond the touch-line, and, most cutting of all, there are derisive cheers. Poor miserable Sandy knows full well that thumbs are down, and a vision of the second team, with a subsequent ignominious transfer to some other club, comes up in his tortured mind. Yes, for the human view of it, for the strenuousness, the excitement, the doubt, and the stirring episodes of London football, give me the practice games in the early days when the law forbids a real foe.

And when the season opens, away bound the professional teams like hounds unleashed, and every camp is stirred with anxious thoughts. There is Tottenham Hotspur, who vindicated the South after the period of darkness. Nowhere is there such enthusiasm as at Tottenham, where the bands play and the spectators roar themselves hoarse when goals are scored, and betake themselves in some numbers to the football hostelries when all is over to fight the battle once again. It is a football fever of severe form which is abroad at Tottenham. Again, at Plumstead, where the Woolwich Arsenal play—a club of many achievements and more disappointments. The followers of the Reds, as they call them from their crimson shirts, are amongst the most loyal in the land, and Woolwich led the way in the resuscitation of the South. League clubs came to Plumstead when Tottenham was little more than a name. Over at Millwall is the club of that name, which has likewise had its ups and downs, though they call it by way of pseudonym the Millwall Lion.

In the meantime, whilst these great teams, and the others which are associated with them in London professionalism, play the grand football, there are no lesser if younger enthusiasts by the thousand in the streets and on the commons and in the parks, and their grade of show ranges from the paper or the rag ball of first mention in this article to the full paraphernalia of the Number Five leather case and the regulation goal posts and net. And don't think this is not the most earnest football. If you do, stroll upon some Saturday in the winter time into Battersea and Regent's Park, and there

you will see the youngsters striving for the honours of victory and for the points of their minor Leagues. The London County Council makes provision for no fewer than



A "CUP-TIE" FINAL (CRYSTAL PALACE).

eight thousand of these football matches in its parks in a single season. And at our London public schools great homage is paid to King Football under widely varying conditions. At one institution—St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School—it is even played on the roof, as the illustration opposite shows.

A CORNER OF THE CROWD (CRYSTAL PALACE).

And then there are two other continuous features of London football that I must note. The one is the great and noble element of amateurism which must always flourish. Go to Queen's Club, Kensington, one of the finest football arenas in the world, and there you will see a struggle between the great Corinthians—the most athletic gentlemen in London—and, very likely, one of the strongest League teams from the country. There is certain to be a very big crowd, which is second to none in enthusiasm, but there is this difference between the Queen's Club Corinthian congregation and most others, that it is a trifle more cosmopolitan, a trifle less fanatical, that it breathes a little more of the spirit of amateurism and the 'Varsities. And up at another great amateur headquarters, Tufnell Park, you should see a game between the renowned Casuals and the London Caledonians or "Caleys." That is the game to warm the blood of a football follower. And at that historic spot which is known as the "Spotted Dog," you will find

the great Clapton team disport themselves. These representatives of amateurism are indeed great in their past, great in their traditions, even if they are not great in the eyes of the Leagues.

The other notable and enduring feature of London football is its Rugby section. It has a story all its own, and the Rugby enthusiast never could see anything in the "socker" game. It is admitted that "rugger" is a cult, a superior cult, and though it has its followers by thousands in London, it is not the game of the people as is that played under the rival code of laws. Yet London has always held a glorious place in the Rugby football world, and the public schools and the 'Varsities supply such a constant infusion of good new blood, so that when the fame of Richmond and Blackheath fade away, we shall be listening for the crack of Rugby doom.

And so the eight months' season with its League games, its Cup-ties, its 'Varsity matches, rolls along, we round the Christmas corner with its football comicalities, and we come in due course to the greatest day of all the football year, when the final tie in the English Cup competition is fought out at the Crystal Palace. It cannot be an exaggeration to say that it is one of the sights of the London year when over 100,000 screaming people are standing upon the slopes of Sydenham, and with quickened pulses watching the progress of the struggle. How the railway companies get them all there from the city is a mystery, and it is another, though a lesser one, as to how quite half that crowd has travelled up from the country towns and cities in the small hours of the morning. On his arrival, the country Cup-tie visitor, whether he comes from Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, or any other of the great centres, lets all London know of the fact, so much is he badged and bedecked in the colours of his favourites.

In Loving Memory
Of . , who died whilst
fighting for the English Cup against
at ,
on
Boldly to the fray they went,
But got beaten to their sorrow;
They were put to sleep by a better team,
And the funeral's to-morrow.

A DEATH CARD.

At night, when the greatest battle has been won and lost, he swarms over the West-End with his pockets full of the many football editions, and a death card of the losing team in proper black-bordered "In Memoriam" style tucked away in his pockets as a memento. In both these paper goods is a great trade done. Football journalism is a profession in itself, with all its own editors, specialists, and reporters.

The Cup day passes, and now the season nears its end. For still a week or two it holds up its tired, nodding head; but at last there comes the first morning of May, and all is over. And even the football Londoner is not sorry for that.

HALF-TIME REFRESHMENTS.

TABLE LAND IN LONDON.

By J. C. WOOLLAN.

COME with me now and see one of the most strangely human sights that the world can show. It is that of the biggest city there is, and the one containing most varieties of human life, being fed during an ordinary day. Very likely it has never struck you that there is anything remarkable in this process. But when you come to know or reflect that there are some hundreds of people breakfasting in the city at four o'clock in the morning, that—so it has been calculated — there are nearly a million people lunching in restaurants within a few miles of the Strand every day, and that each evening some thousands of dinners are laid on West-End restaurant tables which, with wine, cost an average of a sovereign each, whilst, on the other hand, there are far more Londoners who live each day—and live not at all badly either—on a single shilling each — when you come to think of all this, and hundreds of other facts of a more detailed and more interesting character which could be adduced, you will begin to perceive that the Table Land of London must indeed be one of the biggest wonders of this glorious Metropolis.

We must set out very early, when three-quarters of London is asleep, and we must stay up very late, when half the sleepers have done their day's work and gone to bed again, if we would see but a little of the abundant variety of this Table Land. So the night air still gives a clammy touch to the cheek when we turn out to see the beginning of the feeding of London. In the West there are still cabs crawling near the doors of clubs to pick up the few who live by night and sleep by day, but the chefs of the West are now all asleep, dreaming perchance of hundred-guinea dishes they would serve to kings at tables in Walhalla. To-night we will come back to the West; but now, for the opening of the day of food, we must hurry away to the East, for the doors of Pearce and Plenty and Lockharts and others are already ajar. Wonderful institutions are these, dotted up and down in this part of London, where folk of inferior means abound. Even while they remained closed, but when the men-servants within were astir and boiling gallons of water and giving their mugs a rinse, there were some hungry loafers outside who had dozed throughout the night in doorways and on benches, and whose stomachs had moved them betimes to spend the two or three coppers earned or begged the night before.

Tattered and unkempt they enter now;

PEARCE AND PLENTY (FARRINGDON STREET): MID-DAY.

ALEXANDRA TRUST RESTAURANT (CITY ROAD): BREAKFAST.

for a halfpenny they get a mug of steaming tea, and for another a piece of bread and butter, and, satisfied with their penny breakfast, they loll a while, and then they go their way again. Carters and lorrymen, always amongst the first astir, take their places, and then there come the workers whose working day begins at six o'clock, and who breakfast here for twopence as a preliminary. By eight o'clock these restaurants of the poorer people are all as busy as can be, and so they remain throughout the day and well on into the evening. The twopenny breakfast gave way to the fivepenny and sixpenny dinner—we call it dinner here at midday—and that in its turn to the twopenny tea, and that to the twopenny supper. Here and at the Alexandra Trust restaurant in the City Road, as well as at the Red House, Commercial Road East, the sixpence provides for the people a substantial meat meal. It is tolerably certain that the average cost per meal per person at these places is not above threepence. Pearce and Plenty alone supply forty thousand meals a day, and in their case the average cost to the diner works out at less than twopence. We must hasten from here to the quarters of the city which begin their work at nine o'clock, and soon need feeding; but still, while we are carefully noting the food expenditure of the working poor, we may carry the examination a little further, for it will serve to show us what a vast business this one is.

The purveyors with the alliterative and euphonious names use up in a year thirteen tons of cocoa and twenty-six of tea. They require for their business of this period as many as 900 tons of flour and 1,000 tons of potatoes. A thousand oxen, a thousand sheep, and more than a thousand pigs are slaughtered for them; they need a hundred

AERATED BREAD COMPANY'S DEPÔT (LUDGATE HILL): MID-DAY.

thousand gallons of milk; and, as a cap upon all these astounding figures, they sell a million and three-quarters of eggs! So great is the business of feeding these literally twopenny-halfpenny diners, and such are the style and quality of these latter when seated at their tables, that a hundred mugs and cups are broken every day, and on an average about forty thousand plates and saucers every year.

under its full title and dignity as an Aërated Bread Company's depôt, or a B.T.T. as one of the British Tea Table Company's establishments. These places, with their long galleries of tables and their neat and uniformly-clad female attendants, are really, when you come to think of it, one of the foremost institutions of London, and are peculiar to London. How the Metropolis could get on without them nowadays is not

SLATERS' RESTAURANT (PICCADILLY): AFTERNOON.

We have been rather anticipating the feeding of the day in the above; but at any rate we have finished with the third-class restaurant, and shown of what it is capable. So we may move on, as we proposed, into the heart of the City, into Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand. It is now the turn of the A.B.C. depôts, and the Lyons' tea-houses, which are found in every direction. Those known by the names of Express Dairy, Golden Grain, B.T.T., Mecca, and other distinctions are all busy with their various customers. The Londoner is always partial to abbreviations, and would hardly recognise an A.B.C. house

to be imagined. Some few of them have been busy before we stroll their way at eleven o'clock, but now they are all hard at work. City clerks and business men, who could not breakfast before they left their homes, or who did not do so sufficiently, turn in for their coffee and rolls at fourpence or fivepence a time.

A gradual transformation scene takes place, and in an hour or two these depôts are thronged with the ninepenny luncheon crowds, who lunch lightly from tea or coffee and eggs or cold meat. At half-past one every seat is metaphorically at a small premium; but an hour later the crush is

TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE TROCADERO.

over, and preparation is made for the lighter business of afternoon-tea. An institution indeed! Do you know that one of these firms of caterers in all its depôts dispenses two million loaves, a million rolls, and five million buns and cakes in one year? And in the same period they use up nearly half-a-million pounds of tea, coffee, and cocoa, and 350,000 gallons of milk! Multiply these vast figures, and you will have approximately some idea of the heavy contribution which the tea-shops make to the Table Land of London.

And these are only the light lunchers. The City and the Strand district, and now the West-End, have been pouring their thousands and tens of thousands into every grade of restaurant, from the humble sausage shop to the aristocratic Prince's. There are the restaurants such as Slaters' for the people of modest incomes and half-an-hour to spare, and there are the luncheon bars like those of Sweeting's and Pimm's, where men, whose limit is about fifteen minutes, stand up and eat good food from a marble slab; nor must Crosby Hall be forgotten. And, farther West, we now find Gatti's—the famous Gatti's—in full harness. In the long Adelaide Gallery here a rare study is always to be obtained of cosmopolitan human nature, taking its soup and meats—carved in full view—and sweets and cheese, and drinking, perhaps, for choice, its lager beer, which is as good in this place as anywhere. The Gallery picture is even brighter and more human in the evening, when the dinner dishes are served, and later on, when ladies in low-cut bodices and men in immaculate evening attire file in from the theatres and the music-halls for supper. Gatti's in its way is not so much of London as of England and the world.

Still farther West the thoroughly fashionable restaurants are now gay with luncheon parties; yet this is hardly the time for a proper study of these resorts. Rather would we wait an hour or two and drop in to Slaters', in Piccadilly, for tea, or saunter down Bond Street, and discover here and there several cosy tea houses whose main object is the accommodation of the ladies of society who often find themselves in this neighbourhood on a summer season's afternoon. Or, perhaps, instead, we might go on to Claridge's in Brook Street, where for a surety there will be many lovely women and brave men of the highest degree. For Claridge's, itself in the heart of the society quarter, is unique, and when you tread upon the india-rubber frontage and notice, on entering, the high superiority even of the servants, you instinctively realise that this is a place for royalty and ambassadors; and so it is. But it would only be to meet a friend, who happened to be staying there, that we should venture to take tea in such a social capital. When you come to think of it you can ring any number of changes on afternoon tea in the West-End, and the searcher of experiences will, if a lady, and a lady with a man friend who glories in the M.P. affix to his name, assuredly not neglect one which is different from all others. I allude to the popular society pastime of taking tea in summer on the Terrace of the House of Commons; and, lest you should imagine the adjective to be unjustifiable, let me tell you that the returns for a single session indicate that during that period the lion's share of forty thousand teas were served on the little strip of promenade which lies between our noble Parliament buildings and the murky waters of the Thames.

In the evening, when the electric glow illumines the western area, we return again to peep at a few places in a fairyland of evening dress and epicureanism. This is the reign of the chef. For some time in advance he and his serfs have been hard at work in the planning and execution of such rare dishes as their restaurant is famous for. The chef is a high dignitary whom the curious may seldom see. He is an artist, a genius whose mind is constantly at work in the performance of some new feat in culinary science which will bring a word of approval from the lips of the most exacting gourmet who places faith in him. Of what he is capable is not to be told in print, for he does not even know the limits of his own ambition. The possibility of making delicate soups from old boots does not appear so fantastic to him as to his clients. A good chef and a good waiter—and if you treat the London waiter fairly you find him

an excellent servant — are as indispensable to true epicureanism as the appetite itself. The chef's tools must be perfect, and so of course they are.

GATTI'S (ADELAIDE GALLERY): MID-DAY.

The kitchens of the big restaurants between five and nine of the evening are a revelation to those who only eat, and think nothing of the preparation. Here is a great army of cooks in many grades of rank, all attired in spotless white, and engaged in the deft manipulation of silvery utensils. The raw food stuffs come to them, they have their instructions, and in good time there pass to the flower-bedecked, glistening realms above such dishes as are triumphs of the culinary art. You can see that the scale of high-class meal-making is here a very grand one; but you would hardly guess, all the same, to what these raw food stuffs aggregate in quantity in the course of a year. Come into the manager's office of one great and fashionable restaurant, which is not a hundred miles from

KITCHEN SCENE AT THE CARLTON.

Piccadilly Circus, and look at his record. Really! Nearly 500 tons of meat! Poultry —150,000 head! More than a hundred tons of fish! Thirty tons of potatoes! About a thousand pounds of butter! As a sample of dessert, nine or ten tons of grapes. And, though one of the largest, this is yet only one of the score or two of high-class, famous restaurants in the quarter of high life.

Where shall we dine? must, under all the circumstances, be always a perplexing question. One can do it to so much the same effect at so many different places; yet each has in its way its little distinctions. A purse containing at least a guinea and a half—for that is about the price of a really first-class dinner with a bottle of wine—is assumed. Soho has a reputation all its own, for in numerous little places here you may feed on six courses of a French menu for a single half-crown or less. For pure luxury, however, we may go to the Carlton, at the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall, which the King himself, as Prince, was known to patronise in its earliest days. Here we may see the greatest men in society, in art, in literature, in commerce, and the fairest women of the day toying with an entrée and chatting amidst a scene of soft splendour and the sweet, low strains of music. Or at Prince's, or the Cecil, or the Savoy, or one or two others. Then there are a score more, each with its distinctive fame. There is the Café Royal, the Continental, the Criterion, and the beautiful Trocadero, with a *table d'hôte* and accompaniments which the experienced London diner has often praised. There is Simpson's, noted for old English fare; the Bohemian Romano's; the Imperial and Verrey's (with its "Persian Room") in Regent Street; and Pagani's in Great Portland Street, where there is an "artists' room," on the walls of which many celebrities—Mascagni, Paderewski, Melba, and others—have scribbled or drawn something or other; there is the St. James's in Piccadilly, and one must not forget Frascati's winter garden, where one seems to dine among the palm trees, and can study the great variety of human life to be encountered here, and wait for yet another solo from the cornet player in the band; so dallying with the hours till one realises that the dinner-time is past, that supper-time is coming along, and that—heigho!—a long day is far spent.

A CORNER AT PRINCE'S.

IN A MEWS.

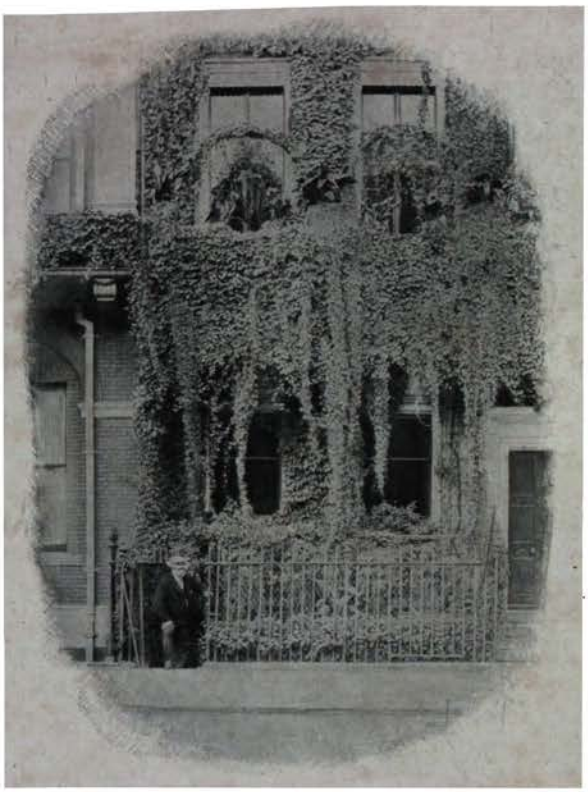
GARDENING LONDON.

By WALTER P. WRIGHT

GARDENING is the most intensely human pastime, short, perhaps, of fighting, that the Londoner indulges in. When a man spills the contents of a watering-pot over himself, the veneer of civilisation fades away, and nature comes through. It is not meant to convey by this that he flies into a fearful temper and uses heroic language. No! On the contrary, he beams seraphically on the world at large, and wonders why people make a fuss about so trifling a thing as Fry's last century, when he, the horticulturist, has struck a cutting.

The student of character has not completed his education until he has made a round of London to study its gardens and gardeners. The odds are that he will find he has opened up a new field—one unexplored either by the fictionist or the philanthropist. The first thing that will strike him is the astonishing diversity of conditions under which people overcome by the love of flowers manage to grow them; and if he be a professional horticulturist his astonishment will be the greater instead of the less. There are certain conditions which the latter looks on as essential to success, and lo! the cockney cultivator sublimely ignores the whole lot of them, yet scores all along the line. He is informed that the plants must be watered regularly, so he floods them twenty times a day, and the first-floor, who dries his underclothing on the window ledge, goes frantic as an earthy, worm-tinctured mixture pours down. They must be stimulated? Why, surely! There are dregs of beer, and lees of tea, and ashes from knocked-out pipes, and match ends, and chimney scrapings. Don't make any mistake, those plants are not going to starve.

Of course, there is no phase of London gardening which interests the student more than window culture. Societies exist on purpose to encourage this sort of thing. If a Londoner, male or female, has the inspiration to grow plants on the ledge, you may rest satisfied that a cactus, or a petunia, or a begonia will be found there soon, in some receptacle or other. And it really need not create very much surprise if the quality of them is as good as those which grace the balcony or porch of a West-End mansion, where the work has been done by a florist, under contract, very likely, to the



IN PORTMAN SQUARE.

tune of a couple of hundred pounds a year. There is as much interest in the mews garden as in that in Portman Square.

The back-street window gardener does not usually rest content with a plain box or a simple row of pots; he generally rigs up an archway, or a miniature palisade (the latter painted a very vivid green), or even something more elaborate still in the way of a tomtit greenhouse, the finial of which is graced with his country's flag. He is patriotic, let me tell you, as well as inventive.

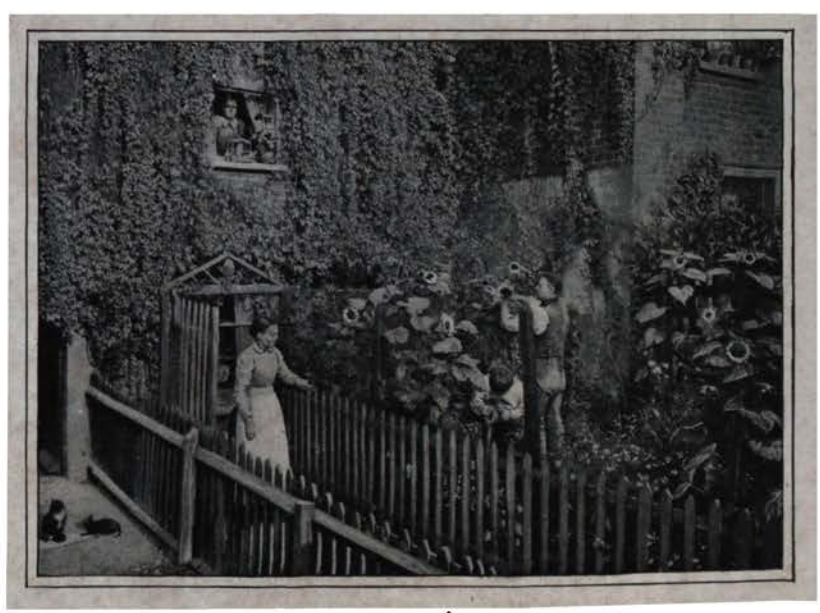
The same spirit of ingenuity marks the gardener a little further out, where they have forecourts and back patches, like the Walworth garden here shown. I used to gaze with a speculative eye from a passing train on one back garden which contained, in addition to a vegetable corner, a stuffed donkey. This animal was a real work of art, and its expression was one of mingled envy and admiration. I divined that its presence there had some deep and subtle meaning, and at length it dawned upon me that it was intended to convey a delicate compliment to the owner's carrots, which were sweet to it even in death.

Vain the attempt to gauge the happiness, the solace, the contentment which this window and forecourt gardening brings to those who indulge in it. Think of the lives they lead—the lives they are bound to lead! These toiling, moiling thousands are in the grip of the octopus of London slumdom, and they do not recoil from the monster in hate and terror; they just twine flowers round its choking limbs, with that marvellous patience, that inexhaustible courage, that odd, half-humorous, half-pathetic determination to make the best of things, which awaken at once the wonder and respect of observers.

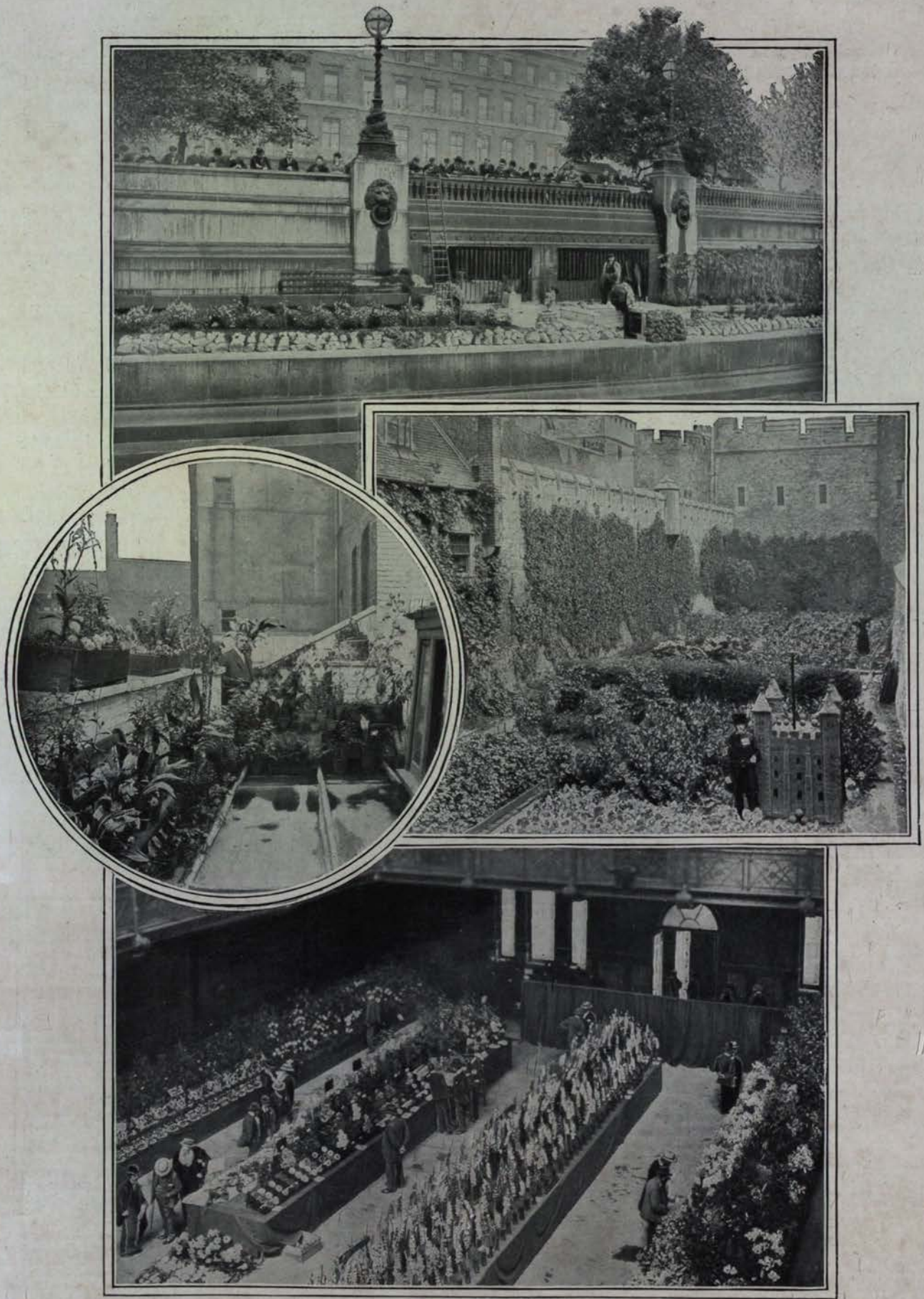
Sometimes a young reporter on a weekly paper discovers a garden on a London roof, and clucks as loudly as a gratified cockerel over his first grub. Bless the reporter's innocent heart, there are gardens on hundreds of roofs in London. Many a Londoner can lie, anticipating his last long sleep—

> With his nose, and the tips of his toes,
> Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

And if they are not daisies, but vegetable



A GARDEN IN WALWORTH.



I. FIREMEN'S GARDEN NEAR BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE. II. ON A POLICE COURT ROOF. III. AT THE TOWER OF LONDON. IV. ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW (LONDON SCOTTISH RIFLES' DRILL HALL).

marrows, as in the case of the police court roof garden illustrated on the opposite page, it is no matter, since flowers come in somehow.

There is a garden, and a nice one, too, in the Tower of London, as the reader may see by another of our photographic reproductions. In years gone by the Beefeaters used to hold a show within the walls, where capital beetroot, and onions, and potatoes were exhibited. And although that has become a thing of the past, owing, I believe, to much of the ground having to be given up, gardening is still carried on.

The old soldiers have plots at Chelsea. As a youngster, it often fell to my share to go to the old Botanic or Physic Garden, belonging to the Apothecaries, near there, and a journey on to the *Invalides* of the Embankment led to many friendships with the veterans who gardened within its gates.

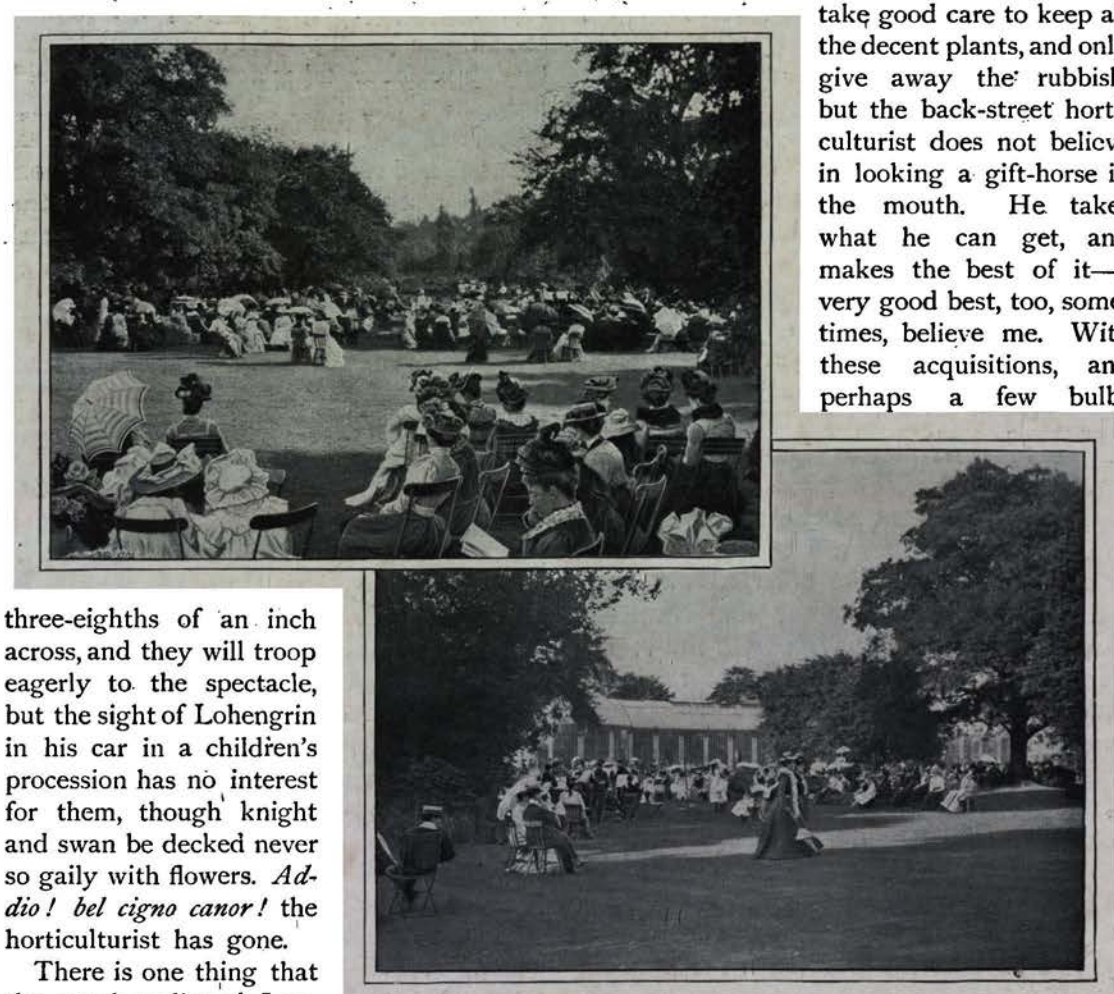
The firemen are gardeners, too. You will find many examples of their skill at the various stations in and around London, and there is one garden which anyone who visits the floating station near Blackfriars Bridge may see. Whether the firemen surreptitiously set the engines to work in order to water the plants is not known, but one thing is certain, the flowers look uncommonly fresh and bright. It would be hard if it ever fell to the lot of one of these floricultural firemen to mount to one of the windows which I have been talking about when flames were spurting forth. He would face the danger to his own life and limb calmly, without a doubt, but would shrink shudderingly from smashing up the canary creeper and the zinnias. On the other hand, what gusto he would display if he had to turn the hose on a slug-infested box of phloxes!

The suburban gardens are one of the glories of London. It is worth anybody's while to spend a day amongst them, and a compulsory round ought to be ordained for those who assert that the Londoner has no sense of the beautiful, that he has no soul for art. One of the most famous carnation growers who ever lived cultivates his prize flowers in a back garden at Clapham. Then look at the chrysanthemums! Hundreds of amateurs grow collections where you would not think that there was room to hang a clothes line. They have their troubles, of course, for the feline epidemic rages strongly in Suburbia; but when they can sally forth on the King's birthday with a flower of the size of a savoy in their buttonholes, none so happy.

Art is one of those little-big words which some men find tender morsels on the tongue. It means much, of course, if you have a weighty way with you, and nothing at all if you haven't. But if a man, untrained by any professor, takes possession of a mud-heap, on a site from which gravel has been taken, and on which discarded hardware has been left, and straightway makes it to blossom, he has a sense of the artistic not less true than the sense of the Little-Big. Well, such a thing happens thousands of times every year in suburban London, and examples are to be found by all who care to seek. The gardens in Nevill's Court, which you enter through a passage from Fetter Lane, are not, a friendly policeman told me, quite what they used to be in years gone by, but on a November afternoon I saw chrysanthemums there, and aucubas, as well as asters, marguerites, and rhododendrons. The fact is, most people gather their impressions of floricultural London from Covent Garden Market, which is very fine in its way, but is really not London gardening at all.

London flower shows are more numerous than most people are aware. They range from the slum display of pots of musk and ivy-leaved geraniums in dingy mission-halls to fashionable affairs held by the two great societies, the Royal Horticultural and the Royal Botanic. The former has really fine exhibitions every fortnight for a considerable part of the year in, of all places, the drill hall of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, Buckingham Gate, Westminster. It is a bare, gloomy sort of hall in the early hours of a foggy morning, but just wait till the beautiful orchids from the great cultivators and the rare new plants from Kew come along, with all sorts of flowers, fruits, and vegetables from the finest growers in the country. It is a transformation scene then, if you like. Mr. Chamberlain runs in from the House sometimes, flashes swift, keen glances at the cattleyas and the hippeastrums, and disappears again. These are his special floral pets.

The professional horticulturists rather affect to sniff at the Royal Botanic Society, whose home is at Regent's Park. Being anxious to popularise itself it started a series of promenade fêtes and the like. The people like these very well—the professionals don't. Give the horticulturists a chance of seeing an odontoglossum with a spot half an inch broad on its snow-white petals instead of one only three-eighths of an inch across, and they will troop eagerly to the spectacle, but the sight of Lohengrin in his car in a children's procession has no interest for them, though knight and swan be decked never so gaily with flowers. *Addio! bel cigno canor!* the horticulturist has gone.



AFTERNOON PROMENADE FÊTE IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

There is one thing that the much-maligned London County Council must be blessed for. It has enormously improved the London parks and public gardens. It really does not matter very much what part of London you are in, without going any great distance you can find a pretty park or garden-like enclosure. Most of these are very admirably kept. They have their displays of hyacinths, tulips, and daffodils, then after a sort of spring cleaning they blossom out towards the end of May with the summer bedding.

The people round the parks look out for the beginning of the summer bedding, and they look out for the end of it, too, for when the beds are cleared a large number of plants are given away. This is the slum gardener's opportunity. It is all very well for that superior jobbing gardener who comes and worries you to let him muddle up your place to say, as he often does, that the authorities take good care to keep all the decent plants, and only give away the rubbish, but the back-street horticulturist does not believe in looking a gift-horse in the mouth. He takes what he can get, and makes the best of it—a very good best, too, sometimes, believe me. With these acquisitions, and perhaps a few bulbs picked up at a stall near the Smithfield Meat Market, followed up by some odd roots bought from a costermonger's barrow in the spring, he does wonders.

When he has set up friendly relations with the park gardeners by accepting their plants, he feels, so to say, one of themselves, and drops in to enjoy all the features. He could tell you, for instance, all about that magnificent sub-tropical garden at Battersea Park,

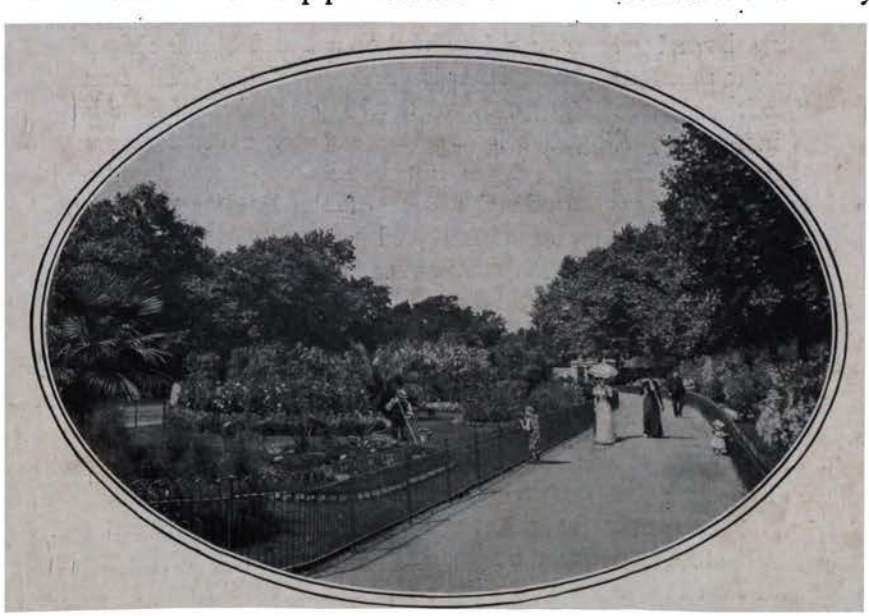
where great broad-leaved castor oil plants, and palms, and other plants with handsome foliage, are grown out of doors. And it is surely unnecessary to say that he is in close touch with the beautiful chrysanthemum shows which are so great a feature of nearly all the parks in October and November.

These chrysanthemum displays are perhaps the very best thing that the London County Council does in its parks. And it must not be forgotten that the doors of the chrysanthemum houses open at that period which is of all others the dreariest in London—when the autumn rains and fogs bring depression. On grey November days the glorious flowers are wonderfully cheering, for their colours are as rich as their shapes are quaint.

MUSIC AND FLOWERS (VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS).

You may, of course, hear good music in the parks and gardens during the summer months, as well as survey beautiful flowers. Thus, in the Victoria Embankment Gardens, near Charing Cross Station, the jaded Londoner can smoke his pipe with the cool air from the adjacent river blowing around him, and have ears and eyes tickled by sweet sounds and sights, at eventide. He does not get a chair for nothing, nor is free refreshment brought round, but he is a hopeful soul, and he looks to the future with confidence.

Hyde Park, with its magnificent series of flower beds running parallel with Park Lane, is perhaps the queen of public places for gardening. Regent's Park has glorious beds of bulbs in the spring, but the workers' enclosures of the L.C.C. cater nobly for the masses.



IN HYDE PARK (NEAR PARK LANE).

While there is life in London's gardens there is life in all the city. The gentle art of floriculture brings into the lives of the toilers daily joy and refreshment. The people are healthier, happier, better, for the work they do among their plants. Gardening is the sweet handmaid of ennobled humanity. The scent of flowers comes to each and all of them with the sweetness of an old song's echo—

"The lilt of an olden lay."

A CORONER'S INQUEST IN LONDON.

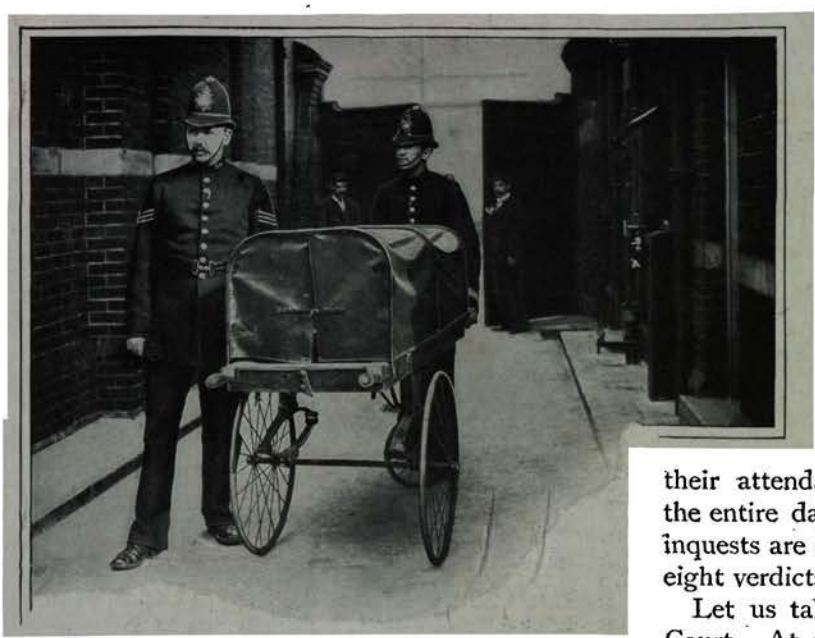
By A. BRAXTON HICKS and C. DUNCAN LUCAS.

IT is a strange scene—a scene of infinite pathos—and one which, although it is enacted each week-day of the year, brings into play every emotion known to man. We are in the Coroner's Court. A few days back at midnight a woman went over London Bridge. Eighteen hours later the Thames police discovered her body attached to the hawser of a collier lying off Vauxhall. All that is mortal of her is resting in the iron container in the mortuary at the rear of the Court. On a slab close by are the clothes she wore. The once gay hat with the faded pink flowers, the cheap blouse, the torn skirt, the mud-stained underclothing — they are hardly dry yet. The vengeance of the great river is complete.

Two others are in the house of death: an old man with a bullet wound in his back, and a young one—he jumped in front of a train, and it was a girl who tried to hold him back. And, as we watch, the police with the ambulance bring in yet another "case."

Outside the mournful drama is just beginning. The waiting crowd is agog with excitement; for the evening papers have made the best of the latest sensation, and a haggard-faced man has passed in with an officer on each side of him. A dozen constables with an inspector or two are standing by. The burly man with the papers under his arm is the Coroner's officer —a kindly soul. On him has fallen the duty of inquiring into these deaths. In search of evidence he has visited the relatives of the dead in their homes and found them too ill to tell their tale. He has combated those who desired that the affair should be hushed up: he has sifted the true from the false. He has also summoned the jury and the

OUTSIDE A CORONER'S COURT.



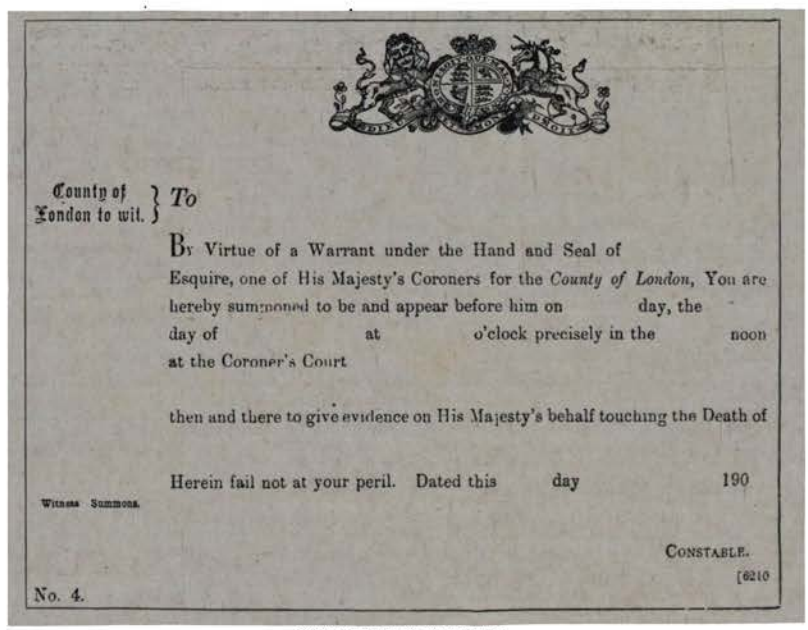
POLICE AMBULANCE ENTERING MORTUARY.

witnesses, and issued the Coroner's orders to the doctor to attend and perform three post-mortem examinations in return for the sum of six guineas—two guineas per body.

But to the business of the day. The Coroner has alighted from his cab and steps silently into the mortuary. Having glanced at the deceased the representative of the Crown enters the Court preceded by his officer and followed by his clerk.

"Gentlemen, the Coroner!" exclaims the officer, and every one rises to his feet. At the far end the Coroner seats himself at a raised desk, and below him sits his clerk. To the left are the jurors—twenty-three of them. It is sufficient if twelve men return a verdict, but an important affair and one which may have to be adjourned has to be investigated, and the extra number has been summoned as a precautionary measure. Were only twelve to sit when the hearing of an adjourned inquest was resumed one juryman might be absent owing to illness, and another might belong to that cantankerous class who decline to agree to any sort of verdict: in which event the whole terrible business would have to be commenced over again. These jurors receive two shillings a day for their labours and are chosen from the Parliamentary voting lists, the occupants of each street being tackled in turn. They cannot be considered overpaid, for their attendance can be enforced for the entire day if needs be, and if eight inquests are on the list they must return eight verdicts.

Let us take another glimpse of the Court. At a large table are seated the reporters; in the centre is the witness-box; while at the back are rows of chairs which are occupied by members of the public—dishevelled women, curiosity-mongers, and the like—and those witnesses who are able to control their feelings. Witnesses who are inclined to be hysterical are confined in the waiting-room—if there happens to be one—until they are required to give evidence. The Coroner, who can trace his office back a thousand years and more, has sworn the following oath on his appointment:—



County of London to wit. } *To*

By Virtue of a Warrant under the Hand and Seal of Esquire, one of His Majesty's Coroners for the *County of London*, You are hereby summoned to be and appear before him on day, the day of at o'clock precisely in the noon at the Coroner's Court

then and there to give evidence on His Majesty's behalf touching the Death of

Herein fail not at your peril. Dated this day 190

Witness Summons.

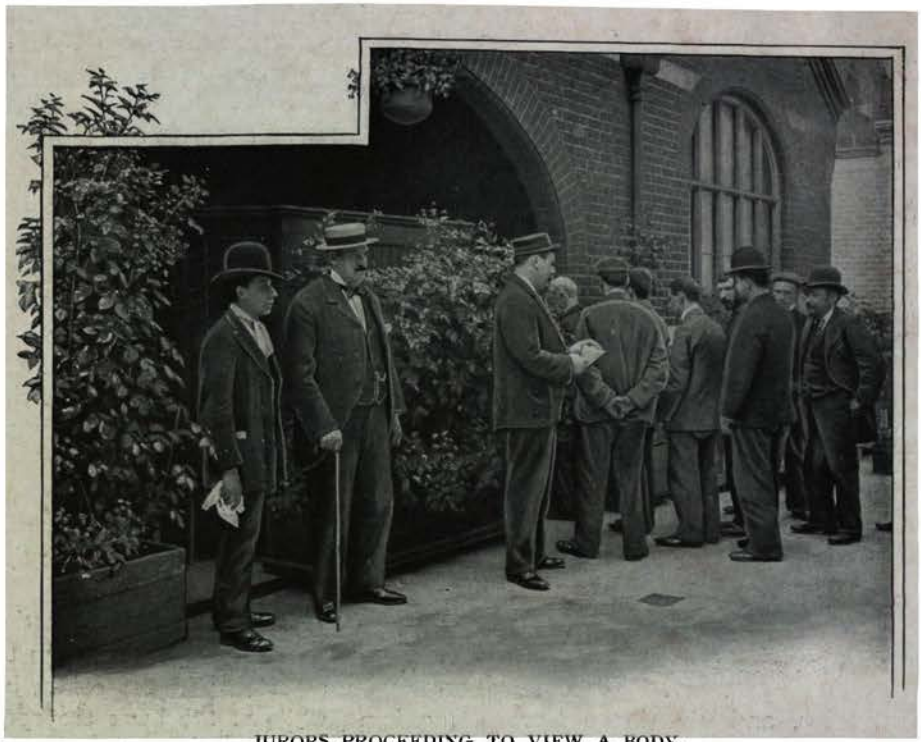
CONSTABLE.

[6210

No. 4.

WITNESS SUMMONS.

"I solemnly, sincerely, and truly declare and affirm that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King and his liege people in the office of coroner for this district of , and that I will diligently and truly do everything appertaining to my office after the best of my power for the doing of right and for the good of the inhabitants within the said district."



JURORS PROCEEDING TO VIEW A BODY.

The Coroner serves the King by inquiring into all violent or unnatural or sudden deaths of which the causes are unknown, and any deaths that occur in the prisons in his district. In addition, when gold or silver coin or plate or bullion is found concealed, the owner being unknown, the Coroner holds an inquest on them. Like dead bodies they are "sat upon," and if the verdict is "treasure trove" they become the property of the Crown.

This, however, *en passant*, for the Coroner is in his Court. With a number of documents before him he signals to his officer, who in these words, addressed to the jury, proclaims the opening of the Court :—

"Oyez, Oyez, You good men of this district summoned to appear here this day to inquire for our Sovereign Lord the King when, how, and by what means Maria Black, James Spindler, and William Fowler came to their deaths, answer to your names as you shall be called, every man at the first call, upon the pain and peril that shall fall thereon."

TO WIT. } Information of Witnesses severally taken and acknowledged, on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, at

in the parish of on

the day of 1 . touching

the death of

before ATHELSTAN BRAXTON HICKS, Esquire, one of His Majesty's Coroners for the said County, on view of the Body of the said Person then and there lying dead.

on oath deposes:—

I am

I live at

I identify the body now lying dead as that of

IDENTIFICATION FORM.

This done the Coroner, reading from his list, calls out the names of the jurors, and each man present answers, "Yes." Now and then an objection will be raised. There is one to-day.

"Sir," cries a meek-looking man with a flowing white beard, "my presence here is useless. I am stone deaf."

In a low whisper the Coroner answers: "Then you may go."

With surprising alacrity the deaf one hastens to depart, but the strong hand of the officer, at a sign from the Coroner, is placed on his shoulder and he is ordered to resume his seat.

There is one absentee. A juror has been summoned imperatively to the City on business. The Coroner knows that business! And when the missing one

returns to the bosom of his family on completion of his business, he discovers that his morning's recreation has cost him forty shilling pieces.

But though a few perhaps have given a little trouble, these jurymen to-day are honest fellows—mostly.

The following is the oath administered to jurymen:—

"You shall diligently inquire and true presentment make of all such matters and things as shall be here given you in charge, on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, touching the death of —— ——, now lying dead, of whose body you shall have the view: and shall, without fear or favour, affection or ill-will, a true verdict give according to the evidence, and to the best of your skill and knowledge, so help you God."

The oath taken, the jurymen leave the Court and file into the mortuary chamber, where they view the dead. Some look at the bodies intently; others pass through the abode of death as swiftly as possible. On their return to the Court the real business begins.

"Walter Black," says the Coroner, calling the first witness.

A man of forty, hollow-eyed, white and trembling, palpably a hard drinker, quits his seat next to that of a crying woman—a sister of the dead woman on whose body the first inquest is to be held—and steps into the box. The thoughtful officer advances, clutches the right arm of the witness to support him, and administers the oath:—

"The evidence which you shall give to this inquest on behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King touching the death of Maria Black shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

The man kisses the Testament and the Coroner examines him:

"You are Walter Black, and you identify the body of the woman which you have seen lying in the mortuary as that of your late wife, Maria Black, who, I understand, was a German, speaking very little English?"

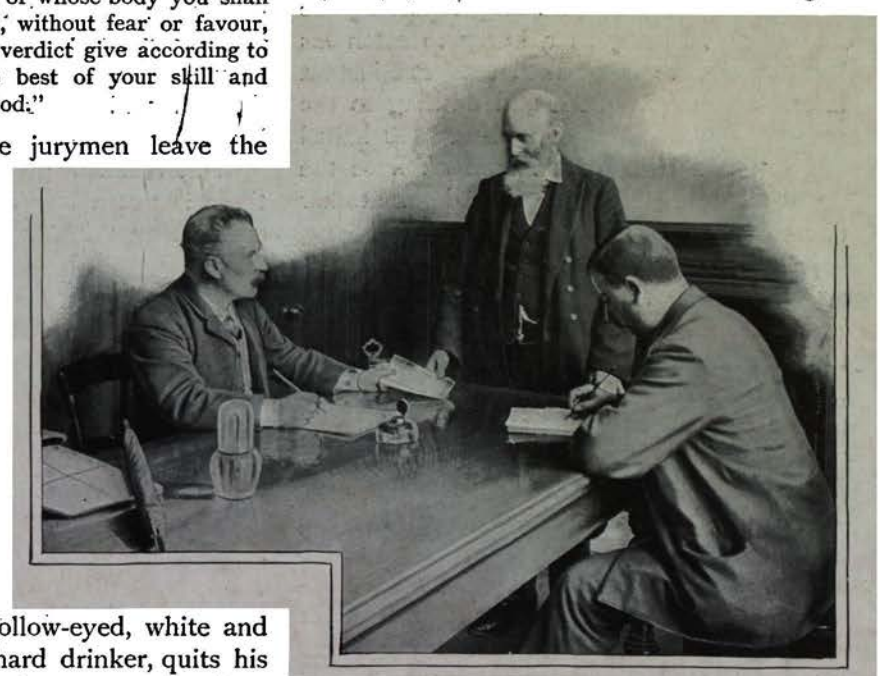
"Yes, sir."

"You last saw her on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th inst. On the Friday following you heard that she had been seen by William Presence to jump off the parapet of London Bridge. As she did not return home on the Wednesday, did you inquire as to her whereabouts?"

At this question all eyes are focussed on the figure in the box. The jury lean forward: the clerk waits pen in hand.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the witness, and the Coroner repeats the question.

"N-no, sir," the man stammers at length.



A CORONER HANDING BURIAL ORDER TO HIS OFFICER.

"The fact is, sir, I was not anxious about her."

"Not anxious about her!" repeats the Coroner sternly. "What do you mean by that? I won't have anything kept back, you know."

"Well, sir," says the witness, toying nervously with his fingers, "my wife was in the habit of going away for two or three days. On this occasion I concluded that she had gone to visit a friend."

"When she left you, had you quarrelled?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Were you both sober?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is, you didn't care what became

of your wife. Have you anything to ask the witness?" says the Coroner, turning to the jury.

The answer is in the negative. Walter Black steps down, and William Presence takes his place.

William Presence, stout and florid, relates how he saw the woman gazing at the muddy water below the bridge—she was standing on one of the stone ledges as Big Ben tolled the hour of midnight.

"You are not going to your death, surely," he observed.

Then thinking that he might possibly be mistaken, and being in a hurry to catch his last train home he walked on. An instant later he heard a splash and dashing to the parapet he saw a body engulfed. He hailed the police, a boat at once put off from the stairs below, but Maria Black had gone to her doom with the tide.

John Learoyd, blue-eyed, bronzed and stalwart, is the third witness. He is of the Thames police, and was out in his launch in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall when he espied what seemed to him to be a mass of ragged clothes clinging to the anchor chain of the collier *Maude*, of Tynemouth. He put his helm to starboard and found a body —"the body, sir, I have seen in the mortuary."

John Learoyd is followed by Martha Watchwell. The Blacks were her lodgers, and she saw Maria Black when she left the house for the last time. She was drunk, and so was Walter Black, though he swore he was sober.

"They used to go on the drink for a week," she explains.

Constable 124 ZZ is sworn. At five o'clock on Monday afternoon he met Maria Black clinging to a lamp-post, drunk and incapable. He escorted her to the police station and she was placed in a cell.

"Inspector Toogood," says the Coroner.

The tall man tells his story. He went on duty at eight o'clock, and finding the prisoner sober at ten he let her out on her own recognisances.

'How is it you didn't keep her?" asks the Coroner.

"Well, sir," says the officer, "we generally let the drunks out when they're sober if they haven't been disorderly. We get a good many drunks about our parts."

"Had she time to get from the station to London Bridge by midnight?" queries the Coroner.

"Plenty of time, sir."

"And I suppose she could have procured more drink on the way."

"Certainly, sir."

The cause of death demands no further elucidation. A brief summing-up by the Coroner, and the jury are asked for their verdict. They return it without the least hesitation. In less than sixty seconds the foreman replies:

"Suicide whilst temporarily insane."

The form is made out, each juryman signs his name on it, and another inquest is over.

Walter Black gives a sigh of relief, but there is not a tear in his bloodshot, bleared eyes. Five minutes later you may recognise him at the bar of the "Crown and Thistle" round the corner—fifty yards from the spot where the body of his dead wife lies—with a glass of brandy before him. He is one of Nature's reptiles. And in half an hour you will see him standing within the precincts of the Court—in a dark corner for choice, for the cockney crowd has not taken kindly to him—waiting for the order for burial, which must bear the Coroner's signature.

The demon drink—what a part it plays in these Courts! The rôle is difficult to describe, for in the midst of tragedy there is comedy. There is no comedy in the Court to-day, but take a typical case. A man has perhaps died a violent death, and a post-mortem examination has disclosed the fact that he was a hard drinker.

"Was your husband a temperate man?" asks the Coroner of the widow in the witness-box.

"Oh, yes," is the frequent answer, "he was a teetotaller."

The Coroner then adopts a different course.

"Are *you* a teetotaller?" he asks the woman.

"Oh, no," she replies. "I drink beer—a couple of glasses a day."

"Well, what did your husband drink?"

"He drank nothing but brandy, sir," is the answer, "but he was a *perfect* teetotaller."

A CORONER'S INQUEST.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS REGISTRATION ACT, 1874.

CORONER'S ORDER for BURIAL.

To be given by the Coroner to the Relative of the Deceased or other person who causes the Body to be buried, or to the Undertaker or other Person having charge of the Funeral.

I, *the undersigned, Coroner for the*_____ *of*_____

*Do hereby authorise the Burial of the Body of*_____

*aged about*_____ *which has been viewed by the Inquest Jury.*

*Witness my hand this*_____ *day of*_____.

_____ *Coroner.*

*** **The Coroner must not issue this Order except upon holding an Inquest.**

The Undertaker or other Person receiving this Order must deliver it to the Minister or Officiating Person who buries or performs any funeral or religious service for the Burial of the Dead Body; or, in the case of a burial under the Burial Laws Amendment Act, 1880, to the "relative, friend, or legal representative of the deceased, having the charge of, or being responsible for the Burial"

(4431s)

Let us return to the Court. The jury are now about to decide as to how the old man, whose body also lies in the mortuary, met with his death. The crowd outside are swarming at the doors, and twenty constables are employed in keeping them back. The deceased was well known in the district as a generous man. A slender figure arrayed in black advances towards the box. It is the widow. Gently assisted by the Coroner, she describes in a broken voice how her nephew called upon the deceased and demanded money. He had had ten pounds the week before to go to Canada but had spent it in riotous living. The interview was a stormy one, a quarrel arose, and the next thing she heard was the report of firearms.

That is all the woman can relate. Becoming hysterical she is conducted to the waiting-room to regain her composure, and the inquest is adjourned. In half an hour she is brought in again and proceeds with her evidence. Little by little the Coroner extracts every detail of the ghastly tragedy.

"John Space," calls the Coroner. "I understand he wishes to give evidence."

There is a movement at the rear of the Court, and a man—with dissipation written large on every feature—comes forward in charge of two officers. The Coroner cautions him, for being under arrest he need not speak unless he wishes. But he is thoroughly self-possessed, and intends to save his neck if he can. Duly sworn he informs the Court that the death of his uncle was the result of an accident. The latter had threatened him, had snatched up a loaded revolver which was lying by—had pointed it at him, in fact. A struggle followed, the weapon exploded, and the old man fell.

"But the deceased was shot in the back," remarks the Coroner.

"I know nothing about that," is the reply.

The views of two other witnesses are different. The doctor declares that the deceased could not have shot himself: while a dealer in second-hand articles identifies the prisoner as the man who purchased the revolver of him a week before.

There is a murmur in the Court which is instantly suppressed, and the jury consider their verdict. Ten minutes later they declare that John Space is guilty of murder.

The Court clears at once. There is a rush for the front of the building, and with the utmost despatch the prisoner is bundled out. An angry sea of faces greets him as he emerges, curses are hurled at him from right and left, but fortunately for him, as he goes towards the waiting cab, he has the protection of the police. The cab door closes, a savage yell goes up, the crowd presses closer and closer, but Jehu whips up his steed and one more man is off to Holloway. A missile is thrown at the vehicle perhaps, a youngster or two cling on behind, and the mob disperses.

When the third inquest has been held the Coroner's labours are practically over. All that he has now to do is to give the doctor his fee, the jurymen their two shillings apiece, fill in the necessary forms relating to the

business of the day, and pay the expenses of the inquest. This last he does out of his own pocket, but he is reimbursed ultimately by the local authorities.

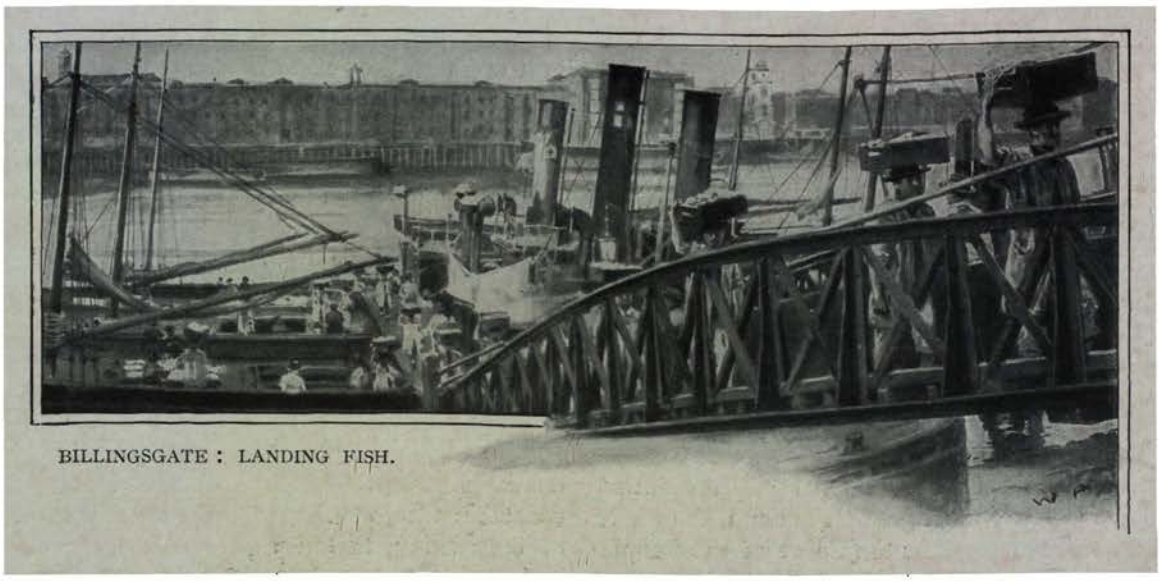
This, however, has been an easy day. On occasions a Coroner will hold as many as nineteen inquests, and to obtain a fair idea of his work one must spend a day in his office. He is remunerated on a basis of thirty shillings per inquest, but out of his income he has to keep a clerk and pay all his travelling expenses. The expenses of a Coroner may be reckoned as from one-third to one-fourth of the salary.

Then let us consider the responsibilities. The Coroner must get at the truth, the whole truth. His Court is the Court of the People. To separate the facts from the lies is no easy task. A favourite trick of suicides is to leave behind them a note accusing of a crime some person against whom they have a grudge. The accuser being dead it is impossible to ascertain what foundation there is for the charge. And then there are the letters of suicides—letters sent to the Coroner, and which he is bound to read. One of these communications was spread over five quires of notepaper, and all that was intelligible in it was that the author intended to destroy himself because he was dissatisfied with his features.

And what shall we say of suicide in general? Suicides often show much method in their madness. We recall the case of a doctor who one night had a hot bath. While he was in the water he drew a razor across his throat, placed it on the side, and died quietly. He didn't want a mess. A certain chemist, desiring to create as little fuss as possible, opened a vein in his arm, and holding it over a basin bled silently to death. Strange, too, was the death of a constable who, wishing to make doubly sure of destruction, tied a rope round his neck and attached the other end to a rail of one of the bridges spanning the Thames. He was both strangled and drowned.

Over eight thousand inquests are held in London every year, and about four hundred and fifty of these are cases of suicide. Probably in every instance the victim was of unsound mind when he committed the deed. *Felo de se* may be said to be practically unknown.

REMOVING A PRISONER.



BILLINGSGATE : LANDING FISH.

ROUND LONDON'S BIG MARKETS.

By ARTHUR RUTLAND.

PORTER WITH EELS.

SOME time in the night, two steamers, fitted with ice tanks and carrying cargoes from fishing towns along the eastern and north-eastern coasts, come in up the Thames, and are moored under the flare of the lamps that burn till morning at the back of Billingsgate Market. No sooner are they moored, with the ripples flapping sleepily against their idle keels, than they settle into silence and somnolence, except for the lessening hiss of steam from their engines, and the unwinking stare of the lanterns that watch fore and aft until dawn rises over the river, putting out simultaneously the lights on anchored boats and barges and the stars in the sky.

If you go round to the front of the market, even as late as a quarter to five this summer morning, there is little or no life at all in Lower Thames Street; but just before the hour sounds from the neighbouring steeples a clatter of hoofs and grinding of wheels on the stony road jar through the stillness, and a ponderous railway van, heavily burdened, sweeps down Fish Street Hill and pulls up gallantly opposite the yet closed gates of the Market. You hear a similar van rattling after it; and nearer, making more sedate haste along Thames Street, glides a private brougham, which stops at the door of one of the crazy, tumbledown old fish shops, and a substantial, prosperous-looking merchant alights with a cigar in his mouth, and, calling a "Good-morning, Thomas," to the coachman, who touches his hat and drives off, lets himself in with a latchkey. You may see him presently, when his shutters are down, disguised in a white smock and a cloth cap, writing at his desk among trickling consignments of newly arrived fish and shouting lustily to perspiring assistants.

Directly Billingsgate unfastens its gates the streets in its vicinity are all alive. It is as if some wizard haunting the deserted spot muttered a cabalistic word, and, hey, presto! public-houses and coffee-houses are wide open; shops of

PORTER WITH COD.

fish salesmen and factors on Fish Street Hill, St. Mary-at-Hill, and Thames Street are stripped of their shutters, and high-packed vehicles, mysteriously materialised, are lining the kerbs before them; the two railway vans outside the Market are rapidly multiplying into so many that the roadway is getting impassable; fish porters innumerable hurtle, as it were, from the clouds and up from the earth, as if every paving-stone were a trap-door, and swarming everywhere in white smocks and round, iron-hard hats, designed stream one after the other with boxes on their heads, lidless boxes crusted with ice that is melting and dribbling through on the bearers.

By this, the interior of the Market has lost its barren look. The stalls, each of which is merely a desk and a floor space, are becoming congested with stacks of boxes; with barrels of eels, and barrels and loose mountains of lobsters, mussels, whelks; with salmon and cod ranged on the stones or on raised boards, or, in the

A CORNER OF LEADENHALL MARKET.

to cushion heavy burdens, are deftly unloading all the carts. There are continuous processions of such porters trotting into the Market with oozy, trickling boxes on their heads, and there are continuous processions trotting out of the market, handing metal tallies to the carters by way of receipts, hoisting fresh boxes on to their heads, and joining one or other of the processions trotting in.

If you pass through the cool, dim, sloppy Market and out on to the wooden platform at the rear, you see the steamers here being unloaded in like manner. A broad iron bridge slopes down to them, and down one side of the bridge porters are hurrying empty-handed, and up the other side porters shops that occupy the two sides of the market, on shiny, slippery slabs. There are bloaters from Yarmouth; there are kippers from Peterhead and Stornoway; there are all manner of fish from Hull, Grimsby, Milford Haven, Fleetwood—all manner of places round the British Isles that have any fish to send anywhere seem to have sent them here.

The bustling and shouting increase until by half-past six, or thereabouts, the tide of business is at the full, and beginning to turn. The railway vans have gone, and other railway and carriers' and fishmongers' carts that have been hovering in Eastcheap and other outlying streets, and the costers who have been clustering their barrows at

COVENT GARDEN: SHELLING PEAS.

the lower end of Love Lane, are swooping in to bargain and buy, or to carry away consignments of fish already ordered, and the Market is emptying as rapidly as it filled.

Noon is not more than two hours gone when Billingsgate is practically shut again; the fish shops round about look as if they had been looted by an invading army; fish porters lounge at street corners, or in public-houses and coffee-shops, and vast-booted men tramp clumsily inside the Market and in front of it, trailing snaky hoses and washing the stones.

Three minutes' walk east of Billingsgate, whence London gets most of its fish, and you are in Leadenhall Market, whence London gets a good deal of its poultry. Billingsgate does not start work in these days so early as it used to; but it is an hour ahead of Leadenhall, where as late as six o'clock the only sign of life is in the large centre arcade: here a covered van has just drawn up with a cock crowing derisively from somewhere inside, and the driver is making remarks to the policeman who stands under the clock gazing round as if he could not make out what had become of everybody.

In Leadenhall there are no stalls; it is a maze of attenuated streets, and every salesman has his shop. It begins later than Billingsgate, and it finishes later too. From seven to nine it is at its busiest, but it does not show any marked signs of slackness until after noon. Besides being greatly patronised by local hotel and dining-room caterers, it does an appreciable trade with thrifty City clerks and housekeepers who live within easy distances. Perhaps the requirements of these customers have broadened its ideas, for it is not so bigoted in its view of poultry but that it accommodates a butcher or two, a few fruiterers and greengrocers, a publican, and a newsagent.

But when all is said, in Leadenhall you come back to poultry. You may purchase select breeds of dogs there, it is true; on the pavement before two or three shops in cages one on top of the other there are puppies who intermittently romp together and stand adding their yelpings to the general uproar. You may purchase hares too, and rabbits, dead or alive. You may even acquire a swan, if your taste runs in that direction, for you will see specimens standing resentfully in large cages that are yet not large enough for them to stretch their necks. Also, there is one shop devoted to every variety of singing bird.

Nevertheless, the commoner class of poultry predominates. You see it naked and dead dangling from hooks and lying on shelves inside the shops; you see it befeathered and very much alive imprisoned in wicker crates and wooden cages piled about the pavements outside the shops, and there are moments when the combined crowing of cocks, clucking of nervous hens, and quacking of ducks pretty well submerge every other sound.

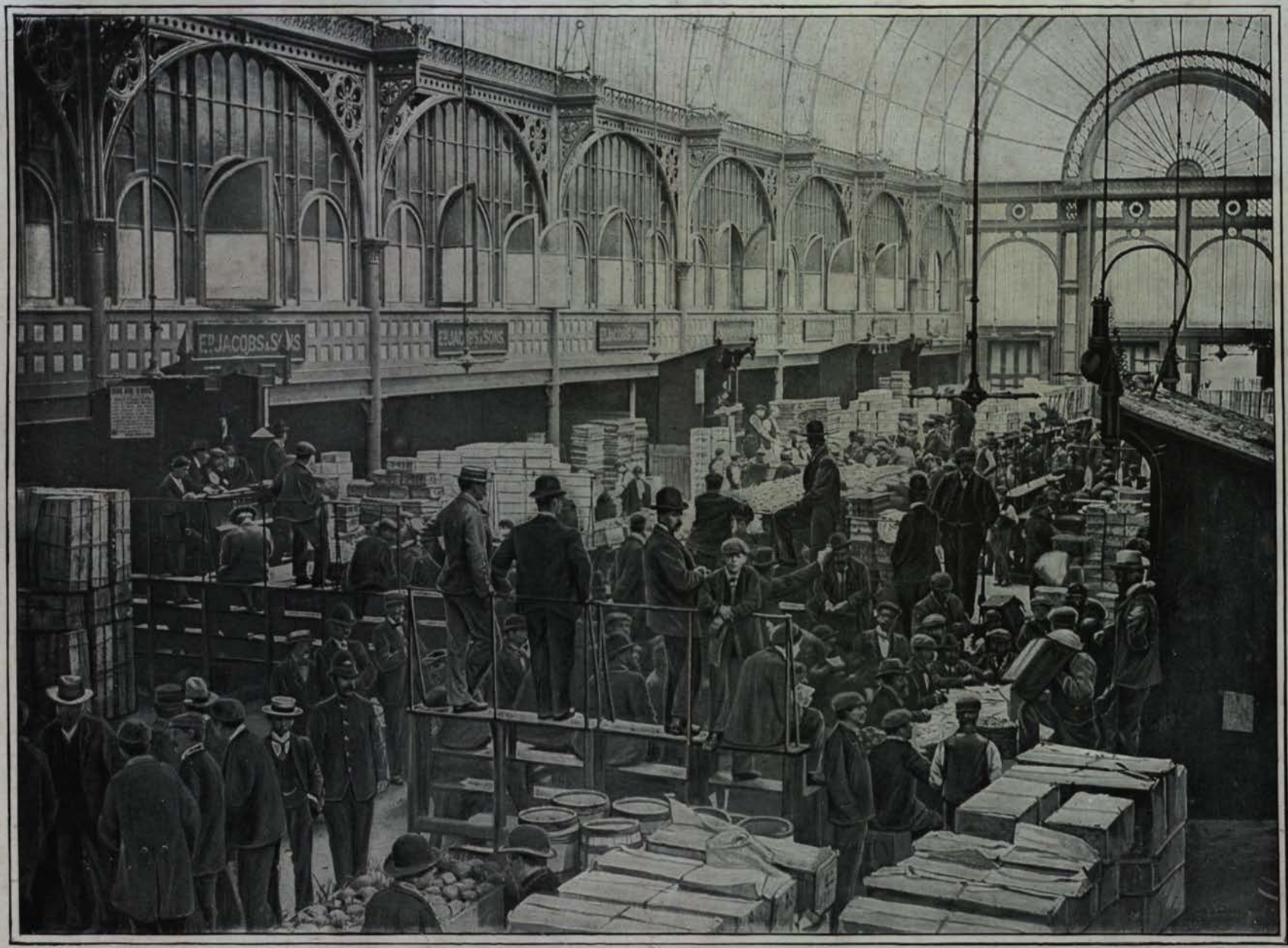
Farther east is Spitalfields Market; to the south, just over London Bridge, is the Borough Market; but westward is Covent Garden, that surpasses these in their own line, and is, besides, the largest flower market anywhere in or near London.

So enormous is the amount of business done each morning at "the Garden" that it is impossible for nearly half the buyers going there to drive up within sight of it. The streets leading into it, and many that branch therefrom or pass the ends of them, are literally blocked with a tangle of greengrocers' carts, while the greengrocers, aided by regular or casual assistants, are momentarily struggling out from the hurly-burly of the Market, propelling barrow- or truck-loads of fruit and vegetables, or balancing columns of round baskets on their heads, or staggering along hugging bulgy hampers in both arms, which contributions are accumulated in their vehicles until they have obtained what they came for, or as much of it as they can get, and are glad to be turning their horses' heads homeward.

Amidst all the uproar of the market, and whilst buyers are crushing and elbowing each other up and down the narrow alleys that run through the wilderness of miscellaneous produce gathered here to be sold, you come across, in summer, a group of women in a quiet corner behind a rampart of baskets, placidly shelling peas into sieves and circular tins; and by-and-by, outside the building, among a litter of cabbage leaves and hemmed in by waiting carts, you discover a numerous company of other women similarly engaged.

SCENES AT PEDLARS' FAIR.

They make two little islands of industrious repose in this welter of tumultuous trafficking. The only other spot that is as peaceful just now is the auction room over the road—a bare, spacious hall, with wooden-canopied, pulpit-looking erections placed at intervals down either side of it. There are no auctions in progress at present,



FRUIT AUCTIONS AT COVENT GARDEN.

but notices written on giant slates tell you that there are going to be several towards noon, and later.

When you come back to attend these, rude tiers of seats have been pulled round into three sides of a square before certain of the pulpits, in each of which an auctioneer's clerk sits writing busily, and an auctioneer stands lifting up his voice and bringing down his hammer with undeniable effect. Bunches of bananas swathed in basketwork and matting, long boxes of pears, of apples, of pineapples, are hauled in quick succession up on to the table immediately below the auctioneer. "Show 'em!" he cries mechanically. His porters tear open the matting or rip off the box lids, and eagerly eye the buyers and others perched row above row on the tiers, ferociously reiterating the auctioneer's cry of "Now then! Who bids?"

The bidding is prompt but cautious: nearly everything is bought, and bought cheaply; and money and goods change hands with such facility that another "lot" is put up, bid for, and sold before the previous one has been carried beyond the door.

Meanwhile, the Floral Hall closes at nine, so, of course, you have been there before returning for the auctions. The view you get from either of its immense doorways is like the first bewildering glimpse of the transformation scene at a theatre. Against a background of broad-leaved palms and multitudinous flowerless plants, billowy clouds of snow-white blooms mingle with stretches of skyey blue, shot through here and there with flaming reds and yellows and purples, all in a lavish setting of every shade and tinting of green.

The blended fragrances within are suffocatingly sweet; the aisles of vivid, varied colour dazzle the eye almost as sunlight will; and, strangely contrasted with their surroundings, the salesmen, buyers, and porters might be merely scene-shifters preparing the transformation scene, and the flower-girls flocking about the cut-flower stalls might be blowzy, bedraggled fairies not yet dressed for their parts.

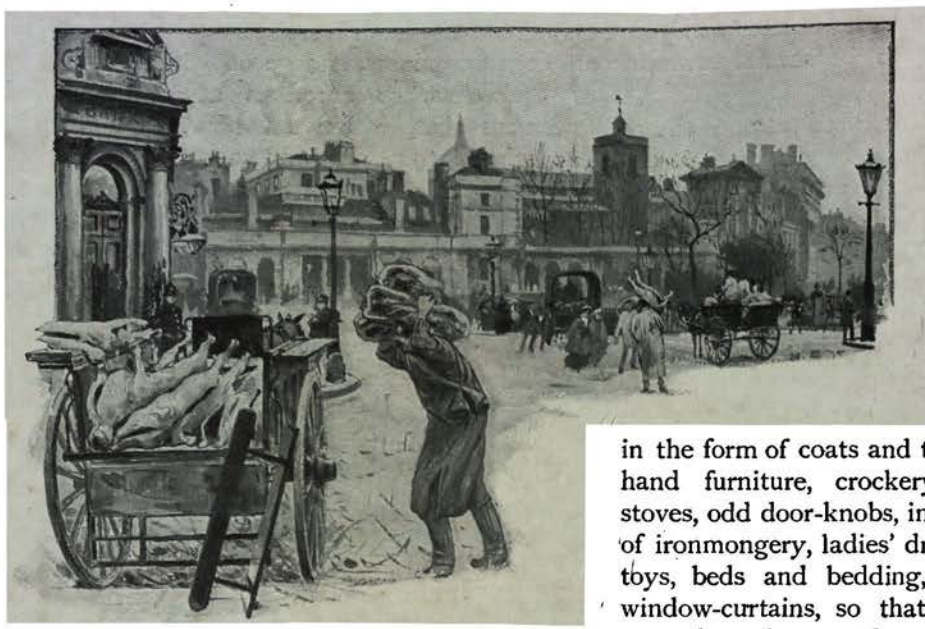
Some of them are very old flower-girls, and some of them very young; they are all keen bargainers, and go off with armfuls, or basketfuls, or apronfuls of scent and loveliness that, within an hour, they will have wired into penny and twopenny bunches, and be selling to spruce City men coming into town to their offices.

Nothing could be much farther removed from the beauty and delicacy and fragrance of that Floral Hall than the unloveliness and comparative squalor of the Cattle Market at Islington.

Two mornings of every week, winter and summer, before the world at large is awake, from lairs at Hackney Wick and Mile End, and from railway termini that have received them after long journeys out of green country places, droves of sheep and horned cattle, splashed with the mire of London roads and hungering for the fields, are shepherded through the iron gateways into the broad, paved Market square.

SHOWING THE DONKEY'S PACES (CATTLE MARKET).

In company with a coffee-shop, a bank or so, some railway depôts, and a reading-room for drovers, the Market clerk has his office under the clock-tower in the middle of the square, and on one side of the tower sheep huddle patiently in their pens, and on the other bullocks fattened for the



NEAR SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET.

slaughter and cows destined for the dairy farm stand in long rows tethered to the top rails of their stalls, and keep up a ceaseless, monotonous moaning, punctuated occasionally by a resounding bellow.

In and out among the sheep, and in and out among the horned cattle, go bronzed, farmer-looking men and florid, stolid, butcher-looking men, critical of eye and cunning with the forefinger, which they will dig knowingly into the ribs or flanks of beasts they have a mind to. And when a man has chosen his sheep a drover and his dog go off with them, and when he has chosen his bullocks a drover goes off with them also, the buyer sometimes whipping out a pair of scissors and snipping his initials in the hair on the animals' backs before he loses sight of them. Some of them are driven away along the roads to suburban grazing lands or slaughter-houses; most of them make a shorter journey of it to the neighbouring abattoirs.

On other days of the week Hay and Straw, and Pig and Poultry Markets are held here; and on Fridays there is a Market for the sale of horses and carts. Friday, too, is the great day of the Pedlars' Fair, when up the steps and under the roof of the Hide Market, and on the ample margin of stones round the cattle pens, you may enjoy reminiscences of Petticoat Lane with the yelling and hubbub all left out.

The Hide Market and that margin of stones are strewn and littered as if there had been a volcanic eruption near by, and the lava had come pelting down in the form of coats and trousers, and second-hand furniture, crockery, glassware, rusty stoves, odd door-knobs, indescribable salvages of ironmongery, ladies' dresses and children's toys, beds and bedding, carpets, doormats, window-curtains, so that as you pick your way through, you do not know you have missed the footpath till you find yourself astray in an impenetrable jungle of hosiery or cutlery, or stumbling over meat-screens and frying-pans, and amazing collections of decrepit tinware.

Simultaneously, the horse and cart fair is raging among the cattle-pens, and every few minutes spectators wandering thereabouts scatter suddenly to make way for a sprightly quadruped whose paces are being tried for the delectation of a possible purchaser. Neither horses nor carts are exactly new; and the "horses" include donkeys, and the carts anything from a coster's barrow to a dropsical four-wheel cab, or occasionally the haggard ghost of an omnibus.

Most of the sheep and bullocks that walk into the Cattle Market are carried later to Smithfield Meat Market (many Smithfield salesmen having slaughter-houses behind that wall which fringes the square); and at Smithfield they are in the greatest and, in some respects, the best-ordered of the London Markets. It covers such an immense area that there is space around it to accommodate all the carts and vans that go there: you see them backed in serried lines to the kerbs along three sides of the Market as well as under its arch-ways, while their drivers or owners are inside doing business among mighty red and white groves and vistas of beef and mutton.

The early morning methods of the Markets are very much the same everywhere, the chief difference being in the nature of the commodities, the bulk whereof are brought up by one series of vehicles and taken away by another; but you may get more entertainment at Smithfield, as you may at Billingsgate or Leadenhall, out of the fag end of a Saturday's market.

Here, for example, this Saturday afternoon in Smithfield, now that more than half the stalls are shut, comes a staid, matured City clerk with his shrewd, economical little wife and their eldest son, a dapper youth who has himself just become "something in the City" and has met them by arrangement, but reluctantly, and in some fear of compromising his budding dignity. Depend upon it, the matured clerk has a large family, or they take in boarders to eke out his salary. The inevitable men, women, and children who hover about the gates to sell penny canvas or straw bags know them by sight as regular Saturday customers, and their experience stands them in good stead.

They do nothing rashly. Having inspected a dozen stalls, they go back to one they had passed, and secure a shoulder of mutton or a great piece of beef for remarkably little money. At the newer end of the Market, where they have now and then picked up a bargain in poultry, they buy several pounds of good cheap bacon and

MEAT VAN.

a formidable wedge of cheese. Then they go out and across the road to the Fish and Vegetable Market, where they get some fish for this evening's dinner or supper, and lay in a stock of fruit and tomatoes, supplemented by a selection of marrows and, possibly, a couple of cucumbers; so that, at last, when they shape their course for a penny tramcar home, the clerk is carrying two bags, his wife has her arms full of miscellanies, and their son, following them with a hang-dog, furtive air, eyes the passers-by loweringly, and, with the bag of shamelessly protruding meat in one hand and the basket of fish in the other, is secretly praying he may not be seen by anybody who knows him.

BAG SELLERS.

PENSIONERS AND "BLACK JACKS."

AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

By DESMOND YOUNG.

TO the average Londoner, Chelsea Hospital is merely a home for military "veterans battered in their country's wars." Rightly considered, it is more. It is, by means of its inmates, a bridge—the only accessible bridge—between the Army life of the past and of the present, between the battles of yesterday and those fought in the valleys of Abyssinia, on the burning plains of India, and in other parts of the world where the arts of peace have long held sway. For no man is eligible for its benefits under the age of fifty-five unless disabled by severe wounds or loss of limbs, and, as a consequence, its inmates, numbering about 570 all told, represent the pick of the oldest of our warriors.

Worn-out fighting material are they, as is evidenced by the pathetic fact that, though some men have rested in the haven for a quarter of a century, the average duration of life there is only about five years. As the last abiding place of the very cream of our superannuated fighters, then, Chelsea Hospital is, and ever will be, the link connecting deeds of military glory separated by long intervals.

Many and varied are the circumstances that bring veterans together under the hospitable roof of the famous institution. Sometimes an old soldier marries a young wife, with the usual result—jealousy, quarrels, unhappiness. Taught in the bitterest of all schools, that of experience, that May and December will not mate, he seeks the shelter of the Hospital, sure that there peace and comfort will be his. Many an in-pensioner has a wife outside, but it is significant that she is rarely his equal in age. Seldom will a scarred and wrinkled warrior leave a helpmeet who has spent spring and summer with him, who has travelled with him hand in hand through life, who has shared his joys and sorrows since youth and hope were high. In other cases a broken-down veteran is alone in the world. The sole survivor of his race, he has not a single relation to whom he can look for assistance.

This being the case, what more natural than that he should bethink him of Chelsea Hospital?

The unfilial conduct of sons and daughters is another prolific cause of soldiers relinquishing their pension. And what stories of such ingrates cluster round the case of unclaimed medals in the Great Hall!—a case wherein repose scores of war decorations bestowed on inmates dead and gone, some of them of considerable intrinsic value. Again and again have such insignia been applied for by persons who would not give their departed owners a shilling—nay, who played the parts of Goneril and Regan in the oft-acted tragedy of *Lear*. Other veterans there are—though these, happily, are in the minority—who "sup sorrow by spoonfuls" through business troubles as well as through the unnatural conduct of their children. Inheriting money, they embark in shopkeeping and the like, fail, and then enter the Hospital, there patiently to await the last summons.

Once an old soldier joins the establishment, he does not often leave it voluntarily, because, in addition to being comparatively well off, he can adapt things exactly to his liking. There are no irksome rules to worry and annoy him, and no duties to be performed. "We haven't to do anything," said one fine old soldier, "except attend church on Sunday." If a man chooses, he can remain out till nine o'clock every night in the week, and by getting permission—granted as a matter of course—he need not return till twelve. He can, too, go away on furlough as opportunity serves. There is practically no restriction on him.

Just the same degree of liberty is accorded him in purely domestic matters. Every man has his own cubicle, which is his "castle," and concerning which he has full power to use the words of a poet now beyond the reach of the interviewers and other animalculæ to whom he addressed them:

"No foot, if you please, over threshold of mine."

No other pensioner can enter it unasked. He is the lord and master of his little home. Here he is free to do as he pleases. He rises when he likes; welcomes whom he likes; goes out when he likes; eats when he likes (for his food is put into his cubicle at stated times, and not served at a common table); does exactly as tastes and habits dictate without let or hindrance from anybody.

GARDENING.

That this absence of rule tends to make the in-pensioner more comfortable is plain in every ward. Even old soldiers, accustomed as they have been to that cast-iron, inflexible routine which stifles individuality and converts men into machines, have not all the same tastes and dispositions; and the great difference in the arrangement and decoration of the cubicles shows the wisdom of the governors in recognising this circumstance. While some are as plain as a barrack room—destitute of everything beyond absolute necessaries—others are embellished, externally as well as internally, with pictures from the illustrated papers, tobacconists' show cards, and a wealth of similar odds and ends. Nor is this all. In a few of the cubicles a marvellously elaborate scheme of decoration has been carried out on a shelf over the bed. The centre-piece is a loud-voiced clock, which is flanked on either hand with tiers of fancy cigarette and tobacco boxes, match boxes, photographs and pictures given away with packets of cigarettes, and other trifles. All this does not sound very promising material as a substitute for such wall ornaments as plaques and oil paintings; but it really brightens up a cubicle to an amazing extent, and truly remarkable are the perseverance, ingenuity, and taste displayed in making the most of it.

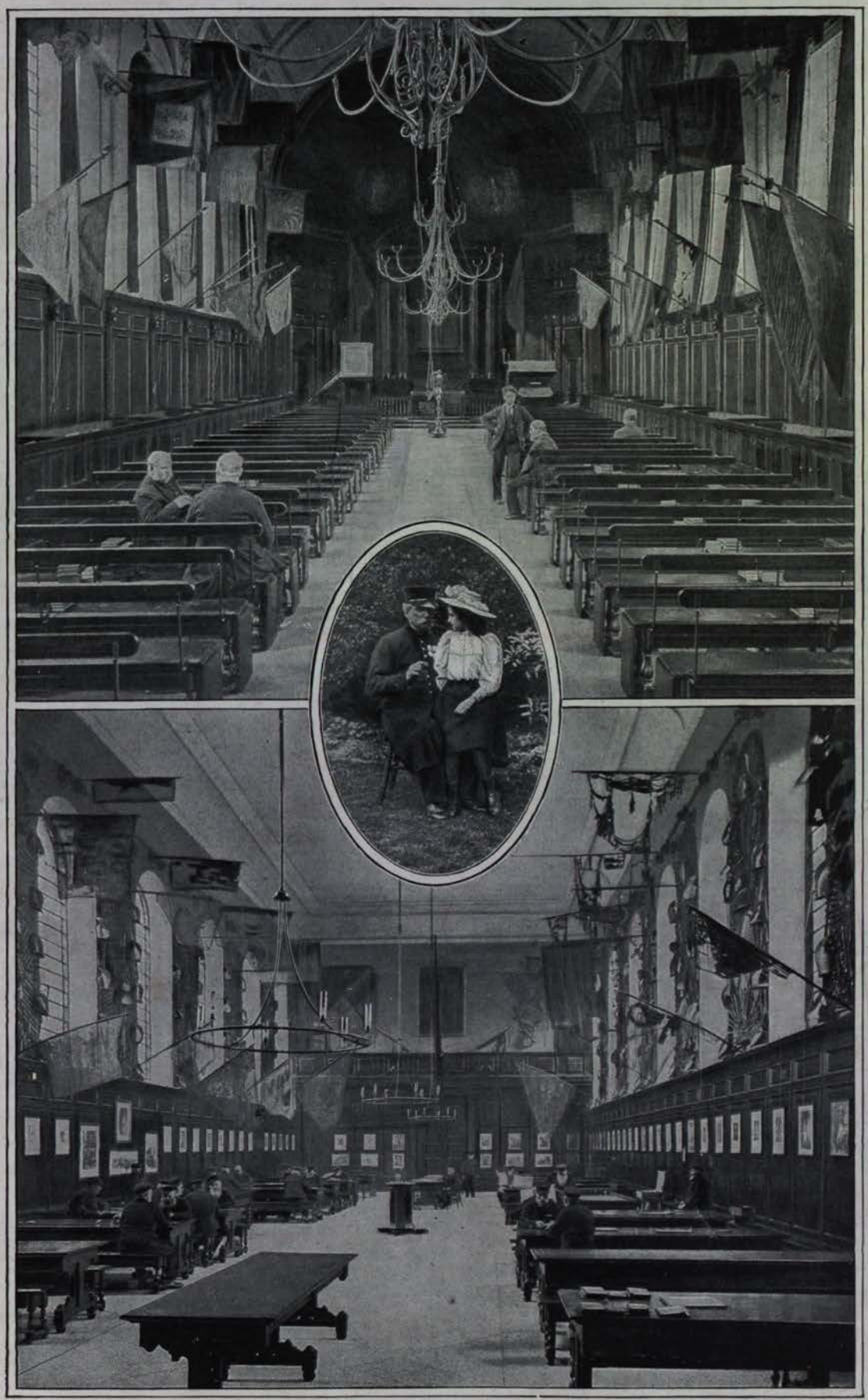
Half of each cubicle is taken up by a bed; the other half is for sitting and eating purposes. Such things as boot cleaning are done outside in the ward—where the necessary appliances are close at hand—and for reading, writing, and companionship, the Great Hall, with its collection of weapons, its old leather drinking vessels, known as "black jacks," and other interesting contents, is available. There, with a congenial comrade, and his memory stimulated by the objects around him—the portraits of Britain's famous fighting sons, and still more by the tattered fragments of flags taken from the enemy in war that hang over them—the pensioner can drive the hours along by fighting his battles over again.

Or, if the weather is fine, he can go out into the spacious grounds and mix with his fellows, or take an airing on the seats in the piazza, with his back to the memorials of British heroes—a number of mural monuments as appropriately situated as they are inspiriting.

Once a week there is a full muster in the Great Hall. Pay is given out there every Saturday morning, and the pensioners, all dressed in their best, turn up in full force to receive it. For many years the money allowance was only one penny per day, but now it is twopence, each inmate receiving fourteenpence per week. Although this is not a large amount, it is sufficient to provide the indispensable tobacco, which is almost the only commodity that the old soldier need buy. Food, clothing, beer (a strictly limited quantity), firing—these are all free. So that he does not really require much pocket money. No doubt he could spend more than he gets; but that is a very widely distributed capacity.

Besides owning a cubicle, some of the pensioners have also proprietary rights over a plot of land. At one corner of the hospital grounds, between the disused cemetery and (strange juxtaposition!) the site of that vanished scene of so much uproarious jollity, Ranelagh Gardens, is an enclosure divided into 148 allotments about twenty feet square. Each of these is supposed to be the freehold of a separate inmate, though, as a fact, some men have two or three plots. Whether from a sense of life's impermanence—for a pensioner often sows and another reaps—or from ignorance of one of the oldest of arts or some other cause, applications for an ownerless plot from those who do not already possess a garden are sometimes lacking. There is no demand for it; nobody seems willing to have it at a gift. And in this case it is transferred to a man who already cultivates a slice of the land.

Like the cubicles, these duodecimo pocket estates bear the impress of their owners' hands. Not one is so small but that it reveals something of its proprietor's idiosyncrasies. Some are filled with old-fashioned flowers—pinks and stocks, lupins and hollyhocks; and in the autumn groups of the plots are gloriously radiant with the many-hued and queenly dahlia. More architectural than anything else are the decorations of other squares. On one stands a miniature castle of pebbles and cement about five feet high, surmounted by a battlemented tower, and



I. THE CHAPEL. II. A GARDEN SCENE. III. THE GREAT HALL.

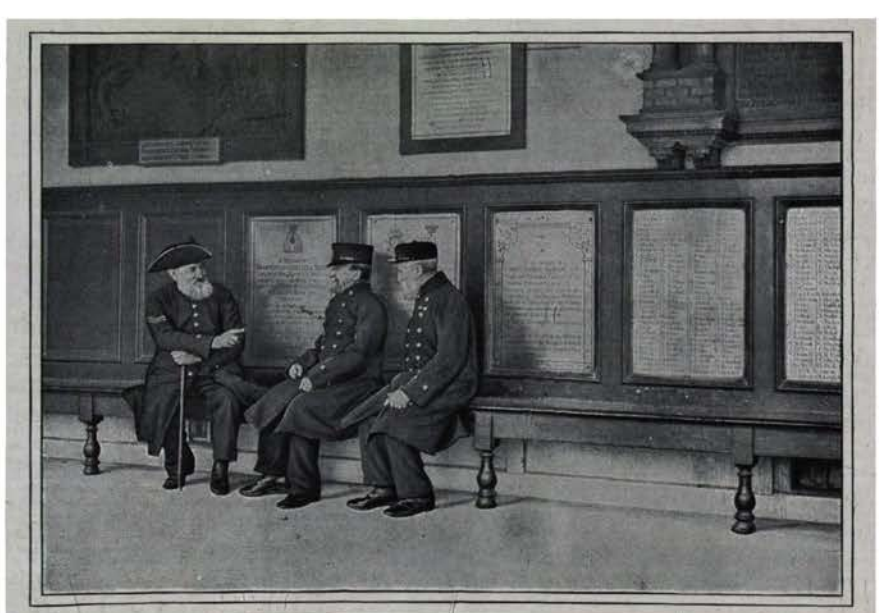
with door, windows, and all complete. Here and there, again, a contemplative old soldier has built him an arbour, and when it is clothed in green and the days are warm he sits in it for hours at a stretch, puffing away at his pipe and musing over the far-distant past.

"Practical" is writ large on yet another class of allotments, since they contain a cucumber frame, a few score lettuce or rows of onions, two or three beds of radishes, a sowing of mustard and cress—"something worth looking after," as your severely utilitarian gardener says. There is an obvious reason for the growing of such crops. They can be turned into money, especially on Sunday, when the shops are closed, and when people living in the neighbourhood cannot go to their usual sources of supply for a "bit o' green stuff for tea."

What more can an old warrior want than a cubicle and a bit of garden at Chelsea? Nothing; and the generality of those who enter the Hospital recognise it and are contented accordingly. Many, indeed, become so attached to the place that they cherish one of the most common delusions of old age—that when "something happens" to them the whole institution must inevitably collapse and fall into nothingness. Ever since the days of the first grandfather the same fallacy has been current.

While, however, most veterans who gain admittance to the institution do not leave it till the end, some discharge themselves in a huff and go back to their old pension. A man may, for instance, get in a coterie where he is chaffed, and may ultimately vow in his haste that he will not stand it any longer. That done, he feels bound, repent his words as deeply as he may, to take his departure. But, whatever the cause may be, very few leave who do not wish to go back again.

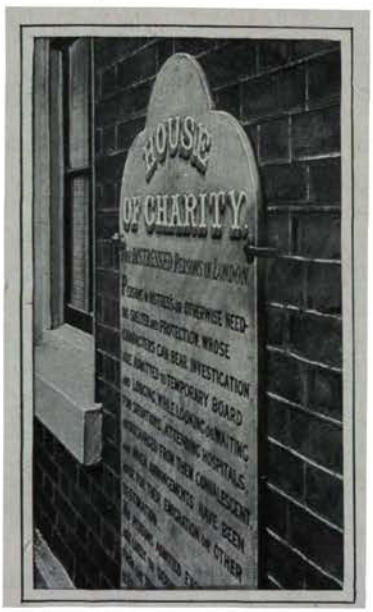
That is not impossible. In fact, some men do return. They send in their application, and, if there is nothing against them, their names are put on the list and they await their turn—wait till the forty or fifty men having prior claims on the institution have either died or been taken in—and then they pass through the gates once more, to remain as long as life lasts.



MEMORIALS IN THE PIAZZA.

LONDON'S HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

By T. W. WILKINSON.



HOUSE OF CHARITY: TABLET ON WALL.

"No man need beg, starve, steal, or commit suicide." Characteristic alike in wording and "display"—for the Salvation Army believes in hitting between the eyes—the placard has been read by thousands of sceptics in the Blackfriars shelter. Some of the *habitués* of that institution certainly would not endorse the proposition as a whole (they would jib at "beg"); but, whatever the professional "dosser" may think, there is less temptation now for a poor houseless wanderer in London to beg, steal, or take his departure to the next world by the cheapest route—*viâ* the river Thames—than ever there was. Never before was the Great City so rich in homes for the distressed. Never before were so many hands extended to raise the man in the gutter.

When De Quincey, ill and faint from hunger, turned from Oxford Street into Soho Square, and sank exhausted on a doorstep, refuges for such as he there were none. Cross this same square now, and at the corner of Greek Street you face the oldest hospice in London. Here is a refuge founded specially for cases like the Opium Eater's. Without, it is not attractive: a large, smoke-begrimed, gloomy building, plainly labelled "House of Charity"; within, there is ample to draw the habitual "dosser" a thousand miles if he saw a million to one chance of enjoying it. Solid, old-fashioned comfort—comfort of the Georgian and early Victorian era—that is the impression that the interior must needs produce. And the table side of the house—decidedly a weak point with many charities—accords with its fittings and appointments. The food is of the best, and is supplied without stint. The Soho Square refuge for the homeless, in fact, is in this respect unique.

Not altogether a blessing to the Council, and still less to the warden of the institution, is this distinction. For all the social wastrels in the Metropolis wend their way to Greek Street, primed with moving tales of unheard-of vicissitudes and armed with testimonials much more interesting than convincing. But against this drawback can be set the circumstance that no other charity of its kind in London benefits so many deserving people. From the connections of royalty to domestic servants, from University men to unlettered hinds—all come to Soho Square. One day—and these are actual cases—a countess gives a poverty ring at

HOUSE OF CHARITY: ENTRANCE.

the door, her pockets empty, her strength exhausted, her hopes and aspirations temporarily gone. On another the cousin of a duke ascends the steps, applies for shelter, and is admitted. The victim of a rascally solicitor—a man who had owned a prosperous West-End theatre—also seeks succour; and a lady who finds her way to the hospice in her hour of need proves to be the granddaughter of an archbishop. Barristers, solicitors, physicians and surgeons, professional men of all kinds, veritable "human documents" many of them, come in a never-ending stream. Tragedy, again tragedy, and yet again tragedy—the same thing is witnessed day after day in the House of Charity.

HAM YARD HOSPICE: THE SOUP KITCHEN.

Since De Quincey took his nightly strolls in Oxford Street, too, a host of other refuges, intended for a different class of destitute people from that fed and housed in Soho Square, have sprung up all over London. Further west stands that admirable institution, the Ham Yard Hospice, and to the east is an equally excellent charity worked on somewhat similar lines, the Field Lane Refuge. The Ham Yard Hospice is above the sandwichboard man's restaurant, the famous soup kitchen. Unlike many London shelters, it has a provincial reputation, because most of the round score of beds it can place at the disposal of the destitute are usually occupied by men who have come from the country in search of employment. Not that it refuses shelter to other unfortunates. No; destitute aliens it takes in, and penniless Londoners, too. But for many years the bulk of its beneficiaries have been "travelling tradesmen." Once an applicant is admitted, the streets, provided his references are satisfactory, have no terrors for him for a fortnight. He is boarded and lodged for that period, and allowed to go out daily in search of work.

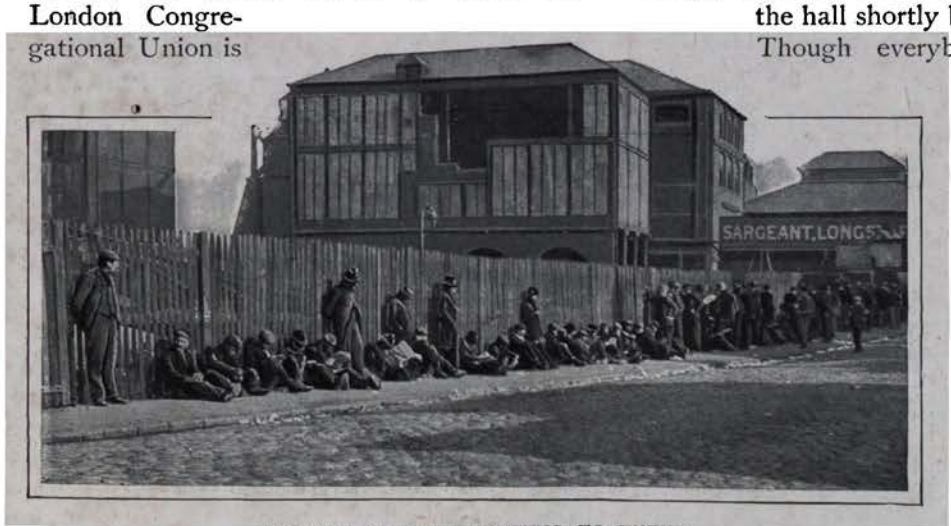
At Field Lane much the same system is in force. For at least fourteen nights the man who is able to satisfy the superintendent of his eligibility for the benefits of the refuge is sure of a bed. As for life in the refuge, the ordinary course of events runs thus: After breakfast—"plain"—come prayers, at nine o'clock. Then, having meanwhile scanned the advertisement columns of the newspapers provided, the inmate makes

a scour for work till noon. At twelve, if he cares to come in for it, is dinner—good meat soup and bread. Another prowl round the streets, and he is back, at five, for the evening meal, which consists of bread and meat and tea. Every day four men are told off in turn to fetch broken food from certain large City warehouses, and it is from this that the soup is made and the meat comes for supper. Other necessary work—as the cleaning of the dormitories—is done by the inmates; but ample time is allowed them for opportunities to work out their own social salvation. In the evening the "Field Laner" attends a meeting in the large room where the Ragged Church service is held on Sunday; and, finally, he is present, with his thirty-four companions in misfortune (the refuge has a capacity for thirty-five men all told), at prayers. The women are subject to similar rules, only they are not expected to be in at midday.

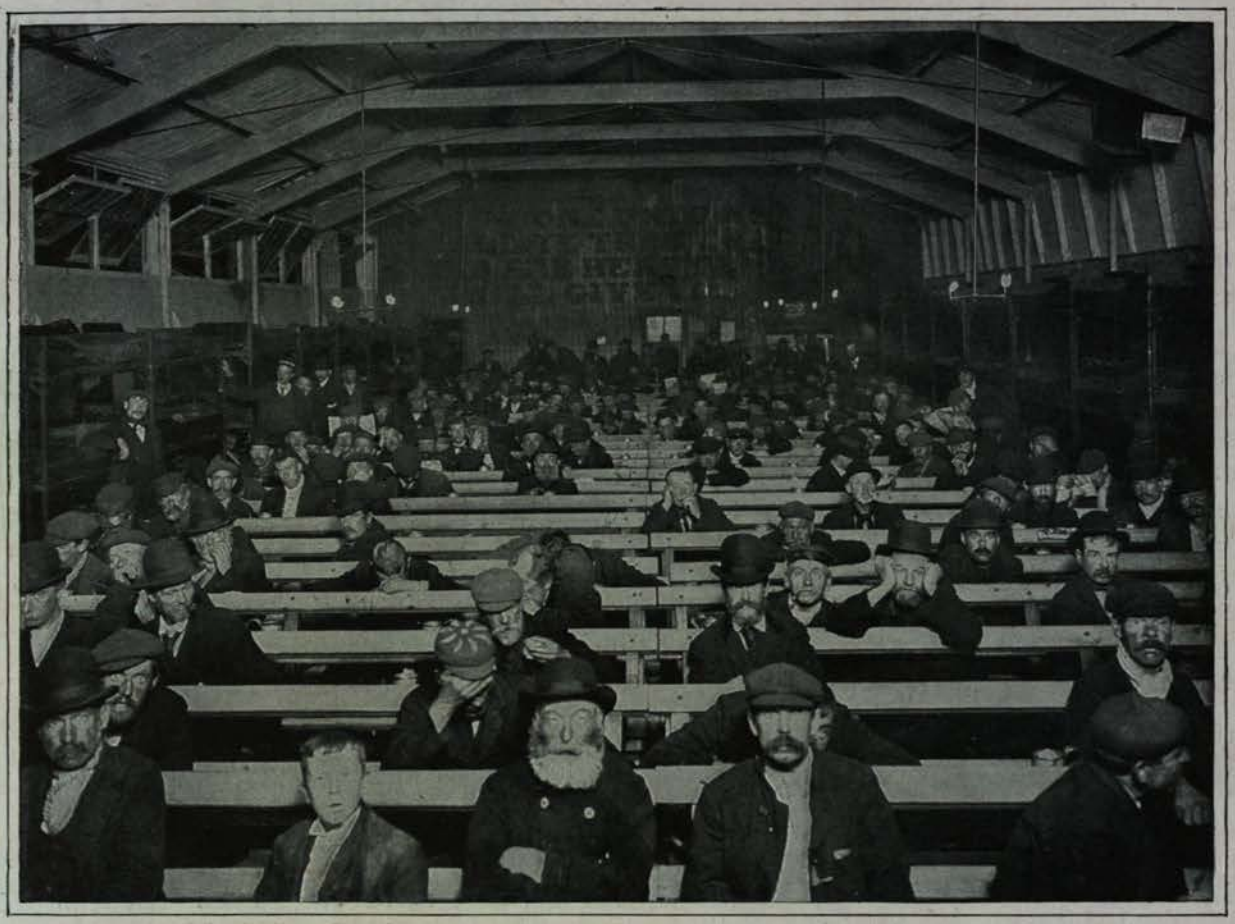
FIELD LANE REFUGE: SUPPLYING COCOA AFTER THE RAGGED CHURCH SERVICE.

Of another class of refuges the Medland Hall, Ratcliff, and the Providence Row Refuge, Spitalfields, are the leading representatives. The first of these institutions, one of the several means by which the London Congregational Union is doing so much good work, is world-famed. Every place of this kind in London has its peculiarity. That of the Medland Hall is cosmopolitanism. Situated on the fringe of London's great waterway, and open every night in the year to all comers, with only such restrictions as are necessary to prevent its abuse, it is a focus for destitute men of all nationalities.

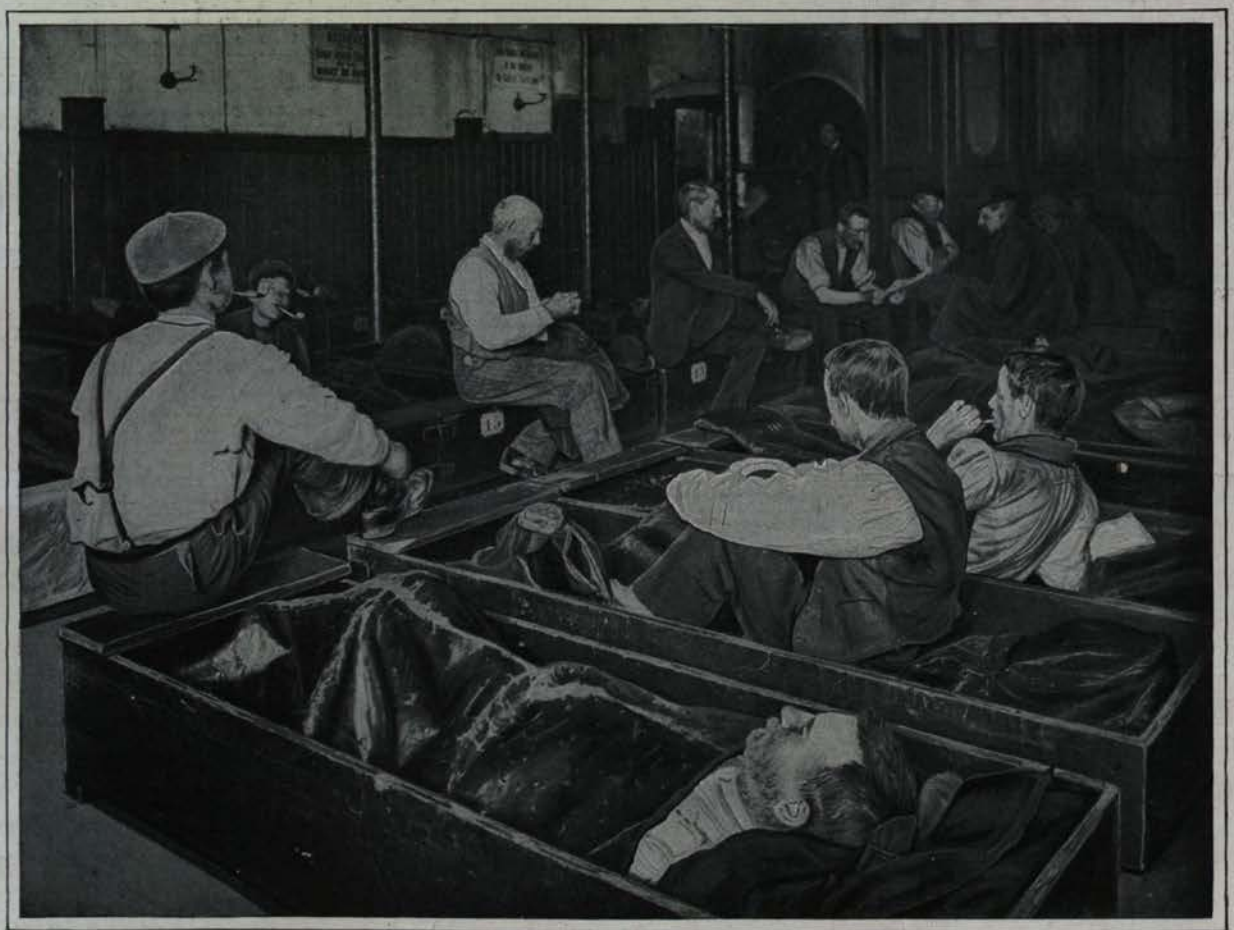
Deeply impressive is the scene in front of the hall shortly before six o'clock. Though everybody knows the time for opening the doors, men have been congregating from all points of the compass for a couple of hours, and now they are drawn up in a queue extending along the east side of the Horseferry Branch Road to Commercial



MEDLAND HALL: WAITING TO ENTER.



SALVATION ARMY SHELTER (BLACKFRIARS): THE "PENNY SIT-UP."



MEDLAND HALL: INSIDE.

Road. Five or six hundred in number, they form a strange string of humanity—a strange string, truly. An unshorn outcast in a faded, rusty frock coat, unmistakably a clerk, one of the City's rejected, rubs shoulders with a burly son of the soil who looks as if he had stepped straight out of Mr. Thomas Hardy's pages. Propped up against the fence, silent and wondering, a negro takes stock of his neighbours, some dozen dockers. Further on stands a blue-bloused German sailor, accompanied by his two boys, on whose fair, innocent faces anxiety and curiosity are singularly blended; and still nearer the door there is a Spanish seafarer. Other aliens there are in plenty, and as for the rest, who shall attempt to describe them, even in catalogue fashion? Take a fact that speaks volumes in this connection. Two bunks—only two—were occupied in a single year by 317 different visitors, among whom were Americans, negroes, English sailors, firemen, engine-drivers, clerks, blacksmiths, printers, grooms, coach-painters, bricklayers, shoemakers, etc. One of the inmates was a well-educated young fellow from Cork. On the fifth night of his stay, having meanwhile written to Ireland, he received a telegram: "Money forwarded. Come home at once. Father dying."

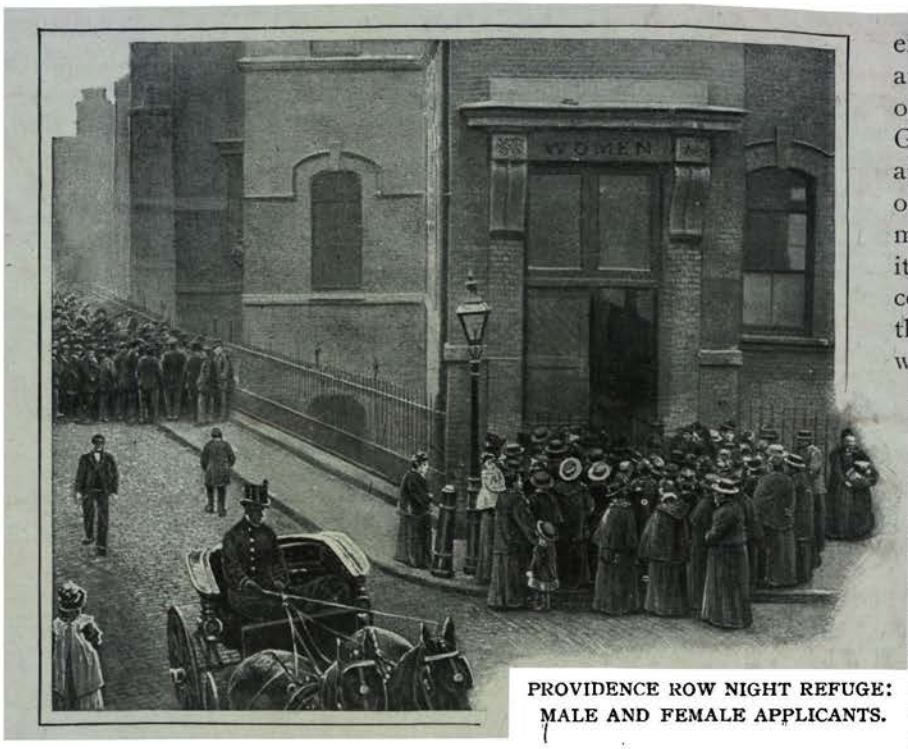
Also included in the three hundred occupants was an old bluejacket who, when he drew his pension, walked along the file in front of the hall and gave each man a penny. This was an act of true generosity, and in the annals of the institution it does not by any means stand alone. The superintendent tells of a not less gratifying incident that deserves to be recorded to the credit of human nature—of a labourer who turned out at four o'clock in the morning to look for work, and who, having succeeded, returned a week later with three shillings "to help some other poor chap."

Pass now through the hospitable doors of the shelter. It is still a few minutes short of the hour of seven, and yet every one of the 450 bunks it contains has been allotted. Men with admission tickets—which are available for six nights, or rather seven, since Sunday is not counted—have been let in first, and the remaining space has been filled by the new-comers. All applicants, whether admitted or not, have been given a substantial lump of bread-and-butter. Scattered over the building, the fortunate ones are making the most of their respite in the bitter struggle with cruel fortune. Some are wolfing their bread-and-butter with eloquent voracity, and, as Macaulay said of Johnson, "swallowing tea in oceans," to enable the men to make which beverage a prodigious quantity of boiling water is ready when the hall is opened. Tea? Something hot in many cases—something concocted from leaves already brewed and double-brewed in a cheap cook-shop. A few men are busy in another way. Here and there heads are bent over

A "HALFPENNY" BARBER.

boots that seem beyond all possible redemption, and trousers in the last stage of shockingness are being patched with infinite artistic care—an operation for which cloth cuttings are supplied gratuitously. But the majority of the men are so tired and footsore with perambulating the endless streets that they are already in their shallow bunks. A touching picture, and yet a pleasing one withal, for the poor fellows are temporarily contented, in spite of their past sufferings and of the darkness of their present outlook.

And now a word concerning the bunks, which at Medland Hall are practically identical with those in the Salvation Army shelters and several other institutions of the same kind. They are wooden frames in line on the floor and having inside a bed



PROVIDENCE ROW NIGHT REFUGE: MALE AND FEMALE APPLICANTS.

of dry sea-weed encased in American leather, with a coverlet of the same material.

Comfortable, as contrasted with an ordinary bed, the bunks are not; but clean, free from anything that will irritate or harm—yes. Getting into a bunk is like getting between two icicles, so little attuned is American leather to the human skin. Presently, however, owing to its non-porosity, it makes the body unpleasantly warm, and occasionally, moreover, sticks to it, with the result that the "dosser" may next morning carry away something like the remains of a porous plaster on parts of his frame where porous plaster was never voluntarily put by mortal man. And yet nothing could well take the place of American leather, which, let its faults be what they may, has one supreme merit. It is easily swept, washed, and disinfected. Besides, there is, after all, a way of preventing it from sticking to the body. Here is the "dosser's" recipe. Gather some paper, such as the contents bills of evening journals, while on the way to the shelter, and lay it between the American leather and your nobility.

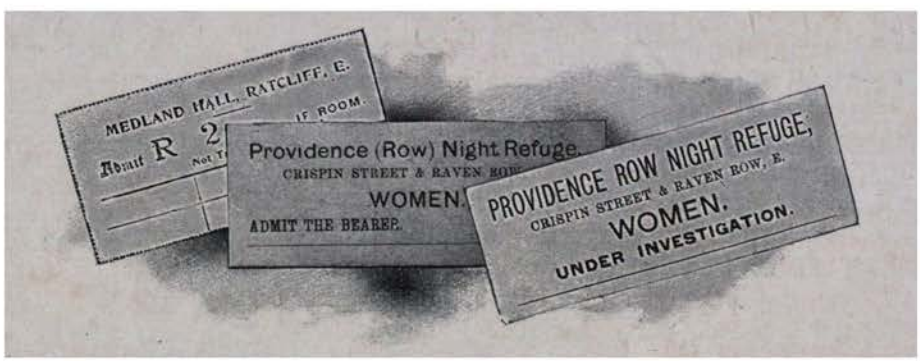
Brightness, comfort, perfect order, and system—these are the characteristics of the Providence Row Night Refuge, familiarly known as "The Dormitory," which owes its existence to the zeal and abounding charity of the late Rev. Dr. Gilbert. The doors are opened at five o'clock. Fifteen minutes later it is full; it has received its complement of about three hundred men, women, and children—not all out-of-works or the dependents of such, but unfortunates of many kinds. Of late the inmates have included several women unable to find room to live. In one case a man, his wife, and six children dragged out a miserable existence for seven years in two rooms. Eventually the sanitary authorities stepped in and ejected them for the obvious reason, namely, overcrowding. Where could they go then? The woman could not afford to pay rent for three rooms; she was not eligible for the workhouse; so she applied at the refuge, where she and her family were admitted.

At night the large building is one of the sights of charitable London. The men's sitting-room, with its inmates reading, smoking, and conversing as if the world went pretty well with them; the corresponding part on the female side, where women are knitting and sewing and their children are gambolling about the floor; the well-fitted lavatories (one in each section), in which there is every convenience for personal cleanliness, notably a monster foot-bath two or three yards long, and being used by a dozen inmates simultaneously—all this is delightful to witness, and differs essentially in some respects from ordinary shelter life. It is a cut above that. The food allowance night and morning—bread and a basin of capital cocoa—is also superior to that usually given in large institutions of this class. Yet an inmate can remain for three weeks—longer than the limit in any other charity easily accessible.

After a man has stopped at all the free shelters—and these, if he take them in the proper order, may provide him with food and lodgings for at least two months—there are still the Salvation Army shelters between him and the street. Twopence procures an itinerant, male or female, a bunk at one of these institutions; while, if even that modest sum cannot be "knocked up," recourse can be had, by men only, to the "Penny Sit-up" at Blackfriars, the cheapest lodgings in London.

Rightly understood, the "Penny Sit-up" is the most remarkable feature of the homeless side of London, not so much because of what the ordinary visitor sees as of what he does not see. He carries away a mental picture of a large shed, of row after row of backed forms, occupied to their fullest capacity by men in all stages of squalor; and, if he is there about midnight, of the inmates bent forward on their seats, with their heads resting on their folded arms, which are supported in turn by the backs of the forms in front of them, all, or nearly all, are fast asleep. That is the surface aspect of the "Sit-up"; and it is sufficiently pathetic and suggestive to haunt one for weeks afterwards. But the depths—oh, the depths! You can find men in the "Penny Sit-up" who have slept in the Salvation Army shelters, shifting about from one to another, every night since they were opened. A pitiable object who has done so once told me, in circumstances that gave him no reason for lying, that he had had thirteen years of the pavement and the gutter—an eternity of misery, surely. You find there, also, "merchants" who not only retail by half-pennyworths such commodities as broken pork pies, sausage ends, and the sweepings of the ham and beef shop counter (twopence a packet is the wholesale rate), as well as "hard up," which consists of cigar and cigarette ends gathered in the streets, but also supply coats, boots, shirts, and other articles of clothing to order. If a man can afford to spend fourpence or sixpence on such a luxury as a coat, and bespeaks one from a shelter huckster, it is delivered the following night, and it is never more than a couple of inches too wide across the back, either. The dealer, of course, acquires the article by one of the oldest of arts, begging, and perhaps brings it from some remote suburban solitude. Here, too, we see the "barber," who, for a halfpenny, will do all that is necessary to a fellow "dosser." Sneak thieves, again, are by no means unknown in the "Penny Sit-up," though they have not so much scope there as in the more select parts of shelters. In all Living London there are no deeper depths than those which can be plumbed at Blackfriars.

On the whole, then, the Metropolis is not ill supplied with homes for the homeless, and comparatively few of those who form its flotsam and jetsam are not benefited by one or other of them, while every year hundreds are by their aid given a new start in life. When a man once gets into the gutter in London it takes something very little short of a miracle to raise him up again; but the annals of the City's shelters prove that the thing is done nevertheless.



ADMISSION TICKETS.

LONDON'S DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS.

By ELIZABETH L. BANKS.

MADAME SMARTLY'S establishment is in the vicinity of Bond Street; Miss Stitchem's place of business is near Clerkenwell Green. At the entrance of the Bond Street apartment one sees the sign "Madame Smartly — Modes" engraved on a highly polished plate, very tiny and elegant in its inconspicuousness. In the window of the place near Clerkenwell Green, the legend "Miss Stitchem — Dressmaker" is painted in huge, uneven, black letters on a large piece of cardboard almost the size of the window-pane. At Madame Smartly's are mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling. At Miss Stitchem's the only looking-glass is a small one hanging on the wall.

JUDGING THE EFFECT.

At Madame Smartly's, Lady de Blank, when she is trying on her new frock, can see her reflection from top to toe in the mirrors by simply looking. Indeed, she could see herself if she were twice the height she is—and Lady de Blank is a tall and willowy woman, too! Not only does she see her length, but she sees, without difficulty, her back, for the mirrors are so arranged that she can view any part of herself or all of herself without any trouble whatever. She has but to look and behold. At Miss Stitchem's, Miss 'Arriet 'Obson, notwithstanding the fact that she is a diminutive young woman, less than five-feet-one in height, has all sorts of difficulties in arranging the glass so that she can see her face and the beginnings of her waist at the same time; and when she desires to see for herself just what sort of a "hang" Miss Stitchem has imparted to her skirt, Miss 'Obson mounts a chair, and thus is enabled to see the bottom of it in the glass, although, of course, she cannot then see anything of her face or her waist or her hips.

At Madame Smartly's there are thirty girls at work. Eight of these young women will have been employed, each in her turn, at her own speciality, on the wonderful Drawing Room gown ordered by Lady de Blank. At Miss Stitchem's there will be only one pair of hands and one set of fingers at work on Miss 'Arriet 'Obson's dress. Lady de Blank, a day or two before the Drawing Room, will call on Madame Smartly, so that—preparatory to making her curtsey to the Queen—her gown may have the finishing touches put to it by one of the assistants. Surely it *is* an artistic creation, and well worth the bill of eighty guineas which Lady de Blank will receive some time during the year.

The silk petticoat is veiled with net, and over this is the cream-coloured French needle-run lace, with short satin strappings in the front and long strappings reaching to the bottom of the skirt in the back. There is also a paste trimming which sparkles among the lace. The silk bodice is covered with the lace, with pearl passementerie about the low neck, and the waistband, which is very high at the back, is of beautiful Parma violet satin. Then the train—which, later on, can be turned into a second gown—is of deeper Parma violet velvet, edged with lace, and lined with a pale Parma violet to match the waistband. Then come the feathers and the veil.

Miss 'Arriet 'Obson will not get a properly made-out bill at all. When she goes to Miss Stitchem's to fetch her newly-made frock away, she will be told that the price for making, as previously agreed, is five shillings, and that as she forgot to provide sufficient cotton for the sewing there is twopence-halfpenny more for that; and, oh! Miss Stitchem had to get two more yards of braid at a penny-three-farthings a yard, which makes threepence-halfpenny, and so she is owing Miss Stitchem in all just five shillings and sixpence; and Miss Stitchem will probably say, though she herself was the maker of the frock, that she never saw Miss 'Obson look to better advantage.

Madame Smartly is what is known as a "Court Dressmaker"; Miss Stitchem lives in a street that is really so narrow you could scarcely call it a street, and so, I suppose, she might be called an "Alley Dressmaker." On one particular point I am positive, and that is that Miss Stitchem is the cheapest dressmaker in the Metropolis. At any rate, if there is one cheaper, I have been unable, in a search of many days, to discover her!

TRYING ON A HAT.

Not far from Madame Smartly's, Lady de Blank may stop her carriage in front of the millinery establishment of Mesdames Swagger and Swell. It is much easier to order a hat than a dress. On entering she sees one hat, or several hats, that she likes. She receives the bows of many good-looking young shop-women, and a special and particular bow from Madame Swagger, who is handed a hat by one of the young women and places it upon the head of Lady de Blank. Then a tiny exclamation of "Oh!" from Madame Swagger, and the hat comes off. Just a bend or something in it has made my lady's whole face look awry, because hers is not the style of face for the hat, and Madame Swagger sees directly what the defect is. Ah! here is another, which is tried on; but oh! that particular shade of pink, bordering on the magenta, will not go with Lady de Blank's complexion, and Madame Swagger hastily grabs a bit of rose-pink and

holds it up to my lady's head, hiding the magenta.

"That is the shade for your ladyship," says Madame Swagger. True! So it is! Madame Swagger is an artist—just as much of an artist as the painter who depicts on canvas a scene or a face in which the colours blend into each other to make the wonderfully harmonious whole. And Madame Swagger is not only an artist: she is an artist who has made her name. She takes the magenta velvet from the hat, substitutes the rose shade, and sends the hat to Lady de Blank with a bill for seven or eight guineas. Remember, please, there are ostrich plumes on that hat, gloriously curling, wavy plumes, which may be recurled twenty years hence! And then, Madame Swagger must be paid for knowing that Lady de Blank should not wear magenta, and she must be paid for her name, too.

While Lady de Blank's carriage is rolling along Piccadilly, come you with me down Shoreditch way, and I will show you where Miss 'Arriet 'Obson can buy a hat for three shillings and sixpence-farthing. There it is, in the window of a little shop, across the doorway of which you may read, "Headway and Topling—Ladies' Hats and Bonnets." But do you say that Miss 'Obson might do better to buy a naked hat and the trimmings separately and trim the thing up herself? But why should Miss 'Obson take all that trouble when here, in this very shop window, there is a notice which says, "No Charge for Trimming Hats and Bonnets, Materials of which are Bought Here." So into the shop let Miss 'Obson go, and she will find a rather pretty brown straw hat for sixpence three-farthings. Three yards of another shade of brown ribbon—a shade that will harmonise nicely with the brown straw—she will get for threepence a yard. It is satin on one side and cotton-back. She will find four "ostrich tips" for threepence three-farthings apiece, and three sprays of flowers with leaves at twopence three-farthings each. There's a sparkling buckle for three-halfpence, and the hat lining to go inside of the crown will be a penny three-farthings. A young woman trims the hat while Miss 'Obson waits; and Miss 'Obson, paying three shillings and sixpence-farthing, carries her hat home in a paper bag.

From the contemplation of Miss 'Obson and her paper bag, let us go back again to the West-End and into our carriage and away to the house of Mr. Fitly.

Mr. Fitly is a man dressmaker. Does not Shakespeare say that "the apparel oft proclaims the man?" Well, that is the way with all the garments that are made at the house of Fitly: they oft—or, rather, they *always*—proclaim the man dressmaker. Mr. Fitly's windows are large, but he tells you, with adroitness and shrewdness worthy of a woman, that his creations are shown inside, not outside! That is right—Mr. Fitly is an artist. He sometimes spends hours and hours in designing his gowns; and why should he put them in a window to be badly copied by would-be rivals?

When our carriage stops before Mr. Fitly's door, a boy in livery, with "Fitly" on his hatband, turns the handle for us and escorts us into the presence of the great dressmaker. He leads us into a large room, presses a button, and immediately we seem to be surrounded by duchesses—handsome, tall, graceful, stylish. They approach us, then float away. They toss their heads, move their arms and elbows aristocratically, look beautiful and self-possessed. Ah! if Mr. Fitly could only make us like unto those duchesses! A wave of the hand, and the duchesses disappear. They are but model-girls, employed by Mr. Fitly to spend several hours a day in putting on and off his gowns for the inspection of his patrons.

If we like any one of those model dresses, he will build us one in exactly the same style, or bring about such alterations as our particular make-up demands. His cheapest tailor-made gown will cost twelve guineas; but he does not confine his genius to tailor-mades—he will manufacture any sort of frock that the heart of woman may desire. Seated at a table is a young lady who is a lightning sketch artist, and will design a gown on paper in three minutes. If it is a handsome reception gown it may cost us forty guineas, but when we get it on, it will to all and sundry "proclaim the man," *i.e.* Mr. Fitly, and to have it known that one is dressed by Mr. Fitly is supposed to make any normal woman reasonably happy.

FINISHING TOUCHES.

What do you say? You have the most beautiful twelve-yard bit of crêpe-de-chine, with your linings, etc. etc., that you desire made up? Come with me by 'bus to Madame Suburbia (she is really an Englishwoman), who does business at Walham Green. She is one of the "ladies'-own-materials-made-up" dressmakers, and very smart and clever she is, too, for she spends one day of every week going about "stealing styles," as she vivaciously puts it—that is, looking into the West-End shop windows to see what is the very latest, and then going home and copying the things for her customers at the price of thirty shillings or two guineas, they supplying their own materials.

MODELS BEFORE A CUSTOMER.

Are you in a great hurry to order a dress and to-night's dinner at the same time? Jump into a hansom, and come to an establishment where you will find a limited company, ready to take your order for dinner, fish, fruit, salad, meat and all, on the ground floor, and then, a flight or so up, which flight you take in a lift, you will find seated at a table the firm's own special artist, who will render you valuable assistance in the ordering of your next week's "party dress." What would this smart young woman suggest for, say, twenty-five guineas?

"Ivory white lisse, tucked from the waist down, frills at hem of lisse and satin mingled, headed by jewelled embroidery. Might not the corsage be of tucked lisse to correspond with berthe of jewelled embroidery? Lined with very good silk, of course, madam; and you say you have some lace of your own? Yes, madam, we *could* do it for twenty-two guineas! I would advise you, madam, by all

means to have the tucks running in the way I have said, because you are not tall. They will add greatly to your height!"

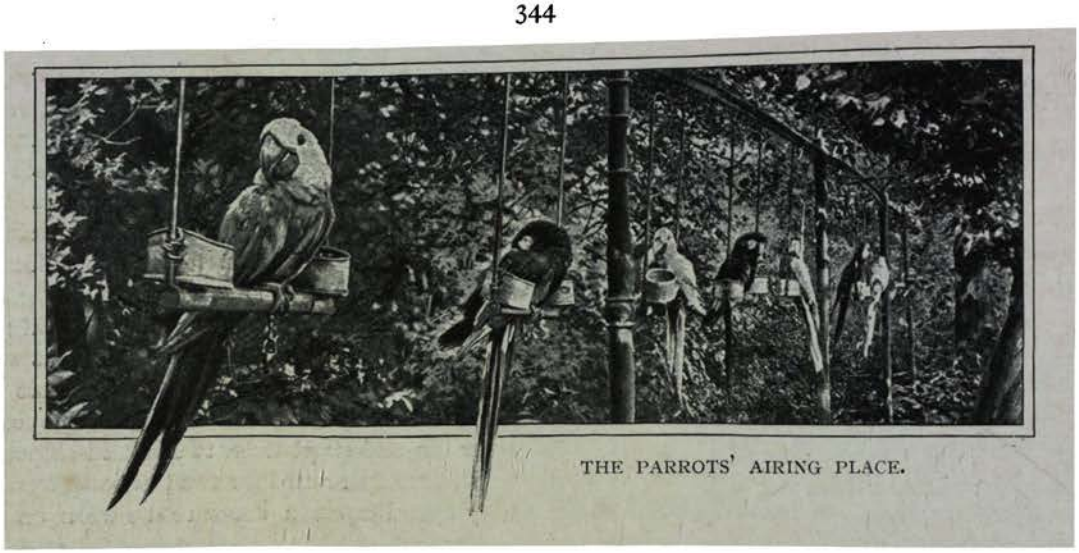
Ah! This particular young woman is an artist, just as was Madame Swagger, the milliner, who knew at a glance that Lady de Blank must not wear magenta! She has quickly noted that you are short, and she uses her wits in designing a gown to make you look tall. It is for these "little things," which are, after all, such very big and important things, that one must pay.

Here comes the costermonger girl, aspiring to a new hat and dress for Derby Day! She will not patronise Miss Stitchem, of Clerkenwell. Not she! She belongs to one of the "Clothing Clubs" of the East-End, paying her shilling or shilling and sixpence every week, till there comes the time when she desires twelve yards of purple velveteen and a glorious ostrich feather. Think you she will wear the threepenny three-farthing tips which delight the heart of 'Arriet 'Obson? No, indeed! If she has not already put enough money into the "Clothing Club" to cover the cost of the velveteen and the plume, she can get them just the same, promising to continue paying in her weekly instalments. So for the velveteen she considers two shillings and a penny-ha'penny a yard not too much; and for the plume, what is twenty-five or thirty shillings? They will put it in the hat at the "Clothing Club" for her, or she can do it herself, and then she goes in search of Miss Cutter, who, perhaps, resides near Tottenham Court Road, and will make up the purple velveteen for fifteen shillings and sixpence.

Your house-parlourmaid and cook will not pay quite so much for dressmaking as will the coster-girl. They find dressmakers in the East-End and the West-End who consider ten-and-sixpence or twelve-and-sixpence a satisfactory reward for the time and trouble they spend upon a dress to be worn on an "afternoon out."

What money it costs, what time it takes, what work it gives, this clothing of the female portion of Living London! Even dowager-countesses find pleasure and profit in the millinery business, and the modern Madame Mantalini may frequently be seen nowadays in London, keeping up appearances for her devoted, dependent Mr. Mantalini out of the profits of dressmaking! Thanks to them all, from Madame Smartly near Bond Street to Miss Stitchem of Clerkenwell, the women of London may all be clothed, most expensively or most cheaply, or for a moderate price.

IN READINESS FOR DERBY DAY.



THE PARROTS' AIRING PLACE.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

KING VULTURE.

HIDDEN away in the green recesses of Regent's Park, where a stranger might consider himself in the country were it not for the dull roar of Living London, the Zoological Society has its magnificent collection of between two and three thousand animals in palaces, pens, and ponds, scattered over a space of thirty odd acres of land. This enormous crowd, representing the wild life of every corner of the earth, gives employment, direct and indirect, to more than one hundred persons, and is visited annually by considerably over half-a-million people.

The Society was founded in 1829, and now consists of something like three and a-half thousand Fellows and Corresponding Members, the former of whom are able to exercise the privilege of free admission to the gardens during any day of the week, and are in addition supplied with a liberal number of tickets for the use of their families and friends.

Sundays are reserved exclusively for the benefit of Fellows and their friends, and during what is known as the "London Season" the Zoo forms one of the favourite resorts of fashion and beauty. The hot dusty days of July and August, however, work a complete change, and, as soon as the class whose pleasant lot it is to bask by the sunny sea or drink in the heather-scented air from the purple mountains of the North has taken its departure, Sunday tickets are handed over to servants and others.

Monday is the great day of the week at the Zoo. The price for admission is then lowered from one shilling to sixpence for adults; and cockneys and countrymen alike take advantage of the concession and jostle shoulder to shoulder in one gazing, wondering, happy crowd.

The keepers start work at six o'clock in the morning during the summer months, and an hour later in the winter. Sweeping out the yards and houses, as shown in the illustration on the opposite page, and preparing the day's rations for the animals are amongst the early morning duties of the men. Animals intended for food are slaughtered in the gardens, and great care is taken that all such creatures shall be in a healthy condition and capable of walking to the shambles.

Some idea of what it costs to feed such a huge menagerie may be gathered when it

is stated that the meat and forage bill for one year mounts up, according to the Society's annual report, to over £4,000. It would be even greater were it not for the amusement visitors derive from feeding many of their favourites. For instance, the Bear that is here shown on the pole and its companion are seldom fed by the keepers during the summer months, and at the time our photograph was taken the larger of the pair of bruins occupying the pit was too fat to climb the pole. He was extremely selfish, however, and, when he saw his companion getting what he evidently considered more than his share of buns, flew into such a wild paroxysm of rage that he bit himself until the blood flowed down his shaggy coat.

Bears are the most arrant cadgers, and one old Grizzly, dwelling next to the Polar Bear's den, has learnt a trick which does great credit to his intelligence. He has discovered that one of the bars of his cage has a little play in its fastenings, and when he sees a visitor coming along he slips a paw beneath it and by gently working the piece of iron up and down produces a loud tinkle, which hardly ever fails to attract attention or earn a share of the buns and biscuits so much beloved in Beardom.

AT THE BEAR PIT: REACHING FOR A BUN.

The liberality of visitors armed with paper bags full of provisions often far outruns their knowledge of the feeding habits of the creatures on whom they attempt to confer a dietary favour, and it is laughable to watch a grown and apparently educated man gravely offering a Golden Eagle a penny bun or a Kestrel Hawk a milk biscuit.

It is sometimes difficult during the dark winter months to induce many of the feathered members of the collection to take an adequate amount of nourishment. They will not feed unless they have sufficient daylight to do so by, and when a London fog suddenly enwraps the Metropolis in its inky folds many of them mistake it for night and retire to roost.

If any of the animals are taken ill they are not, as might be supposed, removed to some building in the nature of a hospital, for if they were, the effects of removal and new surroundings

SWEEPING OUT THE WILD GOATS' YARD

READY FOR A MEAL.

would retard rather than expedite recovery. The sick creature is, therefore, coaxed by all sorts of ingenious devices to take its food.

If a specimen dies and its dissection is considered likely to lead to anything in the nature of an enlightening discovery in regard to the disease which has proved fatal, its body is straightway conveyed to the Prosector's operating chamber, and, in the case of a large animal, opened by a staff of experienced assistants. When the Prosector has made his *post-mortem* examination, which sometimes lasts three or four days, he communicates the result of his researches to the members of the Society in the form of a lecture.

The greatest feat in dentistry probably ever performed on a huge animal was accomplished by the late Mr. Bartlett, who removed one of the upper tusks of the old male Hippopotamus, the father of the one shown in the above illustration. To obtain this picture my brother, Mr. Cherry Kearton, was obliged to accompany the keeper into the yard whilst I stood outside listening to the remarks of a much puzzled crowd of men and women, who could not understand why the monster's mouth was being photographed. By and by a brilliant idea struck an old woman at my elbow, and she explained the situation to the satisfaction of her friends by saying that the photographer was a dentist engaged in measuring the Hippopotamus for a new set of teeth.

Animals have their little moods just like human beings, and very small happenings will ruffle their tempers. The old Hippopotamus referred to above is a very fickle jade. In the ordinary course of things she will, when lying under water in her tank, come up to breathe every two minutes on an average, but if any alterations or repairs are being done close by she "turns nasty," as the young keeper puts it, and will remain under water for more than double that time. The elder keeper says that he has known her disappear absolutely for as long a period as twenty minutes.

The most popular animal in the menagerie is undoubtedly the Elephant, whose wonderful

MICK AND HIS KEEPER.

trunk, great size, strength, docility, and intelligence appeal powerfully to the youthful imagination. What child could go to the Zoo and come away happy without having had an Elephant ride? It would be *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out; and some idea of the extent to which this amusement is indulged in can be formed when it is stated that a single animal has been known to carry eleven hundred children upon its back during the course of one day. I stood

AT TWOPENCE A TIME.

by one afternoon whilst the Elephant walked ponderously between the landing stages with its freight of passengers, and was amused at a youngster who refused to quit his seat until one of a crowd of admiring aunties had bought him "another ticket." He had already indulged in four Camel rides and his second or third on the Elephant, and was still gaily extracting twopenny tickets from his feminine relatives when I left.

In the Lion House the great members of the Cat-tribe dwell. Here is Kruger's Lioness, looking sad and solemn as if the chequered incidents of history weighed heavily on her. Not far away a shaggy-maned monster, such as we are accustomed to see in pictures typifying Britain, lies stretched on his side fast asleep with an admiring crowd of schoolboys gazing proudly at him. A Tiny Tim, all there but the long scarf, perches on his father's shoulder at the back of the crowd and says, "Yes, that's 'im, dad, that's 'im what bit Livinstin' in my book," and the momentary gleam in his sickly little eyes testifies his satisfaction at having met an old travel-book friend in the flesh.

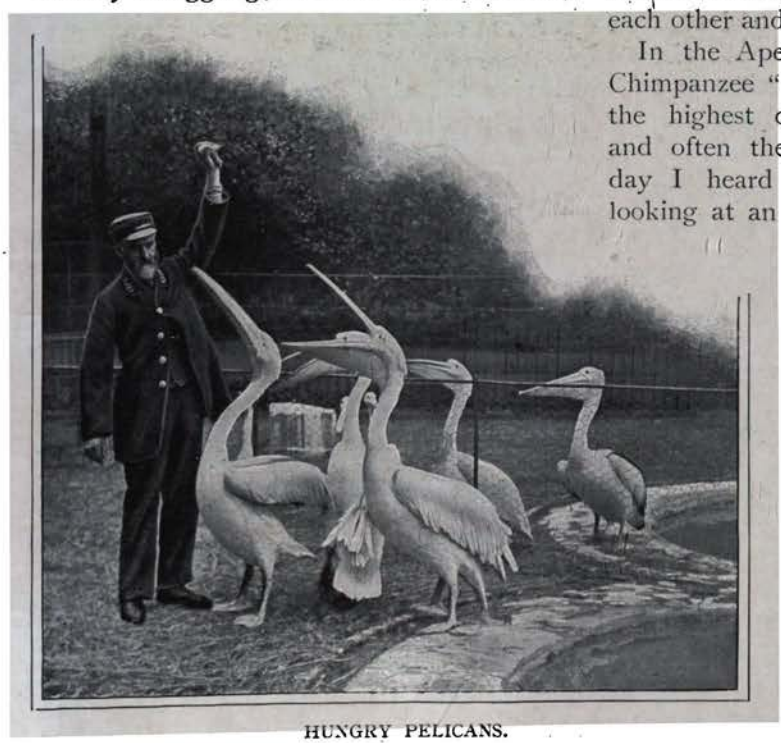
Nearly all maneless Lions are mistaken for Lionesses, and the signs of sex on the name-card fastened in front of each den are not understood by one person out of every hundred, judging from the remarks overheard whilst standing by. It is here one sees the budding Landseers at work. An artist told me that whilst engaged upon a life-sized picture of a tiger's head, the animal caught sight of its finished eye on the canvas, and after gazing with rivetted attention upon

it for several seconds flew into a great rage. And from my knowledge of the peculiar influence exercised over wild animals by anything in the nature of an eye, I do not think the gentleman was exaggerating the verities of his brush. It is not every artist, however, who, after setting up his or her easel in the Lion House, can paint an animal like the gentleman in question, and, judging from what one occasionally sees, some of them are deeply guilty of the eternal human weakness of trying to dodge the elementary drudgery of their craft and attempting to paint before they have learned to draw.

The Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Jaguars, and other animals are fed during the summer months at four o'clock in the afternoon, and just before that hour visitors may be seen streaming from all quarters of the gardens to see the great cats gnaw their meat and listen to the deafening roar of the king of beasts who gives tongue by way of grace. Two other interesting scenes are the feeding of the Pelicans and the Sea-lion.

The Monkey House supplies the real fun of the fair at the Zoo, and it is here one sees the supreme happiness of childhood—especially if someone has eluded the vigilant eye of the keeper and succeeded in surreptitiously smuggling a reel of cotton into one of the large cages tenanted by a number of small monkeys. On such an occasion I have heard the building ring with peals of delighted laughter at the droll tricks the nimble little fellows in the cage played with each other and the unravelled thread.

MUZZLING A VICIOUS ALLIGATOR.



HUNGRY PELICANS.

In the Ape House, where the far-famed Chimpanzee "Sally" used to dwell, is found the highest degree of animal intelligence, and often the dryest of human wit. One day I heard a little boy exclaim whilst looking at an Orang Outan, "Oh, ma, isn't he like a working-man?" and an elderly lady express a wish that she might be able to "stay for ever with the dear creature."

Mick the Chimpanzee, occupying poor old Sally's quarters, is said to be as intelligent as his deceased kinswoman, and when one watches him feed "the baby" (a younger member of his species living in a cage close by) with a spoon there is not much room to doubt the assertion.

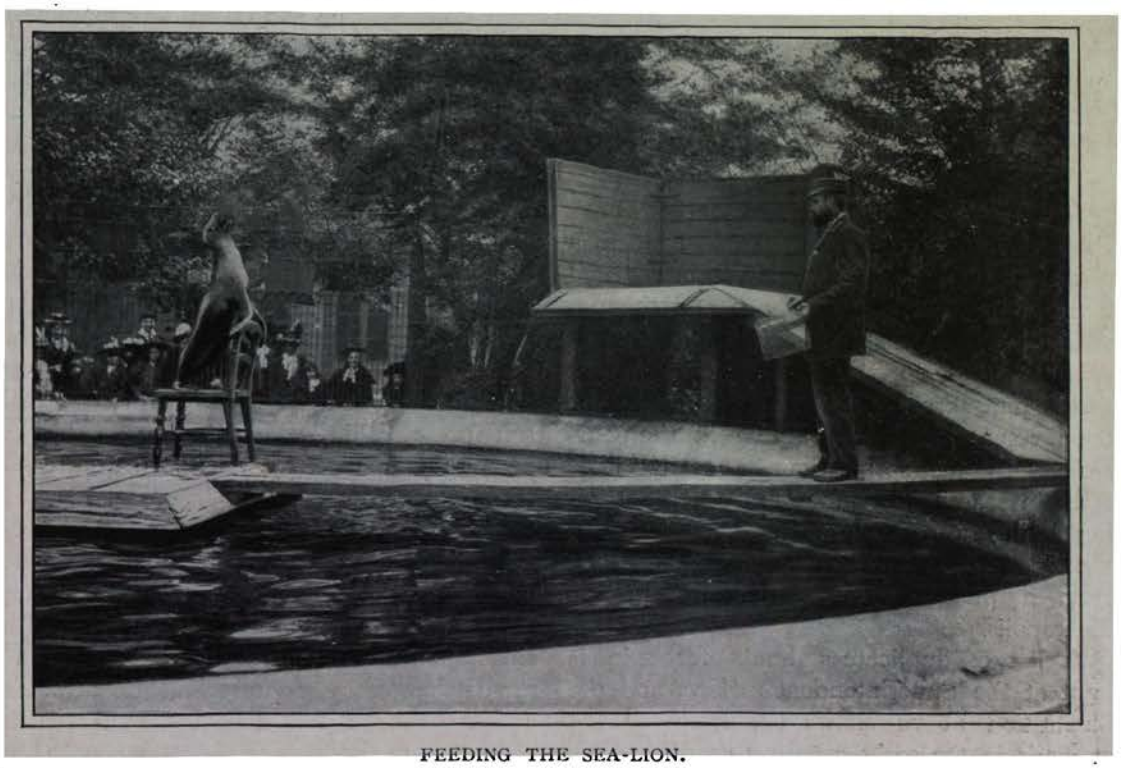
The King Vulture—of which a photographic reproduction is given on p. 344—attracts a good deal of attention during the summer months (when he and his companion are on view) by reason of his beautiful fawn or cream colour, which renders him the handsomest bird of his family.

The animal which has been longest in the Gardens is the Indian Rhinoceros Jim. He has lived there since July, 1864.

The stock of specimens is constantly being replenished from four sources—gift, purchase, exchange, and breeding; and it is surprising when one comes to examine the history tablets on the pens and dens how many of the specimens have been born under our dull English skies.

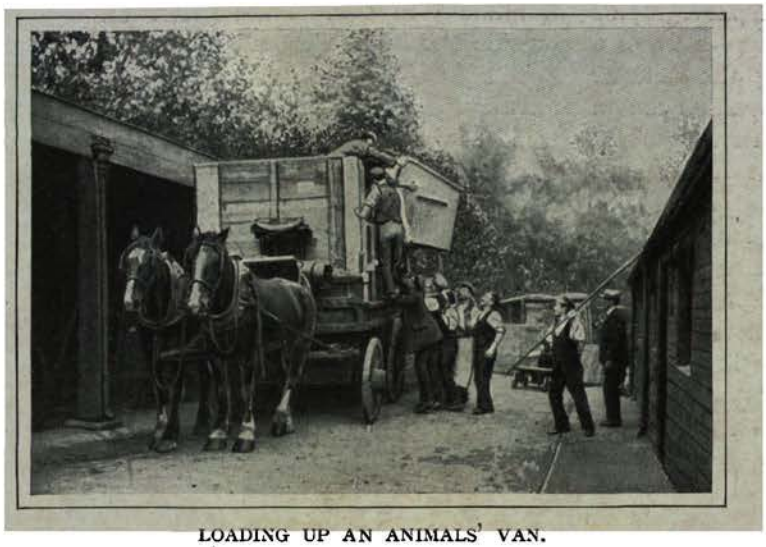
On rare occasions animals have succeeded in escaping from their cages in the Zoo, and in one instance a monkey that had gained its freedom had to be shot because it terrified the Antelopes to a point of danger which rendered this drastic course necessary. Small feathered specimens have from time to time been stolen from the Parrot House, and on one occasion a Bell Bird was abstracted by some cruel miscreant who wrung its neck. During suitable weather a number of Parrots are given an airing outside the house devoted to these birds.

The head keeper told me one day, in answer to an inquiry, that the animals are wonderfully quiet at night time. During the autumn months the birds listen to the cries of migrants flying over lamp-lit London on their way to the sunny South, and cock their heads on one side as if trying to detect their friends passing high overhead. During his nocturnal rounds of inspection, this gentleman once had the great satisfaction of discovering how the Giraffe disposes its abnormally long neck whilst it sleeps, namely, by lying it along its side, and resting its head in the hollow between the front of the thigh and the ribs.



FEEDING THE SEA-LION.

Some of the specimens in the collection are very spiteful towards their fellow captives, and the best places to witness the bullying cowardice of the strong when their interests clash with the weak are at the Wolf Lairs and the Reptile House. Old Alligators sometimes turn vicious and kill younger and weaker members of their species. They have in consequence to be muzzled and put under restraint, as shown in our illustration on the opposite page.



LOADING UP AN ANIMALS' VAN.

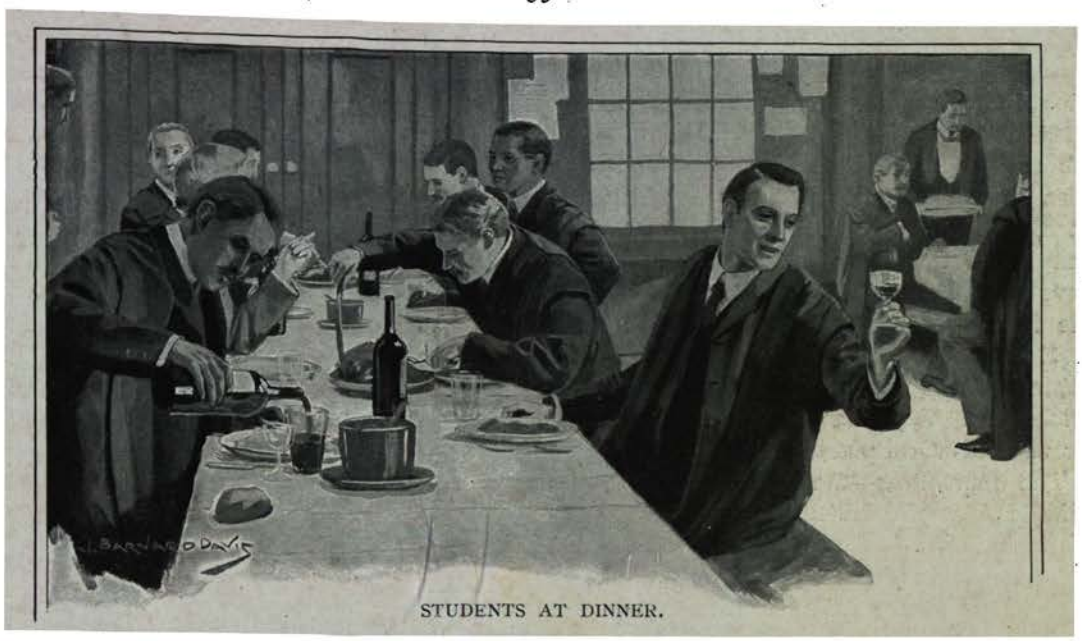
About twenty years ago, when Regent's Park could shake hands with the open country, numbers of Reed Warblers bred every summer in the Gardens; and the unwelcome visits of Wild Duck rendered it difficult to keep the species on different ponds pure bred. A Raven and a Magpie have voluntarily come to live in the Gardens. In the spring-time the latter goes forth in search of a mate, and upon returning builds a nest close by the Zoo. The former bird in all probability escaped from a private cage somewhere in the Metropolis.

A list of duplicate animals for sale is kept at the Superintendent's office, and the illustration above shows the keepers hard at work in the early morning sending away a vanload of superfluities to the docks to be shipped for Calcutta. New animals that have just arrived after a long voyage are often taken in while the average citizen sleeps.

The keepers are without exception the most amiable set of men I ever met in my life. In spite of the Secretary's admirable "Guide to the Gardens," and the plans and printed notices scattered up and down the grounds like daisies on a village green, the poor fellows are pestered to death by questions which are fired off at them incessantly from early morn till dewy eve. When a man can answer with pleasant politeness the same inquiry half a dozen times in as many minutes, and the question contains a strong element of absurdity, I reckon he has succeeded in chaining down a great part of the old Adam within him. A strange thing is that visitors will repeatedly ask for something which was removed before even they themselves were born from where they expected to find it.

When the summer is over and gone, the military bands cease to play in the grounds on Saturday afternoons, the Elephants and Camels discontinue giving happy children rides upon their backs, many of the waitresses are discharged by the refreshment contractors, and a sense of forgottenness, so far as the public is concerned, settles down upon the great menagerie.

A SIESTA.



STUDENTS AT DINNER.

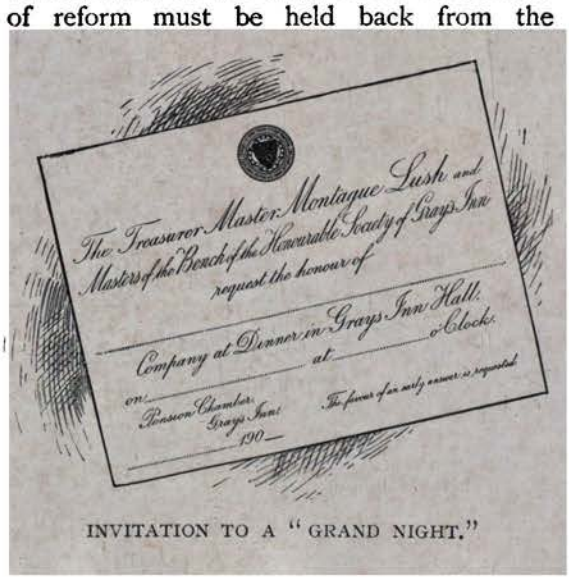
WIG AND GOWN IN LONDON.

By HENRY LEACH.

THERE is nothing in all London or in London life which is so essentially of itself and of naught else as Counseldom, the small uneven area on the boundary of the City where stalk in sombre wigged and gowned dignity the men of higher law. The Middle and Inner Temples, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn are the Legal Quarter in a fuller and more complete sense than that in which any other little piece of the great Metropolis is claimed by any other profession.

We talk of the machinery of the law, by which we usually mean not so much the minor engines which work the police and county courts and bring about the conveyance of property in good and proper order, as the greater, heavier, slower, and more rattling instruments which drive the King's High Courts of Justice. Then, every little pulley, every ounce of steam, every drop of oil, which make this machinery work, are manufactured here in this Legal Quarter. Parliament and the people supply the raw ingredients; the Inns do all the rest, and do it in a grandiose spirit of autocracy. They supply the judges, from the great Lord Chief downwards; they supply the King's Counsel, and the barristers of lesser and lesser degree, to the humble, patient, and often weary "devil," and they are breeding up always within these their own preserves a new brood of the wigged and gowned species, who in good time will themselves carry on the great work of judgment-making at the standard rates of anything up to a thousand guineas a time—or more.

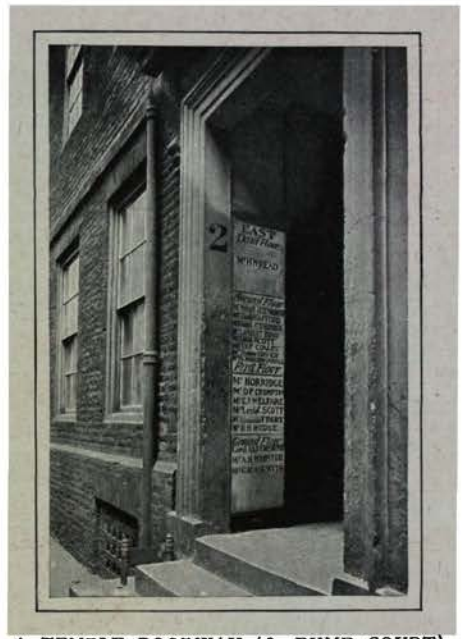
For nothing must be held so intact as the conservatism of the law. Great movements of reform must be held back from the


The Treasurer Master Montague Lush and
Masters of the Bench of the Honorable Society of Grays Inn
request the honour of
Company at Dinner in Grays Inn Hall
at o'Clock
on
Pension Chamber
Grays Inn
190
The favour of an early answer is requested

INVITATION TO A "GRAND NIGHT."

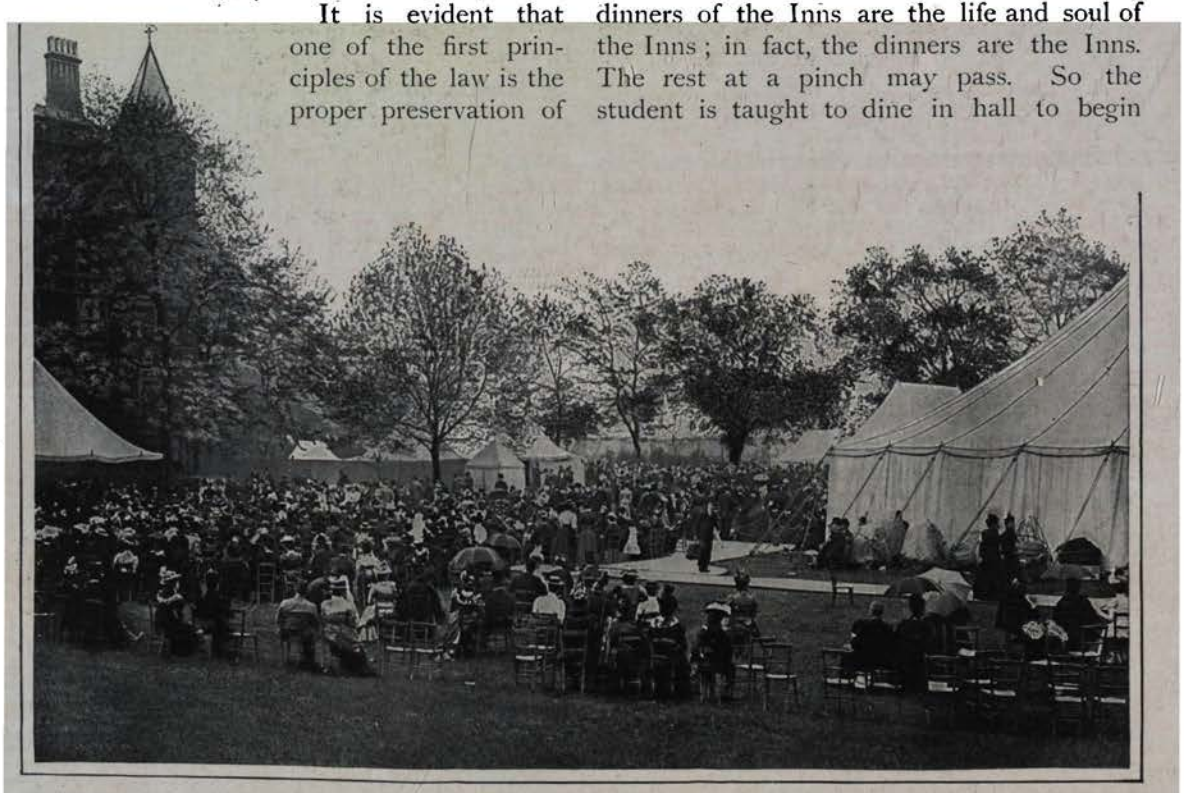
ponderous wooden gates of the Inns of Court; and, within, the whole legal family must in a very large professional sense lead the recluse life. Counsel may indeed be born in the Inns, they may grow up in the Inns, often enough they live altogether in and make the Inns their home; and they have been known upon occasion to die in the Inns, and thence be gathered to their legal fathers. Thus may they run the whole gamut of the life of law amidst the dirty bricks and tiny dusty windows of these strange old-world places.

The four Inns—the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's, and Gray's, as aforementioned—all amount to pretty much the same thing at the finish, standing in somewhat the same relation to each other as do the Universities. The student of law may enter his name at any of them and rise to the Bench. A man chooses his Inn, pays a guinea for a preliminary certificate, and, with or without a preliminary examination, according to circumstances, he is "admitted." Enter now the student into the life of the Inns, and into the study of all the forms and customs which appertain to the legal dinner.



A TEMPLE DOORWAY (2, PUMP COURT).

It is evident that one of the first principles of the law is the proper preservation of self, and it is instanced in the dinners of the Inns. It is their theory and their practice to turn from labour to refreshment with a soul-satisfying regularity, and there is a suggestion that any preponderance of attention should be on the side of the refreshment. The dinners of the Inns are the life and soul of the Inns; in fact, the dinners are the Inns. The rest at a pinch may pass. So the student is taught to dine in hall to begin



A TEMPLE FLOWER SHOW.

with. He must go on eating and eating, till in the fulness of time he becomes, almost as a natural consequence, a barrister.

Dining in hall is somewhat of a stately if light-hearted affair. The hall itself is an impressive place. There are huge oaken beams and beautiful carvings and there is a wealth of space along and above which produce a great effect. Everything is old, solid, and of the best; and one feels somehow that these noble apartments have gone on and will go on increasing in their splendid worth like wines of a rare and exquisite vintage. So he who dines in the hall of, say, Lincoln's Inn, remembers it. The speakers' voices, revelling in such rare acoustic properties as are here, glide from front to back and from side to side, with the clearness and resonance of bells, floating in their course past the large and handsome paintings on the walls of the legal lights of other days, heroes themselves of a thousand triumphs in elocution at the Bar, eaters themselves of the maximum of dinners in hall.

GOSSIP IN THE COMMON ROOM.

Lo! the first entry here of the student—unsophisticated, eager. He comes on his first night and takes his place at the very last mess in the hall. Each mess consists of four students, ascending in seniority, so that when the students have run out, the barristers begin and rise with age and wisdom along the hall, till at the end in presidency is the senior barrister of the evening. The mess customs differ at each Inn; but perhaps the one which has preserved most completely the traditions of the remote past is Gray's, where the senior of the mess drinks to every gentleman present during dinner, mentioning each one by name, only the students being given the "Mr." prefix.

In all the Inns except the Middle Temple each mess carves for itself. The fare is good, but not elaborate. There are soup, meat, sweets and cheese. When there is no soup there is fish instead, and, in deference to the considerable Roman Catholic membership of the Inns, fish is served on Fridays. The meal costs two shillings or half-a-crown per student, the former price ruling at the Middle Temple and the latter at the Inner, and as each student is entitled to half a bottle of claret or port it cannot be considered expensive. Here it may be incidentally mentioned that on Call nights and Grand nights the allowance of wine is increased to the extent of two bottles per barristers' mess, and one bottle per students' mess. In the glorious days of old at Gray's Inn four bottles used to be allowed per mess on Great Grand Night—occurring in the

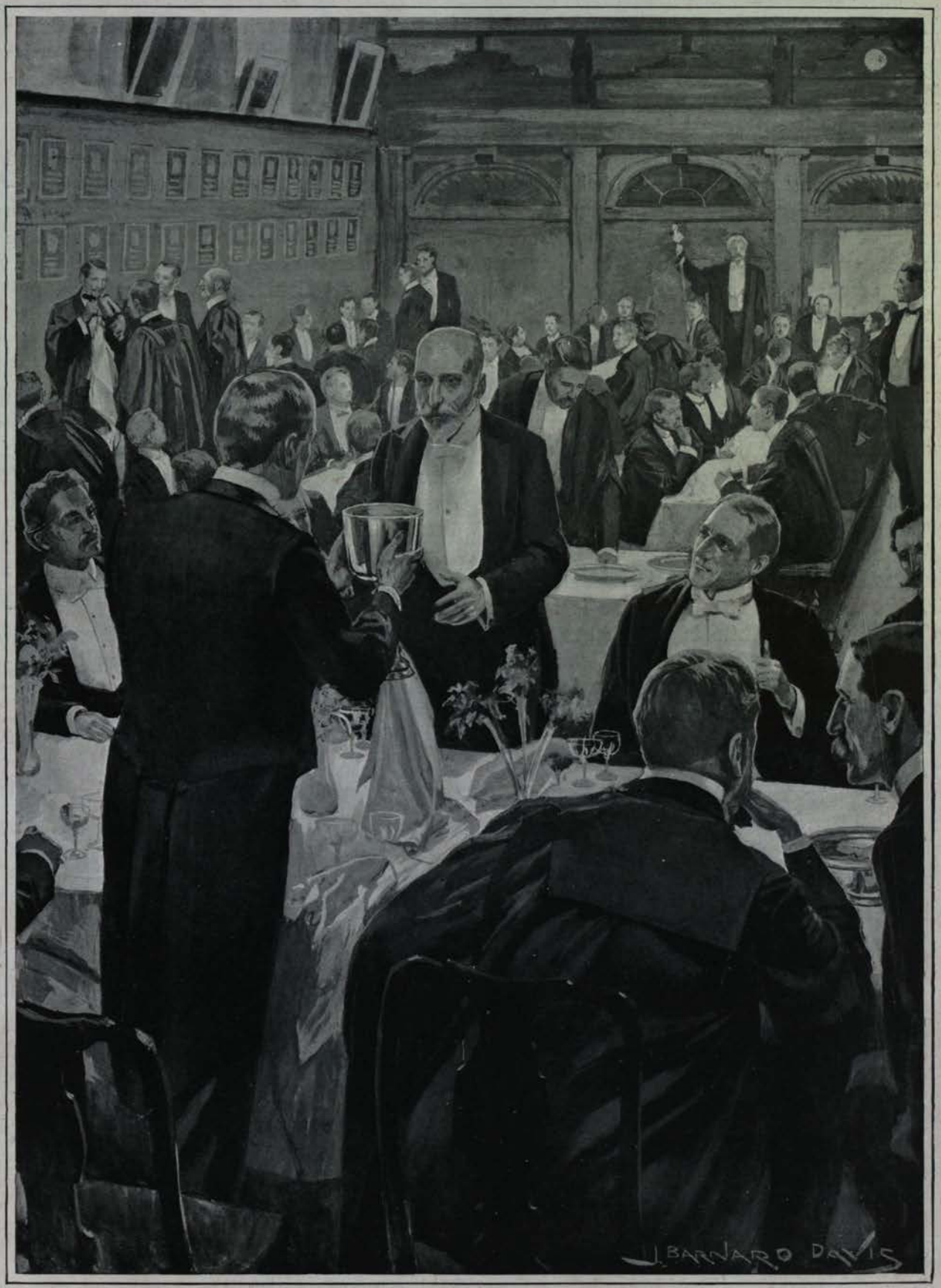
Trinity term—but reason was found for a reduction.

These dinner details are not irrelevant, for, as I have indicated, the story of the Inns and of the legal life is to be told in dinners eaten. Meanwhile, the student is reading, and perhaps attending a few lectures, and in due course of dinners and exams. comes the night which will be for ever memorable, the Call Night, when the student is the student no longer. At the Inns the ceremonies of Call Night differ; but in each case the men are "called" before dinner and before the Benchers of the Inn. In the Middle Temple they are "called" in wigs and gowns, but elsewhere in gowns only. It is a great night, and one which the young barrister bloods feel should be "kept up." In the Middle Temple they have the special privilege of asking their friends to a Call party within the hall itself after dinner. Where the Inn does not recognise the need for a comprehensive conviviality, it is safe to say that a Call party is almost invariably held in the chambers of some barrister friend in the Temple or north of it.

Of the glorious deeds which have been performed on these occasions, when spirits are high and discretion is at a discount, there are many stories told. Thus now and then, after such a party, it is noticed curiously enough that the knockers have been removed from the doors of every adjacent set of chambers. The barristers who reign within are mightily offended, and a report is made to the Benchers, who govern the Inns. But Benchers are very, very human. Dreams of days of their own when youth had its fling are conjured up, and a reflection is made upon all the possibilities of "judicial ignorance," as sometimes exemplified by that great master of it who was once Mr. Justice Hawkins. Therefore, say the benevolent Benchers, they do not know what knockers are, and as for Call parties, no such things are recognised by the Inns, and therefore no members of the Inn could have been guilty. With no knockers and no Call party the case of the complainants falls to the ground. The ex-students receive a gentle hint that the knockers should be put back, and then the peace and goodwill of old reign in the Inn once more.

The Grand Night is a grand and most popular institution. Then the Benchers and the highest dignitaries of the law foregather with the barristers and students in their Inn and invite outside guests to dinner, often the most celebrated lights of other professions. It is strange that only solicitors are barred, an exception being made in the case of the President of the Incorporated Law Society. The City Solicitor has also been a guest. An invitation to Grand Night should never be refused. The dinner is good, the wines are excellent, and a stately decorum mingles with happiness and goodfellowship as the Benchers sit after dinner and drink wine with their guests. And, best of all, there is a strict rule of "No speeches," broken, as far as one can remember, only once, and that was when the King as Prince of Wales proposed the health of the late Lord Coleridge, Treasurer of the year, as far back as 1888, a circumstance which prompted the eminent lawyer to say, in response, that David was right when he said, centuries ago, "Put not your trust in princes." On these occasions the students sing songs to the accompaniment of the band in the gallery; at Gray's we see the passing of the loving cup, and the quaint drinking to the toast of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess" (good friend of the Inn that she was); and all is pleasantry and contentment.

The Inns are largely residential. The records show that between three and four hundred persons live in the Temple. One Member of Parliament has lived there for over twenty years, and there are several popular K.C.'s—and some married ones—who abide there during the week. Very few barristers live in Gray's Inn, which has become quite a solicitors' quarter. Chambers in the Temple are comfortable enough for the bachelor, and they are cheap as London chambers go, for two or three panelled rooms—not to mention quite a large number of rats—may be obtained for £60 a year. There are housekeepers to make small meals, and if the resident is a member of the Inn he may obtain lunch and often dinner in the Common Room. But not all the names one sees in rows above each other on each side of the doors leading to the gloomy stone steps and thence to the oaks of the occupiers betoken



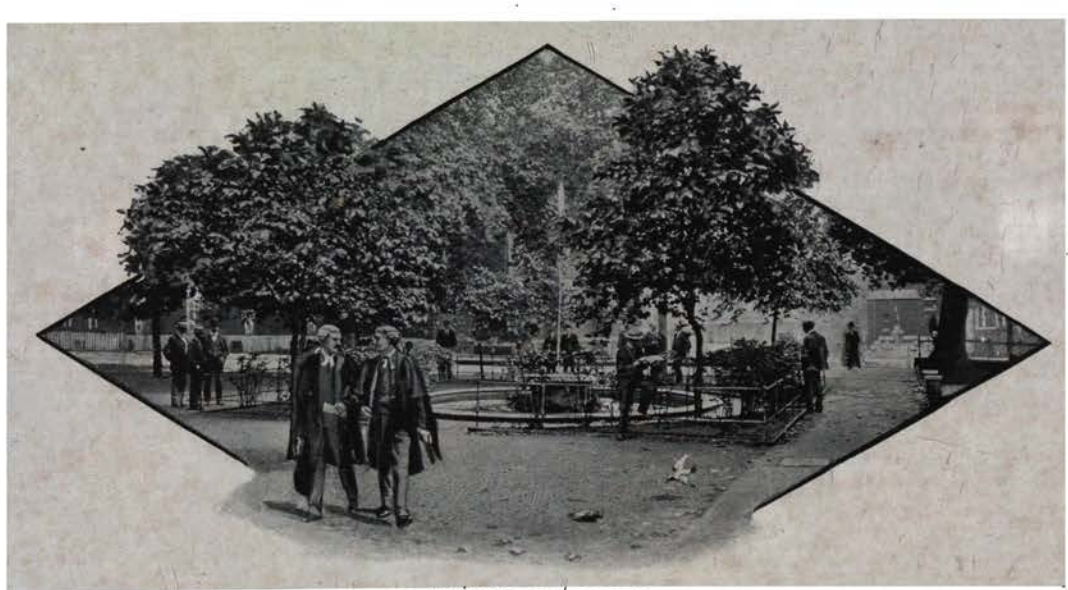
A "GRAND NIGHT" TOAST, GRAY'S INN.

"To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess."

actual residence—for even that of the Lord Chief Justice may be found at 2, Pump Court. The fledgling barrister is frequently poor enough in the world's goods, and works by night in Fleet Street for the living that the law does not afford him. For the advantage of him and others there is often posted up in the side windows of those old-fashioned wig shops in the Temple, amongst the advertisements of chambers to let, one which indicates that a person may secure the privilege of having his name painted on a door for a comparatively trifling annual charge.

The tragedies of the Inns—the life stories of men who have come enthusiastic to the profession of the law, and have utterly failed—would fill as many pages as are contained in a complete set of Law Reports. There are about eight thousand barristers, and only about one in eight is making a living. Amongst the juniors £2,000 to £3,000 a year is a large income. The life of the successful counsel is, of course, a glorious one. He is an idol of his Inn, a favourite in the Courts, a lion in society, and, most likely, an occasional debater in Parliament. When there is a vacancy on the Bench his name may be mentioned, and in the fulness of time, if he thinks the dignity of a judgeship is worth the price that will have to be paid for it in loss of fees, he may go up. Not every leading counsel can afford to be a judge at £5,000 a year.

So do students, counsel, judges, come and go, and so life at the Inns in wig and gown is lived and will be lived. Terms begin in a hurry of activity and end again, and the Temple sleeps through the Vacation. Like most other things it has its seasons, and its fairest is in the summer term, when ladies in light muslins may be seen flitting through the squares and alleys or along King's Bench Walk; when athletic counsel indulge in tennis on the green lawns; and when for a day or two the Temple Flower Show is one of the attractions of a London season. Then, too, the Americans and the country sightseers ramble about. They take their guide books with them into the rare Temple Church, and they wonder that there can be such a peaceful spot in the heart of London as where the fountain plays and the birds twitter in the trees round about, while loungers and nursemaids sit on the benches listening.

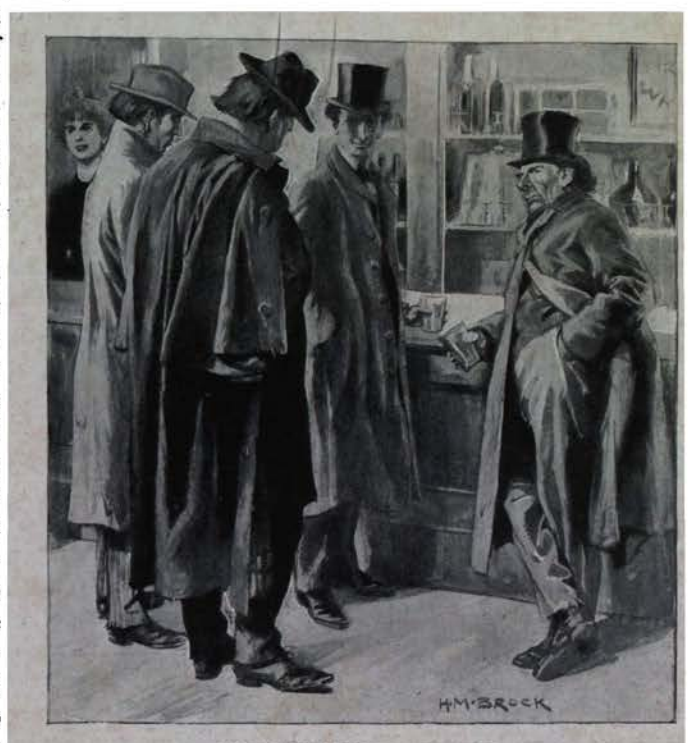


IN FOUNTAIN COURT.

LOAFING LONDON.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

IT is in London that the loafer attains his proper perfection—even the perfection of specialisation. The country hand in most trades—cabinet-making and cobbling, as well as loafing—is commonly perforce something of an "all-round man," and because of that fact, though a practitioner of broader experience, he fails to reach the specialised excellence of the Londoner in a single department. Out of London the loafer is rarely amenable to classification: he loafs how and where the hour's mood may lead him, dependent on an inborn instinct to keep him within gentle hail of fluid refreshment; and he is apt to fail of interest because of a certain sameness and lack of character.



THE THEATRICAL LOAFER.

But in the capital the principle of division of loafing is carried far: the East-End loafer differs in professional style from the loafer of the West; the Fleet Street loafer, the park loafer, the theatre loafer, the sporting loafer, the market loafer—all have their departments, their particular manners, their views of the world and of their own vocation, craft, or, as perhaps one should rather say, mystery. It is a fact that may easily escape the notice of the casual observer, who is deceived by certain characteristics common to loafers in general—such as exterior grease and a convergence toward fully licensed premises.

Few indeed are the loafers who carry the label of their department plainly and visibly upon them; but among them, perhaps, the theatrical loafer is chief. Not the mere loafer about theatres, who is but a variety of the general loafer, but the loafer with a pretence to the appearance of an actor or a music-hall performer. He is in fact rarely either, but commonly belongs to the class of loafers who attach themselves as parasites to divers trades and professions; having the secret of somehow extracting a precarious living from a calling without working in it. So that when the corner of York Road was the chief hiring market in the "show" business (it has fallen from its estate of late), and since, in many places near the Strand, it was easy to observe the theatrical loafer at his best. Indeed, a thoroughfare in the Strand district has been informally rechristened "Prossers' Avenue" in his honour; the substantive "prosser" being derived from the verb "to pross," which is to persistently obtain liquid refreshment at the expense of anybody but the "prosser."

The theatrical loafer may not be an actor

THE CLUB LOAFER.

—often is not one, in fact—but in that case he is at pains to look more like one than the real thing. No real actor has so blue a muzzle, so heavy a slouch, nor such an amazing cock of the hat; and no real actor —except a very young one—obscures his speech with so much "gagging" and "fluffing" and "ponging," and the like technical slang. By his talk—and he will talk as long as you will minister to his "prossing"—you will judge him a genius of astonishingly long experience on the boards, reduced to his present pass by disgraceful professional jealousy and unscrupulous oppression. He will talk familiarly of "Fred" Leslie, "Johnny" Toole, "Teddy" Sothern, and even, if he judges you green indeed, of "Alf" Wigan, "Bob" Keeley, and "Jack" Buckstone. Sometimes it is possible that he may have seen some of the men he speaks of thus companionably—may even be an old actor who, through long idleness, has degenerated into a loafer, and is well content to remain one; though it would be unsafe to assume anything of the kind.

It is at times a little difficult to distinguish the loafer from an unfortunate actor who is really looking for work; but he is, in fact, a far cleverer man. The poor actor works hard and cannot get a living from the stage; the loafer never works at all, and yet somehow he lives, and it must be conjectured that the living comes, in some obscure alchemic way, from the stage. I have sometimes supposed that he may be a theatre charwoman's husband, or perhaps a dresser's. In any case there he loafs and "prosses," blue-faced, greasy and seedy, but with an air and aspect not to be described; not smart, not knowing, though intended to be both; but always aggressively suggesting the stage he has never stood on.

There are two other sorts of loafers who have in many ways a likeness to the theatrical loafer—the art loafer and the Fleet Street loafer. The art loafer we see less of nowadays than we did. Painters keep to their studios more and leave taverns alone, so that the loafer finds access difficult. He was (and is, in his survivals) a harmless loafer enough, and I almost think he must have some little income or allowance. Perhaps he, too, has a wife to keep him. He is less of a sponge, I fancy, than most other loafers, and though he can neither paint nor draw, he can wear a shapeless felt hat, an uncombed beard, and a seedy caped cloak, and he can talk studio "shop"; which things seem to satisfy his ambition well enough. I think he is near extinction.

But for the Fleet Street loafer something like immortality may be predicted. He has no distinctive uniform like the art loafer's. He is easily distinguishable, however, from the dock, market, or average East-End loafer by the fact that his dress, deplorably worn, damaged and greasy as it may be, has in cut and material always some faint pretension to gentility, always some hint of better days. The tall hat may be badly gone at the brim, may show traces of old cracks and knocks; but it has been oiled or tallowed streakily for months, even years,

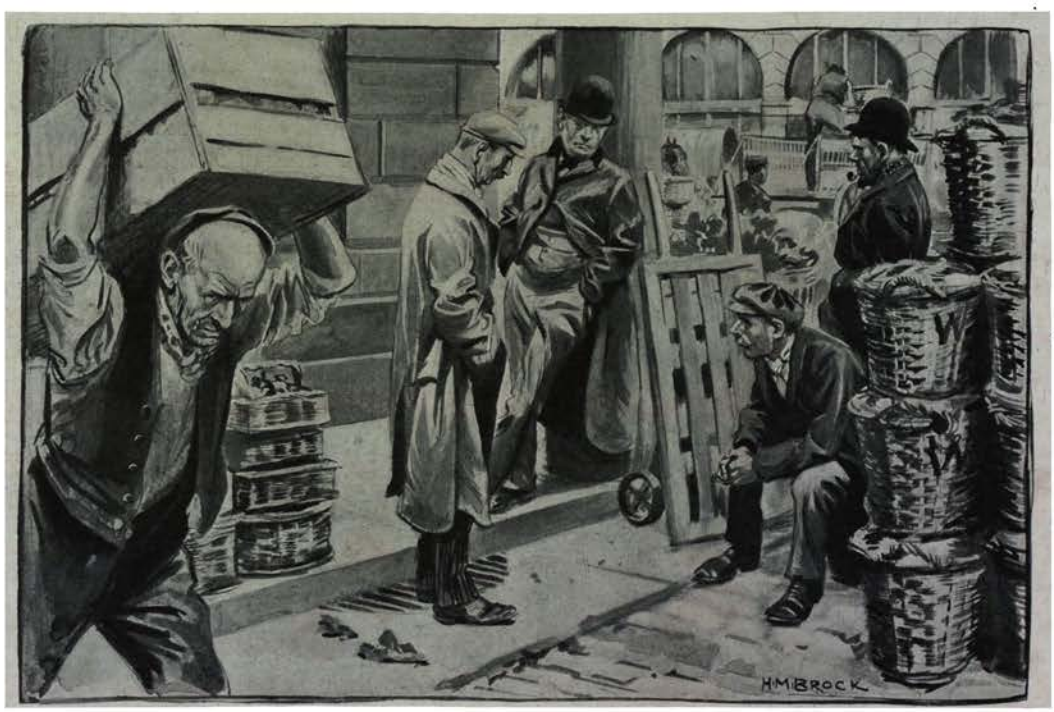
and perhaps of late has been anointed with something cheaper even than oil or tallow; and, moreover, it *is* a tall hat, which means a great deal. The coat may scarce have a button left, it may be rent, tied with string, pinned high at the throat because there is no collar—perhaps no shirt—beneath it; but it is a frock-coat, once black, and it once fitted the wearer—perhaps not this wearer—without a crease. I think I am often disposed to regard the Fleet Street loafer with some indulgence, because I have known more than one, and more than two, who were not always loafers; who worked, and worked hard; and whose misfortunes were as much the occasion of their downfall as their faults. Some of them had faults, it is true; but so have several other people I have met, who are not loafers at all.

But it is not with exceptions that my business lies, and probably the average Fleet Street loafer is no better than the rest. He does not work, but he gets a subsistence—a poor one, I fear—out of Fleet Street by means partly as occult as those used by other loafers, though not wholly. There is a process somewhat akin to "prossing" which is called "tapping," greatly in practice among loafers, but more prevalent in Fleet Street than in most other parts. When Mr. Montague Tigg said, "We now come to the ridiculously small amount of eighteenpence!" he was attempting to "tap" Mr. Pecksniff. In plain words, "to tap" is to beg money under a pretence of borrowing it. The "tapper" is an artist of many grades, through which he descends with more or less rapidity, according to skill and plausibility. He begins with sovereigns, or even more—though this is not in Fleet Street—and sinks by way of the half-sovereign, five shillings, and half-crown—many hang on a long time at the half-crown stage—to the shilling, the sixpence, the "few coppers," and even at last to the mere pitiful single penny.

I have a theory that many of the Fleet Street loafers are decayed Pall Mall and club loafers. When their clothes were good enough they loafed in Pall Mall, on the chance of catching a friend leaving a club and "tapping" him for a sovereign or so. One of the briskest and most successful of the Pall Mall "tappers" I ever knew would proceed by a sort of breathless stratagem. He would rush on his victim eagerly, as though pressed for every moment of time, feeling the while in his (own) waistcoat pocket. "My dear chap, *have* you change

THE CAB-STAND LOAFER.

for a sovereign about you?" Probably the victim hadn't. "Dear, dear, what a pity! (and he really was sorry, as you will soon see). Come, lend me five shillings then, quick!"—perhaps with some hazy reference to a cabman waiting round the corner. The victim, thus taken with a rush, would weakly produce the coins, which the "tapper" would instantly seize, with hasty thanks, and vanish. On the other hand, if the change were forthcoming, it was better business still. "Thanks, awfully—eighteen, twenty—quite right. Why



THE MARKET LOAFER.

where—what—where did I put—oh, there, I'll give you the sovereign to-morrow!" And the "tapper" would be gone round the corner in a flash, leaving the "tappee" standing staring and helpless on the pavement.

This sort of thing cannot endure for long, and the growing seediness of hat and coat makes operations in Pall Mall increasingly difficult. Club porters get uncivil, too, and victims grow warier. So the loafer declines on Fleet Street, and smaller "taps." But of course there are Fleet Street loafers who have never loafed anywhere else. Some came years ago to take the profession of journalism by storm, but have not begun storming, or even journalising, yet. These are often very impressive with green young journalists, who regard them as veterans of the profession, and are "tapped" with great freedom; and their complexions are the product of external dirt and internal Scotch whisky.

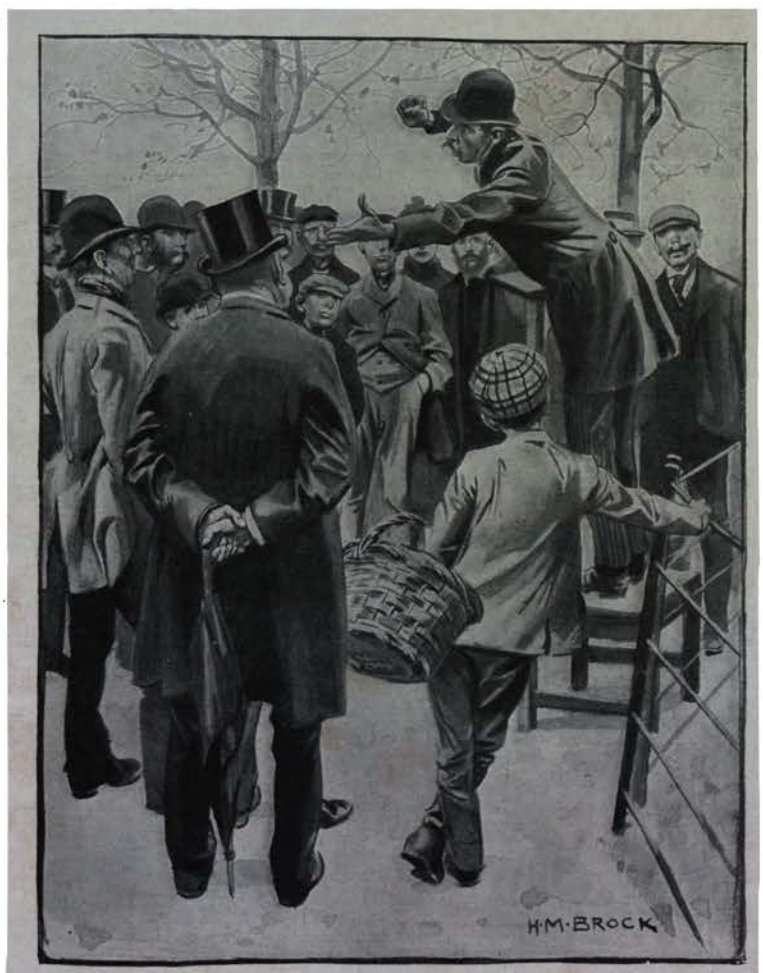
The Fleet Street loafer is often observed to merge into the sporting loafer. There are many about the neighbourhood who are, or who call themselves, bookmakers' runners; though they are rarely observed to run. And there are many who are Fleet Street loafers by locality, but sporting loafers by predilection. Not that they are expert in any sport, unless the "tapping" and "prossing" already mentioned be called sports. But they frequent the neighbourhood of the sporting papers, and are learned in spring handicaps. They do not wear tall hats, old or new, and their clothing is apt to be tighter about the legs than common, and to show signs of original loud tints.

The sporting loafer is by no means confined to Fleet Street, and he is often identical with the cab-stand loafer. The cab-stand loafer is a dingy and decayed imitation of the cabmen upon whom, it is to be presumed, he lives. He is like most loafers, a parasite

upon a trade practised by more industrious persons, some part of whose earnings he seems to absorb by an occult process presumably akin to what men of science call "endosmosis." His counterpart is to be seen at the great markets, where the loafer takes the external appearance of the most dilapidated of market porters; being careful, however, never to push the resemblance to the extreme of lifting anything heavier than a quart pot. At Billingsgate he may gather sufficient energy to fill a paper bag with shells, topped with a stale refuse oyster or two, and either try to sell you the parcel of "oysters" cheap, or press it on you as a gift, in return for which he is ready to accept the price of a drink, as he takes care you shall understand. But such an exhibition of energy and enterprise is unusual, and for the most part the market loafer, like the rest, is content to merely loaf.

Comparatively with the market loafer, the railway-station loafer is rare, though of course he exists. He is rare perhaps because the bustle of a great railway station disagrees with his contemplative nature: perhaps (and more likely) because passengers do not remain long enough for an acquaintance to be ripened to "tapping" *point*: and perhaps (more likely still) because unsympathetic officials, unworthily misconstruing the ardour of his gaze on piles of luggage, move him on. Such as he is, he has no distinctive features. I remember one who loafed for years at a large terminus, hanging about under the great clock, and now and again walking over to watch the passengers leave a train. He spoke to nobody, did not drink or smoke, and, since he was tolerated, presumably he did not steal. So that I wondered how he made his loafing pay. But at length I learned that the poor fellow was weak in the head, and was merely waiting for his little son—who had been killed by falling out of a railway carriage on that line, four years before, on his way home from a holiday.

The most industrious loafer I have ever met is the chess loafer. To speak of an industrious loafer is to use a contradiction in terms, and it seems, moreover, something of



THE DENUNCIATORY LOAFER.

an injustice to call an ardent chess-player a loafer. But it is a fact that there are a number of men in London reduced to something much like a loafing life by their devotion to the game of chess. They are honest men, and no cadgers; but while they are not playing they are loafing, and the game seems to have on them the extraordinary effect of unfitting them for any other pursuit. I could name once-prosperous tradesmen who have let their businesses go to ruin while they played, and who now loaf,

keen as ever; and there are other men who never have been prosperous, and never will, for the same reason. One cannot refuse sympathy to so disinterested an enthusiasm, much as one may deplore its results.

The laziest loafer of all is undoubtedly the park loafer; he will not even stand up to loaf. Indeed he will not often even sit. He lies on the grass and sleeps, embellishing the best of the London parks with a sprinkle of foul and snoring humanity, in every variety of rag and tatter, and scaring away the little children who would like to play there. To the ordinary intelligence it would seem that nobody—except Nebuchadnezzar — could extract a living from loafing of this sort. But the park loafer certainly eats, and his food is not grass; for he brings it in a greasy paper, and casts the greasy paper abroad to aid further in the adornment of his particular garden. I think he must be—in many cases, at any rate—the "unemployed" loafer whom we used to see at Tower Hill. Not that all the men at the Tower Hill meetings were loafers, of course; but certain benevolent people sometimes sent shillings for distribution, and they were mostly the loafers who got those shillings. I remember one making a dolorous and pathetic speech in which he assured the crowd that he had been out of work for twenty-eight years; and, as he seemed of such an age as possibly to have been released from school somewhere about twenty-eight years before, the statement appeared quite credible.

Although the demonstrations are over, the loafer who gains a peaceful living by the simple expedient of being out of work is still common enough in the East-End and in other busy parts of town. He does pretty well, too, in the midst of a hard-working population ready to sympathise with a man who can find no market for his labour.

There is a sort of denunciatory loafer who frequents public places wearing a dingy red tie, making speeches and passing round a hat. He is in some sort allied with the out-of-work loafer, but he is a trifle more active, and by so much the greater nuisance. He collects pennies for loud denunciations, and he denounces whatever he judges the best "draw": the Government, the "privileged classes," the police, the drink traffic, the teetotallers—anything or anybody. He is a noisy half-brother to another red-tied loafer, who makes no public speeches, but "taps" and "prosses" on democratic principles; being impelled by his devotion to humanity to reduce the general average of degrading toil by abstaining from it entirely, and being deterred by no false pride from bartering his sympathy with the downtrodden for as many drinks and small loans as the downtrodden may be induced to yield.

THE RAILWAY-STATION LOAFER.

The list might be extended; notably in the direction of the trade loafers, for there are few trades unattended by some sort of loafing retinue. There is even the boy loafer, in his varied degrees, "training on" as the sportsmen say, into a grown loafer as useless and unornamental as the rest; but as we go the examination grows monotonous, and the classes tend to mingle in the floating mass of general Loaferdom.

OXFORD STREET.

REPRESENTATIVE LONDON STREETS.

By EDWIN PUGH.

TIME passes over many of the world's great towns and seems to leave no trace behind, but London has always been in a state of transition: ever growing and ever changing, it is, in a sense, no abiding city. Streets that a century ago were sacred to chaffering hucksters and small tradesmen are now the humming centres of a world's commerce; districts that were once the favoured quarters of our aristocracy are given over to a cosmopolitan mob of alien immigrants. Yet in this seemingly chaotic huddle of houses there is a certain plan and purpose that has grown inevitably out of the needs of a swarming population.

"The East-End" and "the West-End" are phrases indicative of more than mere locality. When we talk of "the City" we do not always mean, strictly, the entire area of London over which the Lord Mayor rules. We have come to apply these terms to communities. "The West-End" could by no stretch of imagination be said to include Ealing, though logically that is the truer west end of London. The City proper contains within its borders streets utterly commonplace and even squalid; but they have no place in the mental picture that those words "the City" conjure up. London is, in short, not to be rightly understood by a study of particular neighbourhoods, but by the study of such of her streets as can be said to be truly representative of any one distinct phase of her daily life.

And if I were pinned down to the selection of one such street I think I should choose Oxford Street, only stipulating that I be allowed to add to the stretch of thoroughfare bearing that name its miles of continuation, east and west. This would give me a road bisecting London from Hanwell to Barking almost straight and clear save for a little kink or two where it strikes the City. There is no other road which leads directly through London as this does, or reveals so many of its diverse aspects. A journey from end to

PICCADILLY.

NEW CUT, LAMBETH.

end of it would teach the average Cockney more about his native home than years of residence in one circumscribed neighbourhood.

It attains its fullest expression at Oxford Circus. Here it is part fashionable, part commercial. The bold sweep of Regent Street curves southward, cleaving a way between the muddle of nondescript byways that culminate in Soho and the stately streets and spacious squares lying on either side of Bond Street as far as Park Lane in one direction and Piccadilly in another. There is little that is impressive in the aspect of Oxford Street itself at this point, however; the buildings on either side form a higgledy-piggledy of mean, bare houses, edifices frankly utilitarian, and ambitious structures that fail of dignity for lack of congruous surroundings. It is its traffic, human and vehicular, that redeems Oxford Street from the commonplace. All sorts and conditions of men and women, from the tatterdemalion newsboy, hoarse and dirty, to the opulent society dame in her furs and silks, beside her shrivelled lord, meet and mingle here; and every kind of conveyance from a donkey-shallow bound for Covent Garden to a four-in-hand off to the races.

To no other spot in London does this description apply with the same exactness. Piccadilly Circus has its peculiar characteristics to be found nowhere else; and so has that confluence of thoroughfares at the Mansion House. Even Charing Cross draws a special leaven from the Strand, Pall Mall, Northumberland Avenue, the recruiting ground opposite St. Martin's Church, and the National Gallery. Oxford Street alone relies on no extraneous aid of striking effects for its distinctiveness. It is representative of average London; it has a solid, middle-class look about it; its pavements are thronged with the normal types of Cockney. It is London crystallised at its most obvious. *Outré* London must be sought elsewhere. It may be found in another street, primarily a mart as Oxford Street is, some miles away in the Whitechapel district.

This is Wentworth Street — a street of ugly, featureless houses, all built alike. Each ground floor is a shop, and the kerb on either side of the road is cumbered with stalls. As you worm your way through the press of people it is easy to imagine that you are in a foreign city. On every side are un-English faces, un-English wares, un-English writings on the walls. The accents of an unknown tongue assail your ears. Your companions are mostly women, Jewesses, the majority wearing the black wigs of the matron over their own scanty locks. There are blowsy and haggard mothers of clinging families; and full-blooded girls with dark eyes, languorously bold, ripe red lips, and ebon tresses. The men are of two kinds, the frowsy and the flash. Fish and poultry are the articles of commerce in which trade is most brisk. At every step you come upon a woman carrying a fluttering fowl or two, or a slab of fish in a basket with *kosher* herbs. There is bountiful good-humour and good-nature, too, or the beggars would not be so numerous. This is on week-days. On Sundays Wentworth Street is overshadowed by its more famous neighbour, Middlesex Street, popularly known as "Petticoat Lane," then a seething mass of chafferers, but on other days ordinary enough.

Another mart of a different sort, such a one as is to be found, but on a smaller scale, in any poor district of London, is the New Cut, Lambeth. Here the stalls are restricted to one side of the roadway. Jews are here too, but not preponderating. The goods exposed for sale are of every conceivable kind—there is no end to their variety; but they are, generally speaking, of a poor quality, shoddy or tawdry or pinchbeck. If a bad thing is ever cheap they touch the nadir of cheapness, however. Perhaps the most striking feature of the street is the placarding of the shops. Nearly every window is criss-crossed with slips of paper; nearly every article seems to have been exposed to a hail of tickets. At night the "Cut" shines forth murkily resplendent under the smoky glare of countless naphtha lamps. The eddying crowds go back and forth, and the costers bawl, and the quacks harangue, until voices and wares and customers are alike exhausted.

Yet another mart. It lies between St. Paul's Cathedral and Fenchurch Street, and comprises Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, Throg-

CORNHILL (FROM FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE).

morton Street, and scores of other byways intersecting these. Here there is no vulgar bellowing of hawkers. There are shops in plenty and itinerant pedlars of penny trifles in the gutters; but these have no part in the mart. It is under the shadow of the Royal Exchange, in small offices high up or far back in lofty tiers of flats, in counting-houses concealed behind the mahogany and plate glass of pompous outer offices, that the trafficking is done. Outward and visible sign of all this stress of business is patent in the towering warehouses of Queen Victoria Street and St. Paul's Churchyard, and the never-ending procession of carts and waggons that lumber up and down. Seething black-hatted, black-coated hordes jostle one another on the pavements to an unending stir and uproar of slithering feet and rolling wheels. There is an atmosphere of feverish pre-occupation everywhere prevailing. Cheapside is all too narrow to contain the press of vehicles and men that pours into it the whole day long. The wires that score the sky in a very catscradle are all too few for the impatience of these dealers in untold millions; the hours too short to permit them even to be healthy in their habits of eating and drinking.

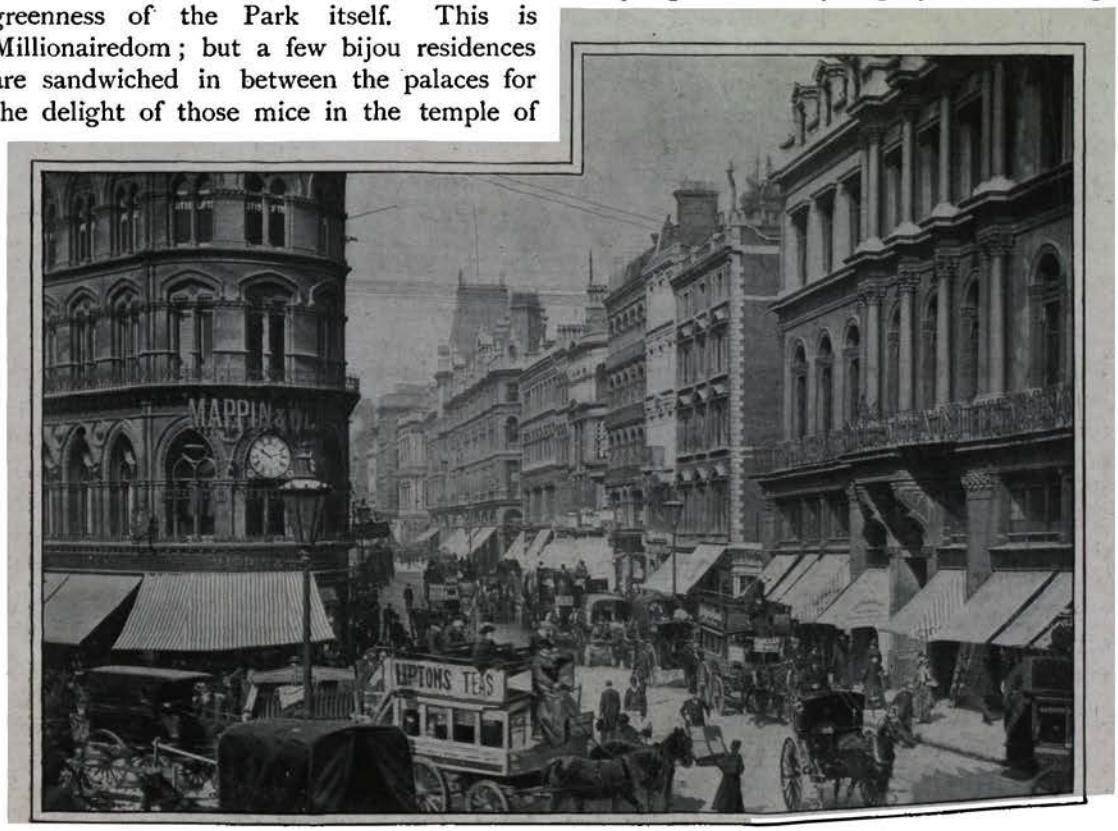
At the Mansion House the conclave of moving things and myriad noises reaches a climax and forthwith declines. In the several streets that suck up the City's output and scatter it eastward there is comparative peace. The rigours of the game abate; there is even a frivolous market-place where live things may be bought, and a Monument to amuse the simple-minded. Beyond the Monument the river flows behind the turbulence of Lower Thames Street, riotous with unclean odours, darkened by tall warehouses, cranes dangling ponderous burdens overhead precariously. This wealth of wharves and shipping is symbolised by the solid bank buildings in the narrow congeries of streets about Cornhill, where a chinking of gold and crisping of notes go on from ten to four in a subdued atmosphere of ordered calm. These are the streets of finance that feed the streets of fashion: Piccadilly and Bond Street with their shops that seem only to condescend to be shops, but take a very real revenge for their humiliation, notwithstanding, out of the elegant idlers who patronise them.

Bond Street owes its good fortune to an accident of birth: it is a street of such high repute that it scorns all ostentation. It is rather narrow and warped. Its houses have neither form nor comeliness, as a rule. But its neighbour, Piccadilly, only just misses magnificence. On its northern side it is worthy of its world-wide reputation; the buildings

are, for the most part, solid and responsible-looking; the Royal Academy strikes a firm, austere note. On the southern side it is marred by some tasteless ornamentation that looms forth ludicrously beside the handsome frontages of some great hotels and galleries. St. James's Street, however, presents a goodly side view, terminating in a peep of the dark, mediæval-looking St. James's Palace. And, yet a little way ahead, bordering the hill, the pleasant boscage of the Green Park throws a welcome shade on the raised side-walk.

But Piccadilly only prepares us for the true splendours of the West-End. At Hyde Park Corner Park Lane makes a paltry exit. To realise the beauty of Park Lane it is necessary to turn into it from the Park. Emerging from Stanhope Gate you confront an imposing mass of monumental masonry that is only excelled by the show of the great hotels in Northumberland Avenue. There is no prevailing scheme of architecture; each mansion preserves an individuality; but the general effect makes for a grandeur that is tenderly tempered by the bright greenness of the Park itself. This is Millionairedom; but a few bijou residences are sandwiched in between the palaces for the delight of those mice in the temple of Mammon who, though comparatively poor, are superlatively select. It is all rather overbearing, perhaps; and not to be compared for an instant with the noble vistas of Kensington. There, London is at its best and bravest and most beautiful.

The ample main road winds gently along through a verdant avenue of trees, limitless on the northern side; on the south chequered by grey courts of stately houses. Just at the beginning of Kensington High Street there is an ugly wry twist and a brief sordidness of shops and unlovely houses; but thereafter the road flows wide and smooth once more, ever opening up new wondrous prospects of mingled houses and trees. Hereabout is the abode of fashion and rank; life moves with a luxurious leisureliness. In the streets there is evidence of a polished, cushioned state of being in the sumptuous equipages bowling swiftly along, in the tone of courtliness of which we catch a casual echo now and again, and the nicely-ordered etiquette that allots two men and a boy to one man's work. At night the windows are softly aglow; beauty regally adorned trips



CHEAPSIDE (FROM THE MANSION HOUSE).

from kerb to doorway on an aristocratic arm; the air is subtly murmurous with music.

A far cry from here to the Borough High Street, where from numberless obscure by-ways a teeming people congregate in a raucous glare of shop-lights. Day in this neighbourhood discloses everywhere, trickling into the main road, a very plague of squalid alleys, eloquent of poverty most abject. The High Street itself is lively and exhilarating; St. George's Church, standing out boldly at its southern end amid low-growing trees, lends a touch of grace to the scene. Such roads as this you will find traversing a score of similar districts round about—in Walworth, Bermondsey, and over the water, from Whitechapel to Silvertown. They are like mighty rivers in a wilderness of misery and want. The horrid streets lie cheek by jowl in serried rows between them, dark, dirty, forbidding, differing from one another in no particular save the depth of their degradation. There are gaps in the universal drabness; here and there church spires point the way to Heaven; theatres, music halls, and halls of science, institutes, libraries, and hospitals for the healing of mind and body, break the deadly monotony of the ravelled skein of roofs. The area these districts cover is immense, yet every house is congested with tenants. You may pass through slum after slum, and find them all essentially alike: narrow lanes, unevenly paved, between high, barren tenements, with parallelograms of door and window accenting their dreary uniformity of construction. The dwellers are, for the most part, stunted, deformed, sickly, without a thought beyond the satisfaction of the day's needs. In these regions of famine hunger is a common bed-fellow; pain and weariness and cold the companions of every hour. The people work joylessly, talk witlessly, play stupidly, employing earnestness only when they bicker or fight or sin.

HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.

How different these grim realities from the mimic life of the Strand! Here are the haunts of the mummer and the garish temples in which he struts his hour; here are such contrasted edifices as Exeter Hall, scene of religious congresses; Charing Cross Station, key of the Continent, a world's centre to which all nations gravitate; the frivolous Tivoli, and sombre Somerset House frowning on the academic

calm of King's College. Coutts's, oldest of old-fashioned banks, lies within hail of the Cecil, one of the newest of new-fashioned hotels. St. Mary-le-Strand Church dominates the purview, a haven of rest, shadowing that bitter battle-ground of ignoble passions, the cloistral-looking Law Courts. And this jumble of contrasts is reproduced in the wayfarers who haunt its classic precincts. Every grade and every order of society are represented. The humdrum types to be met with in Oxford Street—that are so truly representative because they *are* so humdrum—

THE STRAND.

are supplemented here by notable additions. The noble and the famous; the rich and the wise; the successful and the submerged, all flock to this place. Faces that you have never seen before you recognise instantly and tack a famous name to. Other faces, bearing signs of kinship with these great ones, flit slinkingly by, the nobleness struck out of them by failure and disappointment. Art and the camp-followers of art, science and the drama, sport, and religion and law have their emissaries here. The Strand is a blend of such seemingly irreconcilable elements that it might almost be said to epitomise the national character of the English. It is serenely tolerant of all things and of all men.

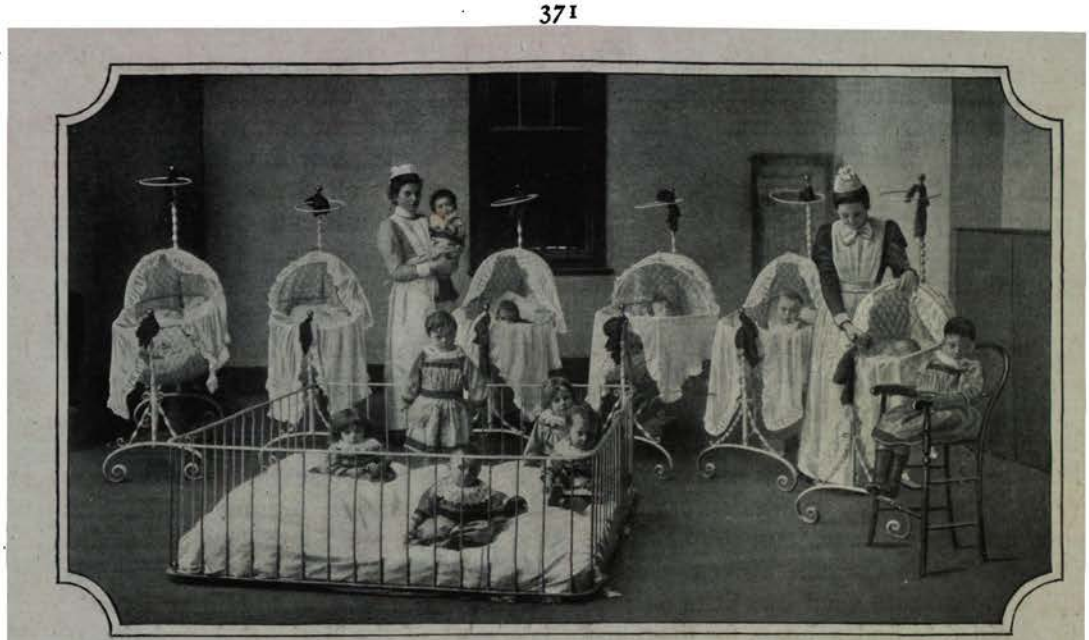
It is large enough to tolerate even Bohemia. But the permanent home of Bohemianism is far away: in Brixton, where music hall artistes congregate; in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, and Holland Park, favoured of painters and histrions; at Hampstead, and in strange odd nooks and crannies everywhere. Perhaps the most typical Bohemian colony, however, exists in Bedford Park, a suburb of dainty, rococo villas, set prettily among trees. But there is no one district of London corresponding to the Latin Quarter of Paris. The average Cockney is a hard-headed, practical person of an unromantic turn of mind, who gets what he can out of life as cheaply as possible and does not bother about his environment so long as he is comfortable.

Suburbia is his ideal dwelling-place: that belt of Villadom which engirdles London, and is essentially the same at Peckham as at Hornsey. But Suburbia is not all villas. In every district it is dominated by great, wide thoroughfares, closely resembling one another, arteries of traffic, alive with crowds from morn to midnight, and eternally thunderous with a roar of business. These streets—of which Holloway Road is a typical example—are formed of the strangest jumble of buildings imaginable. Monster

emporiums, ablaze with light, break the crazy roof-line of a row of hovels; the cat's-meat shop and the palatial premises of a limited liability company's enterprise stand side by side; the latest thing in music-halls and the penny gaff confront one another, rivals for the same public favour. Such streets often extend for miles under various aliases; at night they are brilliant with a pearly radiance of electricity. The Hooligan and the professional City man, the artisan and the clerk, promenade the broad pavements, taking the air. Young men and maidens, their day's work done, meet for mingled purposes of flirtation and horse-play. Running out of the road on either hand are quiet, staid streets, impeccably residential, each with its garden-patch, back and front. There are other streets that have come down in the world, but these are outside the pale of recognition: they belong properly to that nebulous territory, "the East-End."

London contains many more streets that might loosely be dubbed "representative," but in reality they reveal only bizarre aspects of the life of the great City: Wardour Street, for instance, the immemorial resort of old curiosity-mongers, tortuous and frowsy and prematurely aged—a very miser among streets, with its vast wealth of hidden treasure, costly and rare. Saffron Hill, again, the Italian quarter, redolent of garlic and picturesquely filthy; and the streets of the Soho cosmopolitan quarter, compact of beetle-browed, dingy dwellings, home of political refugees, blacklegs, cheap restaurateurs, and French laundresses: these and others. But, since they are unique rather than representative, they hardly fall within the scope of this chapter.

HOLLOWAY ROAD.



MARIE HILTON CRÊCHE: THE COTS.

CARING FOR LONDON'S CHILDREN.

By D. L. WOOLMER.

GODMOTHER London may be grave with experience, but she shows no sign of senile decay. Indeed, as her foster brood increases so she renews her youth, and as time brings her foster grandchildren and great-grandchildren she rises to the responsibilities, and conceives fresh and grand schemes for their use and benefit. Long before a call to the great and valiant nations of the earth to "take up the white man's burden" stirred up a spirit that developed in various enterprises, the heart of Great Britain throbbed with the discovery that a burden lay very near home. Like the giant Christopher, personified Benevolence responded to the voice of a little child whose only language was a cry in the darkness, and bent his shoulder to the task. What though the unexpected weight made him stagger, he would hold the small traveller aloft above the swirling stream or perish in the attempt. St. Christopher, struggling along in the centre of the current, making his last and best journey, might represent one aspect of London of to-day. The end of the story has yet to be written; the concluding chapters may or may not find their place in the library of posterity.

MARIE HILTON CRÊCHE: MEAL TIME.

Numerous portraits of a St. Christopher of the eighteenth century, and various scenes in his life, form part of a collection of prints and pictures in the Foundling Hospital. A gentleman from wig to shoe-buckles, in the costume of an English sailor of the period, is considering the apparition of an infant lying in a

basket at his feet. His poised walking-stick helps to indicate an air of general perplexity. Perhaps he shares the sentiments of the immortal Samuel Weller when he felt that "somebody ought to be whopped, only he did not exactly know whom." That baby is not the somebody, so, no one else being in evidence to suffer vicarious punishment, the stick is transformed into a shepherd's crook, and the child is conveyed to a place of safety.

A small guide, in the antique costume of dark brown jacket and trousers and scarlet waistcoat, engaged in conducting a visitor through the institution, readily lectures on the picture, and explains its meaning. That is Captain Thomas Coram, who picked up more than one little outcast, and determined to find a home for them and for other deserted infants in London.

A fragment of the eighteenth century has been well preserved within the gates of a green enclosure opening on Guilford Street. A constant stream of young life saves the venerable institution from decay. Childhood is always being born, and is always—sad to say—liable to desertion. The 550 children under the care of the authorities of the Foundling Hospital have all been forsaken by their fathers, and the burden of their maintenance has been undertaken by the governors in the hope of giving both the mothers and their firstborn a chance of supporting themselves worthily.

The light-hearted children playing in front of the only home that they have ever known show no consciousness of any burdens at all. The large family extends beyond the gates. Those who go out into the world still remain the institution's adopted children; while its infants are sent into the country, where they spend the first four or five years of their lives. Fresh air is a favourite gift of modern benevolence to London's potential citizens of to-morrow.

It is difficult to realise that in the great city a baby starts on its life march every five minutes. Thousands of little feet, destined to ache and bleed beneath their load, are bound to remain in the desert of bricks and mortar. Bands of love even more unyielding than rough apron-strings tie them to hardworking mothers, who for the sake of these atoms of humanity will keep a hold of life, hope, and respectability. To meet the need of the great army of women bread-winners, a crêche, or day nursery, now forms part of nearly all the organisations in town described as missions. The only private nursery of the slums is frequently a hotbed for seeds of the various ills to which flesh is heir, and calculated to produce wastrels and invertebrates who will by and by become a charge on the State.

Somewhere about thirty years ago two crêches for infants from three or four weeks old upwards, irrespective of creed or nationality, were started, the one in the East and the other in the South-west end of London. Mrs. Hilton's, in Stepney Causeway, is now known as the Marie Hilton Crêche, and is a part of the National Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, which owes its existence to Dr. Barnardo. St. Peter's Crêche, Chelsea, extends its influence far beyond its own parish, and is double its former size. The East-End women toilers pay 1d. a day for each child. This fee covers not only the cost to them of food, but also of attendance if the poor little applicants are suffering from complaints that would shut them out of an ordinary day nursery, but which are yet not serious enough for their admission to a hospital.

One baby is sometimes pronounced a "handful." What is to be said of sixty-eight, all between the ages of three or four weeks and five years old!

"I sometimes think that a number together are more easily managed than one," the matron of St. Peter's Crêche answers to this remark; "for they amuse each other. But sixty-eight are almost too many for this place. Our average for the year is forty a day, or between 11,000 and 12,000 attendances. The elder ones go to school, and come in for meals."

Let us take a peep inside a crêche for a moment. In the first room the younger inmates slumber in dainty white cots. A rosy-cheeked, curly-headed cherub opens a pair of blue eyes which fill with tears at the sight of strangers. He is lifted up and comforted, and exhibited by the matron as a "beautiful child." Near to him a bluish-white little ghost looks about him with an expression

IN THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

A RAGGED SCHOOL UNION DINNER (CAMBERWELL).

of unnatural wisdom. Individuality is even more marked in the next room. A winsome child of three rises to her social duties, and plays the hostess gracefully. She runs to meet the matron and embraces her round the knees, and presents her hand with a smile of welcome to the visitors. Another of the same age is bent on proving that the newest rocking-horse is her own. When other arguments fail to convince a rival claimant for a ride she prepares to exercise the tyranny of tears. The favourite toy is a bone of contention which answers to the *Times* or the most comfortable armchair in a club for children of a larger growth. A sturdy, solid two-year-old stumps about in supreme indifference to the affairs of others, and one of his fellows is safely in pound—that is, within a large crib without legs, in which five children can take their siesta at one time.

The joys of "dining at my club" are not wholly at an end when the old age of childhood draws in amongst the slums. Poor children's dinners have become an institution. They were first organised by the Ragged School Union. The first of the autumn season of 1901, held under its auspices, may serve as a specimen of the entertainment given to thousands of underfed children throughout the winter.

"Camberwell Ragged School and Mission. Dinner twelve o'clock on Friday. Bring a spoon." The guests honoured with this invitation all belong to a neighbourhood described by a local tradesman as a "queer part," beset with danger for the inexperienced explorer. In all society it is convenient to classify acquaintances; on this occasion the master of the ceremonies has only invited the middle class on the visiting list. It is hard to realise that there is a set much lower than the seething mass at the doors of the hall. The same amount of crushing and squeezing would be attended with shrieks of pain or fright in a grown-up crowd; but the hungry children give vent to one cry only, that is for admission. Even after the tables are well furnished with 250 guests, there is no turning away of eager faces or lowering of outstretched hands until the sturdy caretaker disperses the crowd and shuts the door. When the last juvenile has clambered up-

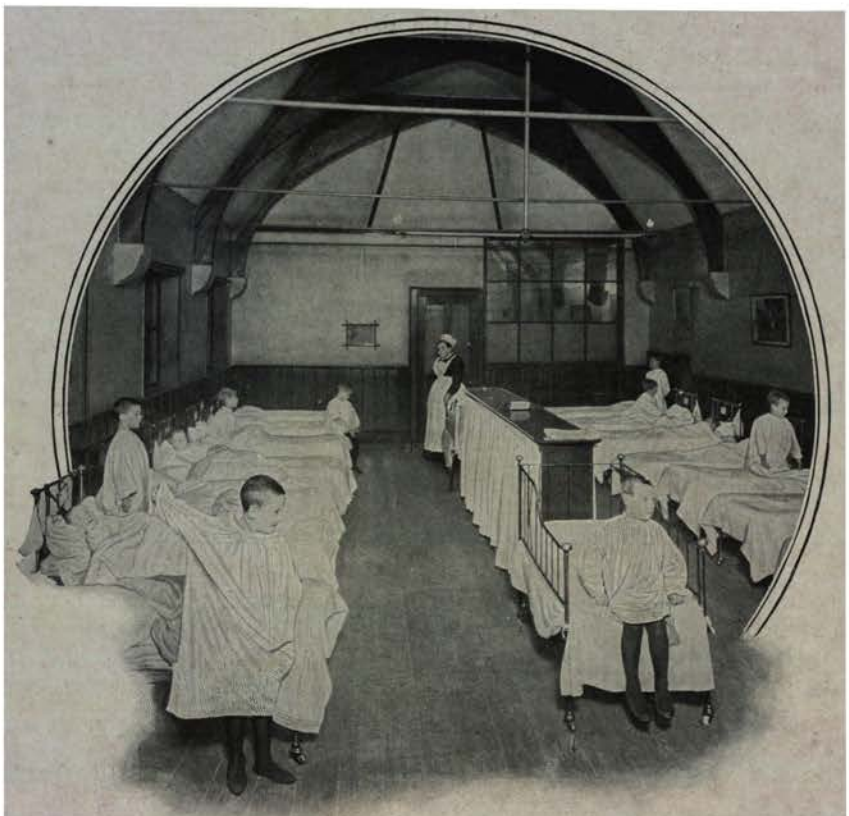
stairs on all fours or been helped up by an elder, and all are seated at the long tables, a smile of expectancy expands the rows of faces. A slice of bread and a basin of soup thickened with peas and barley are served to each one, and they fall to with zest. In this and similar halls a dinner party, towards which the guests contribute a halfpenny each, is held throughout the winter once or sometimes twice a week.

London is said to be the maelström which surely draws to itself the wildest of modern nomads from the provinces. Ragged school and other missions are a means of saving the children of this class from being dragged into the criminal class. It is not always an unmixed evil when the young Ishmaels of society are cast off by their own people or cut themselves adrift. Tennyson asks:—

> Is it well that, while we range with
> Science glorying in the time,
> City children soak and blacken
> Soul and sense in city slime?

The street arabs need not be left to sink in the mire. The blackness of night in dark corners, under sheds or railway arches, is periodically pierced by a dazzling beam. It shoots from a vigilant eye, none other than a bull's-eye. Scurry like the flight of frightened rabbits ensues, but one urchin remains in the firm but kindly grasp of a policeman. "I ain't doing nothing," cries the wriggling captive; but his captor knows what he is about, and will not let him go. From this lump of city slime may be extracted valuable materials. In a few months the cowed, sullen face of the little vagabond is not very easy to recognise in the glow of the blacksmith's forge. Sparks fly merrily under vigorous blows which might descend with murderous effect from a Hooligan. The trades shops in Stepney Causeway under the National Waifs Association are Dr. Barnardo's factory for transforming young natives of No Man's Land into skilled artisans. Between 40,000 and 50,000 boys and girls, on the whole, have now been rescued, trained, and placed out in life by the Homes of which the trades shops form part. Some go to the Colonies, and 98 per cent. of the emigrants have succeeded in the struggle for independence. Miss Annie Macpherson was the pioneer who first took advantage of the discovery that Canada had an open door for London's crowded-out children. About 7,000 have been helped by

NATIONAL WAIFS' ASSOCIATION (STEPNEY): IN THE BLACKSMITHS' SHOP.



ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE (HORNSEY RISE): GOING TO BED.

her, and she continues to receive them at the Home of Industry, 29, Bethnal Green Road, E., and to train and convey them to her Children's Home, Stratford, Ontario. Many sturdy farmers and farmers' wives are living witnesses of how well rescued waifs can be used to build up the Empire of Greater Britain.

If treasures are produced from unpromising materials, and worthy citizens from the flotsam and jetsam of humanity whose antecedents and early associations are generally sad, bad, or criminal, what may not be expected from those homes of innocence which abound for little children who are chiefly the legacies of deserving but unsuccessful parents?

When in 1758 a body of philanthropic gentlemen met at the George Inn, Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, to open a home for twenty fatherless boys they set a snowball rolling. It grew into the Orphan Working School, which has educated more than 5,000 children, and has now 360 in its senior school at Maitland Park, and 124 in the Alexandra Orphanage, Hornsey Rise, where boys and girls enter from babyhood, and remain until nine years of age. For half a century Queen Victoria was a patron and friend.

Family life is the ideal set up by the managers of the Stockwell Orphanage, founded by the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon for 500 boys and girls; in the Brixton Orphanage, founded and superintended by Mrs. Montague, for 300 girls; and in Miss Sharman's Home, Austral Street, Southwark, where a family of 333, ranging in age from a few months to seventeen years, are under her care. To each elder girl within her gates is assigned a baby sister, and in the playroom every one has her own locker with her own pet toys and treasures. Ties of affection hold firm in spite of inevitable dispersion. The sewing class has a story to tell, with a pleasant flavour of romance, of unbroken attachment and of success in after life, for some of the garments, worthy of an exhibition of needlework, form part of the trousseau of a former inmate; now living in New York.

Not a few orphans, indeed, become the benefactors of their successors. The fine organ in the Memorial Hall of Stockwell Orphanage was presented by one of the ex-pupils who have used their training well, and the foundation-stones of the newest part cry out and tell with gladness of gifts of honest gratitude. For example, there is a record of how "Bray's bricks" were built in. Little Bray was dying in the Home, and he put all his savings, amounting to 4s. 6d., into the hands of the founder as a contribution towards the houses for girls which were added in 1882. Now, whilst 250 boys lead a sort of college life, 250 girls, under matrons in separate homes, practise

the domestic accomplishments intended to make them good servants or good housewives. In the model laundry and in their kitchens and workshops they cultivate the art of self-dependence. This is a principle commended to the boys and girls alike.

What became of orphans and waifs of humanity before a modern St. Christopher attempted to lift them above the waves of this troublesome world? Of those who grew up the gallows greedily seized upon thousands, gaol fever devoured even more, and shiploads were carried abroad to transform an earthly paradise like Botany Bay into a hell. Even yet the great Reaper is more active than any philanthropist in carrying away infants from soul-destroying conditions. From such closely-packed quarters as the parish of St. George-the-Martyr He claims 189 in every 1,000. Those who contend with Death and Crime for the crowded-out children whom nobody cares to own generally take them into open fields and meadows, where the pure air is as the very breath of life to the feeble little frames. One institution after another moves farther and farther from the centre of life's hurly-burly. If the scope of this work allowed mention of the benevolent besoms that sweep the street tribes out of town, the Babies' Castle, Hawkhurst, founded by Dr. Barnardo when his old Tinies' House, Bow Church, overflowed, the Princess Mary's Village Homes at Addlestone, and the Church of England Association for Befriending Waifs and Strays would have a prominent place. But the modern crusade to deliver childhood from distress is so extensive that even an attempt to produce snapshots of sample institutions, fostered by voluntary charity, actually in London must be of necessity imperfect. It is impossible to follow the great flock of Mother Carey's chickens that wing their flight from the *Warspite*, the training ship of the Marine Society, and from the *Arethusa* and the *Chichester*, under the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. To supply our ships with smart sailors made out of poor boys of good character is patriotic as well as benevolent.

What is the use of this expenditure of time, money, and labour? When a utilitarian community thus inquired what was the use of Franklin's discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity, the philosopher retorted, "Of what use is a child? He may become a man." All the possibilities of manhood are bound up in the little bundles that contain a spark of human life. They must not be lost; for the present generation is bound to hand on the heritage of its forefathers to posterity, not only as complete as when it received it, but with interest added to principal.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE: THE LAUNDRY.

A QUIET ROW: CHEAPSIDE.

KERBSTONE LONDON.

By GEORGE R SIMS.

GROUNDSEL.

NOT to be confused in any way with Costerland is Kerbstone London. The line of demarcation is broad. The costermonger wheels his barrow or sets his stall down to the kerb in certain districts on certain nights, but the kerbstone merchant earns his living just where the pavement joins the roadway all the six days of the week, and may in certain localities be found there even on the seventh.

You want no guide to show you where to find this characteristic feature of London life. You have but to take your walks abroad through the great Metropolis, north or south or east or west, and there you will find the kerbstone merchant. You will need no introduction. The London "Camelot" will introduce himself. He will offer you his goods with the *aplomb* of the auctioneer or the whine of the mendicant, he will sell you the latest Parisian clockwork toy for eighteenpence, or a boot-lace for a halfpenny. The newspaper hawker is not so common a kerbstone tradesman as he used to be, for he has taken of late years to advantageous corners and to places against which he can lean his back; but still in many thoroughfares he plants one foot on the kerb and displays his contents bill after the manner of an apron, or lays it down in the gutter and puts stones upon it, or nails it to the wood-paving, renewing it from time to time as the 'bus and cab wheels stain and obliterate the battles, the murders, and the sudden deaths.

But kerbstone character varies largely, not only according to the locality, but according to the day. On Saturday night the kerb is a great market. In between the costermongers' stalls allowed in certain thoroughfares on poor man's market day, men, women, and children post themselves, and cry their wares aloud.

CLOCKWORK TOYS.

There is an element

of the fair in the east and in the south of London, for the weighing chair, the shooting gallery, and the try-your-strength machine are to be found by the pavement's edge. These things are, of course, only possible where the space in front of the shops is broad, and the traffic principally pedestrian. But there are kerbstone merchants who take their stand wherever a street market is established. Among them you will generally find the man or woman with a tray of shirt-studs, two a penny; the comic song vendor; the man with cheap purses and brooches; the man who has a preparation for the erasure of grease stains and experiments on the caps of the company; the man with the toy microscopes—"all the wonders of Nature for a penny"; the doll seller; the man with egg-pipes—contrivances looking like pipes from which, when blown through, a paper rooster appears; the girl with bunches of flowers; the man with fresh roses which he has just washed at a neighbouring tap; the woman with boot-laces or camphor; the seller of needles; the blind musician; the groundsel seller; and the man with walking sticks.

And there are specialities of certain neighbourhoods. In one you find barrows of old books; in another barrows of old boots. In High Street, Marylebone, there is a small boy who sells home-made crumpets on the kerb. In Islington there was until lately an old gentleman who appeared regularly at the edge of the kerb on Saturday nights, with

"PAPER!"

an elaborate church lighted inside by two tallow candles which throw the stained-glass windows into elegant relief. In the Whitechapel Road there is a kerbstone trade in hot peas. In the neighbourhood of Charing Cross you can buy gauffres at the kerb cooked "while you wait;" and in Hoxton and Whitechapel a kerbstone delicacy largely patronised is "eel jelly."

The Saturday night kerbstone trade in "market" neighbourhoods is a sharp contrast to the ordinary kerbstone trade in the West-End thoroughfares and in the City. Mingle for a moment with the jostling crowd, mostly on marketing intent. There is a good deal of pushing, but it is generally civil and good humoured. The coster barrows and stalls are doing a lively trade. The costers look fairly well off, and are business-like and jovial. At one of the bigger fruit stalls the proprietor is smoking a cigar and watching his assistants. The butcher's stall has a placard which informs you that it has stood in the same spot for thirty years. The proprietor has a gold pin in his scarf. The stout matronly woman in an old apron and a young hat, who is doing a roaring trade in fish, has a big gold ring in addition to the wedding-ring and the keeper.

TRYING HIS SKILL.

But these people are the aristocracy of the kerb, the people who do a steady business and make money. Some of them have stalls in half a dozen neighbourhoods on the Saturday night. The people to watch if you want to dive beneath the crust of the kerb commerce are the men and women who have no stalls, who simply stand with a small stock-in-trade on a tray or in a basket—sometimes in their hand—and endeavour to earn a few pence. Very poor and miserable they look as a rule; their faces are anxious, their voices are weak. You may watch some of them for hours and not see them take a farthing. But on their takings depends their bed that night. To many of the poorer kerbstone hawkers the night's receipts decide between the "'appy doss" on a doorstep and the more comfortable bed of a common lodging-house.

REFRESHING ROSES.

FRUIT.

BLIND MUSICIAN.

Before quitting the Saturday night "market" kerb, note the contrast between the silent hawker and the patterer. Here and there stand melancholy figures, old men almost in rags, and thinly-clad, emaciated women. Their attitude is statuesque. They do not even hold their goods out boldly to attract attention. There is a pitiful, appealing look in their eyes, but their lips are dumb.

Close by them, sometimes on either side of them, are the patterers: men loud of voice who talk incessantly, who shout, make speeches, crack jokes and bang barrows or stands, until the crowd collects round them. Many of them have not only the gift of the gab, but a rough wit of their own. As a rule, the wittiest kerbstone merchants are the Jews. They vary their dialogue, and suit it to the occasion and the customer. In the Whitechapel Road there are kerbstone auctioneers, knockers-down of old clothes and patched-up umbrellas, who will patter the whole night long and always keep their audience laughing. Their business formula is, however, always the same. They ask far more than they intend to take, and reduce the price rapidly, say, from half-a-crown to sixpence. You

always know the final, because the auctioneer slaps the article and exclaims, "I ask no more—I take no less." That is the ultimatum. If the article is not bought after that it is put aside, and another one is picked up and subjected to the same process.

Along the kerb in the weekday the trade is of quite a different character. In the west in the daytime it consists largely of toys for children. Some of these toys are of an elaborate character and move by clockwork. You may walk along Oxford Street and see a hansom cab on the pavement going round and round in a circle, a black poodle dog which hops like a frog and barks, a man mowing imaginary grass, a woman drawing water from a well, a couple of pugilists engaged in a lively boxing match, an elephant walking down an inclined plane, a pair of fluttering butterflies, or a small Blondin performing on the tight-rope.

These ingenious toys vary in price. You can pay eighteenpence for them or considerably less. You can buy toy musical instruments, bagpipes, bird calls, Jews' harps, etc., for a penny. The sellers are mostly well-dressed men, smart young fellows who know their business, and do it quickly and dexterously. When the toy is a novelty it attracts the grown-up passers-by, and amuses them quite as much as it does the children—probably more. At the West-End you meet the kerbstone dog-seller—the man leading a dog as a specimen of the stock at home—the man with a couple of tiny puppies, which he keeps in his pocket and puts down occasionally when he sees a likely customer. Ladies frequently buy these dogs under the impression that they are full grown, and will always remain "tiny mites;" it is needless to say their anticipations are not realised. The favourite kerbstone dog is the poodle, and the vendor is generally a foreigner.

If you take a walk through the town, say, along Oxford Street and into the Strand, along the Strand to Ludgate Hill, from Ludgate Hill along Cheapside, and so into the City, you will be struck by the fact that quite a number of the kerbstone merchants sell the same article. The article that attracted your attention in Oxford Street you will find being sold along Cheapside; a cheap novelty—the latest "catchpenny" on the market—will be on sale on the same day in every thoroughfare of London. And all the hawkers will cry it in the same words. The leaden water squirts, which with

I. PATTERER. II. OLD CLOTHES.

PURSES, BROOCHES, ETC.

"scratch-backs" were at one time allowed to be sold on the kerb during periods of popular festivity, were known for years in hawkerese as "Get your own back." Then suddenly, in a night, the name was changed. From end to end of the world's greatest capital the vendors yelled them as "All the jolly fun." These squirts are still occasionally sold on the street in spite of the police prohibition, but a gentler age has substituted for Bank Holidays and national rejoicings the confetti of the Continent. On big nights of popular rejoicing some of the principal thoroughfares of London are strewn from end to end with bits of coloured paper.

UMBRELLAS.

BAGPIPES.

On these nights the kerbstone merchant does a roaring trade in the tissue paper that you light and fling in the air, in memorial buttons, in rosettes and streamers, and, alas! also in the old-fashioned bladder attached to a stick, which enables the London larrikin to bang away on the hat and shoulders of the peaceable passer-by to his heart's content.

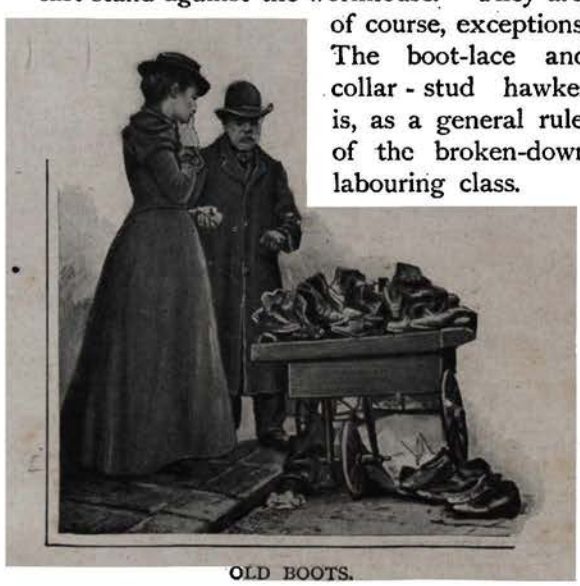
The kerb trade alters with the seasons. In winter it is dull, and there is little variety; it is during the summer and autumn months, when the provincials flock to town, that the great kerbstone trade is done. One might in a walk of a couple of miles collect enough kerbstone curiosities to fit up a parlour museum. You might buy a summer hat for twopence, a fan for a penny, a Japanese parasol for any price the dealer thinks he can palaver you into parting with, a penny map of London, a penny guide to London, and a penny history of England from William the Conqueror to Edward VII. You can obtain iced drinks at a penny a glass, sherbet from a can over which is spread a rough towel with an ornamental border; ices are offered to you by swarthy-skinned Swiss-Italians at every hundred yards, and the coster wheels his fruit barrow along the kerb from morn till night. For the kerb hawker with the barrow must by police regulations keep on the move. Fruit is his general stock-in-trade in the summer. Strawberries, cherries, and gooseberries take the place of the oranges, apples, and walnuts of the colder months. The banana stall is now as common as the pine-apple stall is rare. There are very few barrows along the West-End and City kerbs that are not either fruit or flower laden in the summer. Occasionally a man will turn up with a weird barrow-load of small tortoises, and explain to the gaping provincials that they are good things for the garden, but this is a sensation of the kerb, and only to be seen at rare intervals.

WALNUTS.

In Cheapside there are few fruit sellers. Here the great public want seems to be boot-laces and collar-studs. The boot-lace merchant and the women who stand with the little cards of studs are only one remove from mendicants. Some of them are so wretched-looking that your hand instinctively goes into your pocket to give them a copper.

STUDS, ETC. BOOKS. CAMPHOR.

Some of the dilapidated objects standing on the kerbstone of the Metropolis have strange histories. Among them you find University men and members of the professions, men bearing names famous in the land. And among them also you find the broken-down merchant, the ruined tradesman, and the gentleman who has had reverses of fortune. It is to this they have drifted as the last stand against the workhouse. They are, of course, exceptions. The boot-lace and collar-stud hawker is, as a general rule, of the broken-down labouring class.



OLD BOOTS.

In the City proper, in the neighbourhood of the Bank and the Stock Exchange, the kerbstone merchant is of a different order. He is a business man appealing to business men. Therefore he has something to sell, and he knows how to sell it. The City men are good patrons of the kerb "curiosity" merchant. The young stockbroker buys an ingenious toy and takes it back to the office—to amuse himself with. The staid stockbroker and the grave merchant buy their toys and take them home for the amusement of their families. Several City men have preserved the penny toys hawked in the streets, and one well-known stockbroker has quite a remarkable collection of them.

The street performer rarely appears on the kerb—the middle of the roadway is more welcome for the "pitch." But the singer of ballads—mournful ballads as a rule—occasionally stands with one foot upon it and makes doleful melody. The

NEEDLES.

gentleman with the musical glasses—a rare performance nowadays—finds his way to the edge of the pavement occasionally in neighbourhoods where the factory hands spend half their dinner hour out of doors, and here the harpist, the blind fiddler, the boy with the penny whistle, and the long-haired man who sings hymns to his own accompaniment on the harmonium are also to be found—especially on Saturday afternoons when the work-girls are going home. For on Saturday the London work-girl has her wages with her, and it is rarely that she does not dedicate a copper or two to the relief of the kerbstone performers, halt, lame, and blind, who appeal to her charitable little heart.

On the London kerb, then, you will find all sorts and conditions of men, from the prosperous trader to the shivering, half-starved mendicant who disguises his mendicancy with a shirt-stud, a boot-lace, or the singing of a doleful ditty.

Every kerb has its characteristics. The kerb life of the Borough has nothing in common with the kerb life of Hoxton, and the kerb life of Notting Hill is as a foreign land compared with the kerb life of Islington. The City kerb dealer is brisk, alert, and business-like; the kerb hawker of Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill is, as a rule, cowed, depressed, and silent. But all make a living of one sort or another. They come day after day many of them to the same pitch, and stand through winter's cold and summer's heat, through drenching rain and biting blast, and at a certain hour they go. Like the Arabs they silently steal away. Whither? Some of them into the shadowland of the outcasts, others to the common lodging houses, where they cook their meal at the coke fire and discuss with their friends the condition of trade and the badness of the times just as the millionaire and the financier will discuss it at their West-End clubs. And on the morrow, however small the previous day's takings may have been, they will drop into their old places on the London kerbs again and wait patiently for the chance customers by whom they live. They have neither luncheon hour, dinner hour, nor time for tea. And they have no holidays. They are a human fringe to the pavements of London, a fringe that only completely disappears when the first hour of a new day has struck, and the last hope of a copper has departed. The police who guard the great City by night want neither boot-laces nor evening papers.

DOLLS. BANANAS. COMIC SONGS. FLOWERS, ETC. EGG-PIPES.

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